

THE
ODYSSEY
OF
HOMER.

Translated from the *GREEK*.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed for HENRY LINTOT.

M.DCC.LVIII.

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HOMER



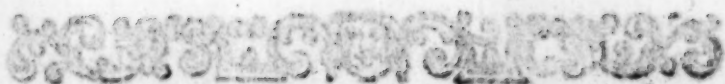
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MDCCLXXII



THE ARGUMENT

Advances with Hesiod, the Iliad, and

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.



THE



The ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Æolus, the Lestrigons, and Circe.

Ulysses arrives at the Island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a Bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Lestrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and with one only remaining, proceed to the Island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some Companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into Swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of Mercury, who gives him the Herb Moly, overcomes the Enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares at her instigation for his Voyage to the infernal shades.

BRITISH



MUSEUM



THE





*Eurylochus goes to discover y^e Country
and Inhabitants of the Isle of Fer.*



THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

AT length we reach'd *Æolia's* sea-girt shore
Where great *Hippotades* the sceptre bore,
A floating Isle! High-rai'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.

Six

NOTES.

Poetry is a mixture of History and Fable; the foundation is historical, because the Poet does not entirely neglect truth; the rest is fabulous, because naked Truth would not be sufficiently surprising; for the marvellous ought to take place, especially in Epic Poetry. But it may be asked, does not *Homer* offend against all degrees of probability in these Episodes of the *Sirens*, *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, *Cyclops* and *Antipates*?

Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters, grac'd the royal bed :

5

These

Antiphates? How are these incredible stories to be reduced into the bounds of probability? 'tis true, the Marvellous ought to be used in Epic Poetry; but ought it to transgress all Power of belief? *Aristotle* in his *Art of Poetry* lays down a Rule to justify these incidents: *A Poet*, says that Author, *ought to prefer things impossible, provided they are probable, before things possible, that are nevertheless incredible.* Chap. 15. This Rule is not without Obscurity; but *Monfieur Dacier* has explained it in his Annotations upon that Author: A thing may be impossible, and yet probable: Thus when the Poet introduces a Deity, any incident humanly impossible receives a full Probability by being ascribed to the skill and power of a God: 'Tis thus we justify the story of the transformation of the ship of the *Phæacians* into a rock, and the fleet of *Æneas* into Sea-nymphs. But such relations ought not to be too frequent in a Poem; for it is an established rule, that all incidents which require a divine probability only, should be so disengaged from the action, that they may be substracted from it without destroying it; for instance, if we omit the transformation of the ship, the action of the *Odyssey* will retain the same perfection. And therefore those Episodes which are necessary, and make essential parts of the Poem, ought to be grounded upon human Probability; now the Episodes of *Circe*, *Polypheeme*, the *Sirens*, &c. are necessary to the action of the *Odyssey*: But will any man say they are within the bounds of human probability? How then shall we solve this difficulty? *Homer* artificially has brought them within the degrees of it; he makes *Ulysses* relate them before a credulous and ignorant assembly; he lets us into the character of the *Phæacians*, by saying they were a very dull nation, in the sixth book.

Where never Science rear'd her laurel'd head.

It is thus the Poet gives probability to his fables, by reciting them to a people who believed them, and who through a laziness of life were fond of romantick stories; he adapts himself to his audience, and yet even here he is not unmindful of his more intelligent Readers: he gives them, (observes *Bosfu*) in these fables all the pleasure that can be reaped from physical or moral truths, disguised under miraculous Allegories, and by this Method reconciles them to poetical probability.

There are several heads to which Probability may be reduced; either to Divinity, and then nothing is improbable, for every thing is possible to a Deity; or to our Ideas of things whether true or false:
thus

These sons their sisters wed, and all remain

Their parents pride, and pleasure of their Reign

All

thus in the descent of *Ulysses* into Hell, there is not one word of probability or historic truth; but if we examine it by the ideas that the old world entertained of hell, it becomes probable; or lastly, we may have respect to vulgar opinion or fame; for a Poet is at liberty to relate a falsehood, provided it be commonly believed to be true. We might have recourse to this last rule, which is likewise laid down by *Aristotle*, to vindicate the *Odyssey*, if there were occasions for it; for in all ages such fables have found belief.

I will only add, that *Virgil* has given a sanction to these stories, by inserting them in his *Æneis*; and *Horace* calls them by the remarkable epithet of *specious miracles*.

— Ut speciosa debinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque & cum Cyclope Charybdin.

Longinus calls these fables Dreams, but adds, that they are the dreams of *Jupiter*; he likewise blames those Episodes, because in all of them, there is much more fable and narration than action: Which criticism may perhaps be too severe, if we consider that past adventures are here brought into present use, and though they be not Actions, yet they are the representations of Actions, agreeable to the nature of Episodes.

It may be questioned if *Virgil* is so happy in the choice of the audience to which he relates many of these fables; the *Carthaginians* were not ignorant like the *Pheacians*: From whence then do his stories receive their Probability: It is not so easy to answer this objection, unless we have recourse to common fame; *Virgil* was not the Author of them, *Homer* had established them, and brought them into fame, so that *Virgil* had common opinion to vindicate him, joined with *Homer's* authority.

V. 1. *We reach'd Æolia's shore.*] It is difficult to distinguish what is truth from what is fiction in this relation: *Diodorus*, who was a *Sicilian*, speaks of *Æolus*, and refers to this passage: "This is that *Æolus*, says he, who entertained *Ulysses*, in his voyages: He is reported to have been a pious and just Prince, and given to hospitality, and therefore φίλος, ὠφειλόμενος, as *Homer* expresses it." But whence has the fable of his being the Governor of the Winds taken its foundation? *Eusebius* tells us, that he was a very wise man, and one who from long observation could foretell what weather was like to follow: others say he was an Astronomer, and studied chiefly the

All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,

And joy and music thro' the isle resound :

10

At

nature of the winds ; and as *Atlas* from his knowledge in Astrology was said to sustain the heavens ; so *Æolus*, from his experience and Observation, was fabled to be the ruler or disposer of the Winds. But what explication can be given of this bag, in which he is said to bind the Winds ? *Eratosthenes*, continues *Eustathius*, said pleasantly, that we shall then find the places where *Ulysses* voyaged, when we have discovered the artist, or cobbler, τὸν σκυτία, who sewed up this bag of the winds. But the reason of the fiction is supposed to be this : *Æolus* taught the use and management of sails, and having foretold *Ulysses* from what quarter the winds would blow, he may be said to have gathered them into a kind of enclosure, and retained them as use should require. *Diodorus* explains it a little differently, lib. 5. Πρὸς δὲ ταῖς τῶν ἱσίων χεῖρας τοῖς ναυτικοῖς ἐπισηύσας, καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς τῷ πυρὸς προσημασίας παρατηρηκότα, προλέγει τὰς ἰσχυρίας αἰήτας ἐντόχως ἐξ ὧν ταμίαν αἰήτων μύθος ἀνιδεύει ; that is, “ He taught the use of sails, and “ having learned from observing the bearing of the smoke and fires “ (of those *Vulcanian Islands*) what winds would blow, he usually “ foretold them with exactness, and from hence he is fabled to be “ the disposer of the Winds.” The words of *Varro*, quoted by *Servius*, are to the same purpose : *Varro autem dicit hunc insularum regem fuisse, ex quarum nebulis & fumo Vulcaniæ insulæ prædicens futura flabra ventorum, ab imperitis visus est ventos suâ potestate retinere.*

Polybius will not admit that this story of *Æolus* is entirely fable ; and *Strabo* is of the same Opinion, that *Ulysses* was in the *Sicilian* seas ; and that there was such a King as *Æolus*, he affirms to be truth ; but that he met with such adventures is, in the main, fiction. There may another reason, as *Eustathius* observes, be given for the fiction of binding up the winds in a bag : they who practised the art of Incantation or charms, made use of the skin of a dolphin, and pretended by certain ceremonies to bind or loose the winds as they pleased ; and this practice is a sufficient ground to build upon in Poetry.

The solution also of *Bochart* is worth our notice : *Homer* borrowed the word Αἰόλος from the *Phœnician Aol*, which signifies a whirlwind or tempest, from whence the *Greeks* formed their word αἶλλα ; the *Phœnicians* observing the King of this Island to be very expert in foretelling the winds, called him King *Aolin*, or King of the winds and

At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.

This

and storms; from hence *Homer* formed a proper name and called him Αἰόλος. It must be confess'd, that this solution is ingenious, and not without an appearance of probability.

But having laid together what may be said in vindication of this story of *Æolus*: Justice requires that I should not suppress what has been objected against it by no less a Critic than *Longinus*: he observes that a genius naturally lofty sometimes falls into trifling; an instance of this, adds he, is what *Homer* says of the bag wherein *Æolus* inclosed the winds. *Cap. 7. περι ὑψῶς.*

V. 3. *A floating Isle* —] The word in the original is πλωτή: some take it, as *Eustatius* remarks, for a proper name; but *Aristarchus* believes *Homer* intended to express by it a floating Island, that was frequently removed by concussions and earthquakes, for it is seen sometimes on the right, at other times on the left hand; the like has been said of *Delos*; and *Herodotus* thus describes the Island *Ecbemis* in the *Ægyptian* seas. *Dionysius*, in his περιήγησις, affirms, that this Island is not called by the name of πλωτή, by reason of its floating, but because it is an Island of fame, and much sail'd unto, or πλωτή by navigators; that is, πλεομένη, or ἐν τόποις πλεομένοις κυμένη, or lying in seas of great navigation: But perhaps the former opinion of *Aristarchus* may be preferable, as it best contributes to raise the wonder and admiration of the credulous ignorant *Phæacians*, which was the sole intention of *Ulysses*.

These Islands were seven in number, (but eleven at this Day) *Strongyle*, *Hiera*, *Didyme*, *Hicessa*, *Lipara*, *Erycodes*, and *Phænicodes*, all lying in the *Sicilian* seas, as *Diodorus Siculus* testifies; but differs in the name of one of the Islands.

Strabo is of opinion, that the Island called by *Homer*, the *Æolian*, is *Strongyle*; Ἡ δὲ Στρογγύλη, ἐστὶ διαπυρρὸς, τῷ φέειν πλεονεκτῆσα, ἐνλαῦθα δὲ τὸν Αἰόλον οἰκῆσαι φασί. "This Island *Strongyle* abounds with subterraneous fires, &c. and here *Æolus* is said to have reign'd." *Pliny* agrees with *Strabo*, lib. 3. but *Dacier* understands it to be *Lipara*, according to *Virgil*, *Æn. lib. 8.* but in reality the seven were all call'd the *Æolian* Islands.

*Insula Sicanium juxta latus, Æolicamque
Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis.*

This happy port affords our wand'ring fleet,
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.

Full

But why is it fabled to be surrounded with a wall of brass? *Eustathius* says, that this may proceed from its being almost inaccessible; but this reason is not sufficient to give foundation to such a fiction. *Dacier* observes that it is thus described, because of the subterranean fires, which from time to time break out from the entrails of this Island. *Aristotle* speaking of *Lipara*, which is the most considerable of the *Æolian* Islands, thus describes it; "all night long the Island "*Lipara* appears enlighten'd with fires." The same relation agrees with *Strongyle*, call'd *Strombolo* at this Day.

I will take the liberty to propose a conjecture, which may perhaps not unhappily give a reason of this fiction of the wall of brass, from this description of *Aristotle*: All night fires appear (says that Author) from this Island, and these fires falling upon the seas, might cast a ruddy reflection round the Island, which to navigators might look like a wall of brass enclosing it. This is but a conjecture drawn from appearances; but to write according to appearances is allowable in Poetry, where a seeming or a real truth may be used indifferently.

V. 5. *Six blooming youths ——— and six fair daughters.*] *Diodorus Siculus* mentions the names of the six sons of *Æolus*, but is silent concerning his daughters, and therefore others, who can find mysteries in the plainest description, assure us, that this is not to be understood historically, but allegorically: *Æolus* represents the year, his twelve children are the twelve months, six of which are female, to denote those six months in which the earth brings forth her fruits; by his six Sons the other months are understood, in which the seed is sown, or in which the herbs, fruits, &c. are nourished in order to production; these may therefore be called males. But this is to darken an Author into mystery, not to explain him. *Dacier* gives us another allegorical interpretation: The Poet makes him the governor of the winds, and gives him twelve children, these denote the twelve principal winds; half of which children are males, half females; the males denote the winter winds, which as it were brood upon the earth, and generate its increase; the females those warmer seasons of the year, when the more prolific winds blow, and make the earth teem with fruitfulness: These children of *Æolus* are in continual feasts in his Palace; that is, the winds are continually fed by the exhalations from the earth, which may be call'd their food or nourishment: The brothers and sisters intermarry; this denotes the nature of the winds, which blow promiscuously, and one wind unites itself

Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate 15
 The fall of *Ilion*, and the *Grecian* fate;
 Full oft I told: At length for parting mov'd;
 The King with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
 The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
 Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast: 20
 For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd
 The tempest's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;

itself with another from all quarters of the world indifferently: The brothers and sisters are said to sleep by night together; that is, the winds are usually still and calm, and as it were rest together, at that season. But what occasion is there to have recourse to an uncertain Allegory, when such great names as *Polybius*, *Strabo*, and *Diodorus* assure us, that this relation is in part true history; and if there was really such a King as *Æolus*, why might he not be a father of six sons and as many daughters? I should prefer a plain history to a dark Allegory.

V. 9. *All day they feast, ————*
——— and musick through the Isle resounds.]

Homer was not unacquainted with the wonders related of this Island *Lipara*. "In this Island, says *Aristotle*, a monument is reported to be, of which they tell miracles: they assure us that they hear issuing from it the sound of timbrels or cymbals, plainly and distinctly." It is easy to perceive that this is founded upon the noise the fires make which are inclosed in the caverns in this Island, and that *Homer* alludes to the antient name of it, which in the *Phœnician* language (*Meliginin*, as *Bocbart* observes) signifies the land of those who play upon instruments. We learn from *Callimachus*, in his Hymn to *Diana*, that *Lipara* was originally call'd *Meligounis*. *She* (*Diana*) went to find out the Cyclops: *she* found them in *Lipara*, for that is the name the Isle now bears, but antiently it was call'd *Meligounis*; they were labouring a huge mast of red hot iron, &c. So that *Homer* is not all invention, but adapts his Poetry to tradition and antient story. *Dacier*,

His

His word alone the list'ning storms obey,
 To smoothe the deep, or swell the foamy sea,
 These in my hollow ship the Monarch hung, 25
 Securely fetter'd by a silver thong,
 But *Zephyrus* exempt, with friendly gales
 He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
 Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!

Nine prosp'rous days we ply'd the lab'ring oar, 30
 The tenth presents our welcome native shore:

The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
 And rising mountains gain upon our sight.

V. 32. *The hills display the beacon's friendly light.* Eustatbius observes, that these fires were a kind of beacons kept continually burning to direct navigators; the smoke gave notice by day, the light of the flame by night. *Ithaca* was environ'd with rocks, and consequently there was a necessity for this care, to guide sea-faring men to avoid those rocks, and to point out the places of landing with security.

But is it not an imputation to the wisdom of *Ulysses*, to suffer himself to be surpriz'd with sleep, when he was almost ready to enter the ports of his own country? And is it not probable that the joy he must be supposed to receive at the sight of it, should not induce him to a few hours watchfulness? it is easier to defend his sleeping here, than in the 13th of the *Odyssey*: The Poet very judiciously tells us, that *Ulyssa* for nine days together almost continually wak'd and took charge of the vessel, and the word *επιμενεια* shews that nature was wearied out, and that he fell into an involuntary repose; it can therefore be no diminution to his character to be forced to yield to the calls of nature, any more than it is to be hungry: His prudence and love of his country sufficiently appear from the care he took thro' the space of nine days to arrive at it; so that this circumstance must be imputed to the infirmity of human nature, and not to a defect of care or wisdom in *Ulyssa*.

Then

Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of rest; 35

Then first my hands did from the rudder part,
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart)

When lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose?

What sum, what prize from *Æolus* I brought? 40

Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought.

Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our Hero give?

Long have his coffers groan'd with *Trojan* spoils;

Whilst we, the wretched part'ners of his toils, 45

Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,

And only rich in barren fame return.

Now *Æolus*, ye see, augments his store:

But come my Friends, these mystick gifts explore.

They said: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound! 50

The gushing tempest sweeps the Ocean round;

Snatch'd

V. 50. *They said: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound.*]

This relation has been blam'd as improbable; what occasion was there to unbind the bag, when these companions of *Ulysses* might have satisfied their curiosity that there was no treasure in it from the lightness of it? But *Homer* himself obviates this objection, by telling us that *Æolus* fasten'd it in the vessel, as *Eusebius* observes,

Νηὶ δ' ἐν γλυφῶν κατέδου ———

Bossu gives the moral of this fable or allegory, *cap. 10. lib. 1.* By the winds inclosed in the bag, into which the companions of *Ulysses* were so unwise as to pry, is to be understood, that we ought not to intrude

Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.

Rowz'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
If still to live, or desp'rate plunge to Fate:

55

Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.

Mean-while our vessels plough the liquid plain,
And soon the known *Æolian* coast regain,
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main.

60

We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;

That done, two chosen heralds strait attend

Our second progress to my royal friend;

And him amidst his jovial sons we found;

65

The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown'd:

intrude into those mysteries of government which the Prince intends to keep secret: The tempests and confusions rais'd by the loosing the winds, represent the mischiefs and disorders that arise from such a vain curiosity in the subject: A wise people permit the winds to rest without molestation, and satisfy themselves with those that the prince is pleased to release, and believe them to be the most proper and useful. But whatever judgment is pass'd upon this explication, it is certainly an instance of the ill consequences of avarice, and unreasonable curiosity.

V. 55. *If still to live, or desp'rate plunge to Fate.*] We ought not to infer from this passage, that *Homer* thought a person might lawfully take away his own life to avoid the greatest dangers; what *Ulysses* here speaks arises from the violence of a sudden passion, and gives us a true picture of Human Nature: The wisest of men are not free from the infirmity of passion, but reason corrects and subdues it. This is the case in the instance before us; *Ulysses* has so much of the man in him as to be liable to the passion of man; but so much virtue and wisdom as to restrain and govern it.

There

There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate presum'd to draw.

But soon his sons their well-known guest descry'd,

And starting from their couches loudly cry'd,

70

Ulysses here! what Dæmon cou'dst thou meet

To thwart thy passage and repel thy fleet?

Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care

For *Greece*, for home, and all thy soul held dear?

Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn'd,

75

At length these words with accent low return'd.

Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft

Of all the blessings of your god-like gift!

But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve:

A favour you, and you alone can give.

80

Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,

And touch'd the Youths; but their stern fire reply'd,

Vile wretch, begone? this instant I command

Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.

V. 83. *Vile wretch, begone!* —] This inhospitable character of *Aeolus* may seem contrary to the humane disposition which *Homer* before ascrib'd to him; he therefore tells us, that *Ulysses* appear'd to him to be an object of divine vengeance, and that to give him assistance would be to act against the will of the Gods. But observes *Enstatius*, is not this an ill-chosen relation to be made to the *Phæacians*, as the Critics have remark'd; and might it not deter them from assisting a man whom *Aeolus* had rejected as an enemy to the Gods? He answers, that it was evident to the *Phæacians*, that *Ulysses* was no longer under the displeasure of Heaven, that the imprecations of *Polypheme* were fulfilled; he being to be transported to his own country by strangers, according to his prayer in the ninth of the *Odyssey*, and consequently the *Phæacians* have nothing to fear from the assistance which they lend *Ulysses*,

His

His baneful suit pollutes these blest'd abodes, 85
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.

Thus fierce he said : we fighting went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.

The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain ; no prospect of return. 90

Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer, }
The next proud *Lamos*' stately tow'rs appear,
And *Læstrigonia*'s gates arise distinct in air.

The shepherd quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain ; 95
But

V. 94. *The shepherd quitting here at night the plain, &c.*] This passage has been thought to be very difficult ; but *Eustatius* makes it intelligible: The Land of the *Læstrigons* was fruitful, and fit for pasturage ; it was the practice to tend the sheep by day, and the oxen by night ; for it was infested by a kind of fly that was very grievous to the oxen by day, whereas the wool of the sheep defended them from it : and therefore the shepherds drove their oxen to pasture by night. If the same shepherd who watched the sheep by day, could pass the night without sleep, and attend the oxen, he perform'd a double duty, and consequently merited a double reward. *Homer* says, that the ways of the night and day were near to each other, that is, the pastures of the sheep and oxen, and the ways that led to them were adjacent ; for the shepherd that drove his flocks home, (or *ἰσιλεύων*, as *Homer* expresses it,) could call to the herdsman, who drove his herds to pasture, or *ἰξιδάων*, and be heard with ease, and therefore the roads must be adjoining.

Crates gives us a very different interpretation: He asserts that *Homer* intended to express the situation of the *Læstrigons*, and affirms that they lay under the head of the dragon, *Κεφαλὴν δράκοντος*, (which *Dacier* renders the tail of the dragon) according to *Aratus*,

_____ ἤχιπερ (κεφαλῇ) ἀκραί
Μίσγονται δύσιν, καὶ ἀνατολαὶ ἀλλήλησιν.

which

But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,

So

which *Tully* thus translates,

*Hoc caput hic paullum sese subitoque recondit
Ortus ubi atque obitus partem admiscuntur in unam.*

If this be true, the Poet intended to express that there was scarce any night at all among the *Læstrigons*, according to that of *Manilius*.

Vixque ortus, occasus erit ———

But how will this agree with the situation of the *Læstrigons*, who were undoubtedly *Sicilians*, according to the direct affirmation of *Thucydides*, lib. 6. of his History? Besides, if *Læstrigonia* lay under the head of the Dragon, *Ulysses* must have spent seven months instead of seven days, in sailing from the *Æolian Islands* to that country. Neither is there any necessity to have recourse to this solution; for what signifies the length or shortness of the day to the double wages of the shepherds, when it was paid to him who took upon him a double charge of watching the whole day and night, which comprehends the space of four and twenty hours; which alone, whether the greater part of it was by night or day, entitled the shepherd to a double reward? I therefore should rather chuse the former interpretation, with which *Didymus* agrees. *Νυκτερινὰς, καὶ ἡμερινὰς νομαὶ ἰσχυρὸς εἰσὶ τῆς πόλεως*; that is, “both the night pastures, and those of the day, are adjacent to the city.”

It is evident that the *Læstrigons* also inhabited *Formia*, a city of *Campania* near *Cajeta*: Thus *Horace*, lib. 3. Ode 17.

Æli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo ———

Auctore ab illo ducit originem

Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur

Princeps ———

It was call'd *Hormia*, according to *Strabo*, *Φορμῖαι, Λακωνικὸν κλισμα, Ορμῖαι λεγόμενον διὰ τὸ ἑνορμον*; that is, “*Formia* was built by a *Laconian*, call'd also *Hormia*, from its being an excellent station for ships.” *Tully* had this place in view in his epistle to

So near the pastures, and so short the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.

100

Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.

105

to *Antius*, lib. 2. *Epig.* 13. *Si vero in hanc Ἰνδύπυλον, ὑπὲρ τῆς Συρίας, Formias dico.* And *Pliny* to the same purpose, lib. 3. cap. 5. *Oppidum Formiæ, Horniæ ante dictum, ut existimavere, anti-qua Læstrigorum sedes.* But how will this agree with *Homer*, who places them in *Sicily*, and *Tully* and *Pliny* in *Campania* in *Italy*?

Dacier answers, that they were originally *Sicilians*, as appears from *Pliny*, lib. 3. cap. 8. *Flumina, Symæthus, Terlas, intus Læstrigoni campi, oppidum Leontini.* And why might not these *Læstrigons*, or a colony of them, leave *Sicily* to settle in *Italy*, as it is evident the *Pheacians* had done, and fix'd in *Coryra*? *Bochart's* Opinion concerning this nation is not to be neglected; the words *Læstrigons* and *Leontines* are of the same import; *Læstrigon* is a *Phœnician* name; *Lais tircam*, that is, a devouring *Lion*; this is render'd literally by the *Latin* word *Leontinum*, and both denote the savage and Leonine disposition of this people; the word *Lamus* is also of *Phœnician* extract: *Labam*, or *Labama*, signifies a *Devourer*; from hence probably was deriv'd that *Lamia*, who devour'd young infants, mention'd by *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry*.

Nec præsepe Lamia circum puerum extrabat alvo.

We are inform'd that there was a *Queen of Libya* of that name, by *Diodorus Siculus*; she was a person of great beauty, but of great barbarity.

I only

I only in the bay refus'd to moor,

And fix'd, without, my haulfers to the shore.

110

From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow

Commands the prospect of the plains below :

No tracks of beasts, or signs of men we found,

But smoaky volumes rolling from the ground.

Two with our herald thither we command,

115

With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.

They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten road,

Which to the city drew the mountain wood ;

When lo ! they met, beside a crystal spring,

The daughter of *Antiphates* the King :

120

She

V. 109. *I only in the bay refus'd to moor.*] It may appear at the first view, that *Ulysses* took more care of himself than of his companions ; and it may be ask'd, why did he not restrain them from entering the bay, when his caution plainly shews that he was apprehensive of danger ? had he more fear than the rest of the company ? No ; but a greater foresight ; a wise man provides as far as lies within his power against all contingencies, and the event shews, that his companions were rash, and he wise to act with so much circumspection ; they staid not for command, and therefore were justly punished for acting precipitately without the direction of their General and King.

V. 120. *The daughter of Antiphates, &c.*] It is not evident from whence *Ulysses* had the knowledge of these particulars ; the persons whom he sent to search the land perish'd in the attempt ; or were destroy'd with the fleet by the *Læstrigons* : How then could this relation be made to *Ulysses* ? It is probable that he had his information from *Circe* or *Calypso*, for *Circe* in the sequel of the *Odyssey* tells *Ulysses*, that she was acquainted with all the sufferings that he had undergone by sea ; and if she, as a Goddess, knew his adventures, why might she not relate to him these particulars ? *Homer* a little lower tells us, that the *Læstrigons* transfix'd (*ῥήγνυντες*) the companions of *Ulysses*, and then carried them away on their weapons like so many fishes ; others prefer *ῥήγνυντες*, that is, connecting them together

She to *Artacia's* silver streams came down,
 (*Artacia's* streams alone supply the town :)
 The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race
 The people were ? who monarch of the place ?
 With joy the Maid, th'unwary strangers heard, 125
 And shew'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
 They went ; but as they entring saw the Queen
 Of size enormous, and terrific mien,
 (Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height)
 A sudden horror struck their aking sight. 130
 Swift at her call her husband scowr'd away
 To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey ;
 One for his food the raging glutton slew,
 But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.
 Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies, 135
 And fills the city with his hideous cries ;
 A ghastly band of Giants hear the roar,
 And pouring down the mountains, croud the shore.

gether like a range of fishes ; both which very well express the prodigious strength of these giants : others chuse the word *αἰσθησας*, or, "they eat them yet alive (*palpitantes*) like fishes." The preference is submitted to the reader. *Eustathius*.

I will only add, that possibly the relation of the barbarity of *Polypheus*, and *Antiphates*, with respect to their eating the flesh of men, may not be entirely fabulous : Modern history assures us, that savages have been found in parts of the world lately discover'd, who eat the bodies of their enemies : It is therefore no wonder that the more polite and civiliz'd nations of Antiquity, look'd upon such men as monsters, and that their Poets painted them as such, or perhaps aggravated the *fierce*, or fierceness of their features, struck with horror at their brutal inhumanity.

Fragments

Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
 And dash the ruins on the ships below : 140
 The crackling vessels burst ; hoarse groans arise,
 And mingled horrors echo to the skies ;
 The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
 And cram'd their filthy throats with human food.
 Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay, 145
 My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh ;
 And charg'd my men, as they from fate would flee,
 Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
 The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
 And sweep with equal strokes the smoaky seas ; 150
 Clear of the rocks the impatient vessel flies ;
 Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
 With earnest haste my frightened sailors press,
 While kindling transports glow'd at our success ;
 But the sad fate that did our friends destroy 155
 Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.

Now dropp'd our anchors in th' *Ææan* bay,
 Where *Circe* dwelt, the daughter of the day ; Her

V. 158. *Where Circe dwelt.*] *Hesiod* in his *Theogony* agrees with *Homer* as to the genealogy of *Circe* and *Æetes*.

Ἡλίου δ' ἀνδρῶντι τέκε Πλοτὴν Ὠκεανῆν
 Περσῆς, Κίρκην τε καὶ Αἰήτην βασιλῆα.

That is, "*Perseis* the daughter of *Oceanus* bore to *Phœbus*, *Circe* an
 "*King Æetes*." But why are they fabled to be the offspring

Her Mother *Perse*, of old Ocean's strain,
 Thus from the Sun descended, and the Main; 160
 (From the same lineage stern *Æetus* came
 The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantress dame)
 Goddess, and Queen, to whom the pow'rs belong
 Of dreadful Magic, and commanding song.
 Some God directing, to this peaceful bay 165
 Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
 Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd on,
 And now the third succeeding morning shone.

the sun? *Eusebius* answers, either from their high birth, as the great personages of Antiquity were call'd *Διογενεῖς*, or the Sons of *Jupiter*, and the Sun in the antient Mythology represented that Deity; or from their extraordinary beauty, which might be compared to the Sun, or from their illustrious actions. But perhaps the whole might be deriv'd from the way of speaking among the Orientals; at this day we are inform'd from the best Historians, that such language prevails in the eastern countries, and Kings and great personages are called the brothers or offspring of the Sun.

This *Æea* is a mountain or promontory in *Italy*: perhaps originally an Island, and still keeping the resemblance of it. Thus *Procopius*, *Gothicorum*, lib. 1. *Cerceanus baud modico tractu in mare porrectum insulae speciem fert, tam præternavigantibus quam terrestri itinere prætereuntibus*: and *Strabo*, lib. 5. *Κερκαῖος ὄρος ἑνὸς αἰῶνος θαλάσσης τε καὶ ἡλίου*. But is the relation that *Homer* makes of this Island, and of *Circe*, agreeable to truth? Undoubtedly it is not; but *Homer* was very well acquainted with the story of *Medea*, and applies what was reported of that Enchantress to *Circe*, and gives the name of *Æea* to the Island of *Circe*, in resemblance to *Æa*, a city of *Colchis*, the country of *Medea* and *Æetes*. That *Homer* was not a stranger to the story of *Medea* is evident, for he mentions the ship *Argo* in the twelfth *Odyssey*, in which *Jason* sail'd to *Colchis*, where *Medea* fell in love with him; so that tho' *Circe* be a fabled Deity, yet what *Homer* says of her, was applicable to the character of another person, and consequently a just foundation for a story in Poetry. With this opinion *Strabo* agrees,

I climb'd

I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
 Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land; 170
 To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
 Or chearful voice of mortal strike the ear?
 From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
 A stream of curling smoke, ascending blue,
 And spiry tops, the tufted trees above, 175
 Of Circe's Palace bosom'd in the grove.
 Thither to haste, the region to explore,
 Was first my thought: but speeding back to shore
 I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
 And send out spies the dubious coast to view. 180
 As down the hill I solitary go,
 Some pow'r divine who pities human woe

V. 169. *I climb'd a Cliff.*] Scaliger, lib. 5. of his *Poetics* observes, that there is a general resemblance between *Ulysses* in *Homer*, and *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, and that *Aeneas* acts in the same manner as *Ulysses*.

*exire; locosque
 Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras,
 Qui teneant, (nam inculta videt) hominesne feracem
 Quærere constituit.*

That Critic remarks, that tho' the attitudes of the two Heroes are the same, yet they are drawn by *Virgil* with a more masterly hand: *Fusior & latior Homerus invenietur, pictior Virgilius & numeris astricior.*

Ulysses himself here takes a general view of the Island, but sends his companions for a more particular Information; this was necessary to introduce the following story, and give it an air of probability; if he had made the experiment in his own person, his virtue would have been proof against the forceries of *Circe*, and consequently there could not have been room for a description of her enchantments, *Eustathius*,

Sent

Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
 To cool his fervor in the crystal flood;
 Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay, 185
 Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
 I lanc'd my spear, and with a sudden wound
 Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
 He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries: 190
 Thro' the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
 I drew, and casting on the river side
 The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I ty'd
 With twining osiers which the bank supply'd. }
 An ell in length the pliant wisp I weav'd, 195
 And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:
 Then leaning on the spear with both my hands,
 Up bore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
 With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw
 The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew. 200

Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
 To glide with ghosts thro' *Pluto's* gloomy gate.
 Food in the desert land, behold! is given,
 Live, and enjoy the providence of heav'n.

The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
 And on the future banquet feast their eyes, 205
 As huge in length extended lay the beast;
 Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
 There, till the setting sun row'd down the light,
 They sate indulging in the genial rite.

When

When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er 210
 The face of things, we slept along the shore.
 But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
 My men I summon'd, and these words address.

Followers and friends; attend what I propose:

Ye sad companions of *Ulysses'* woes! 215

We know not here what land before us lies,
 Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
 Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.

}
 Here

V. 218. *Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.*] The interpretations of this passage are various; some, says *Eustathius*, judge these words not to proceed from the ignorance of *Ulysses*, but that they are the language of despair suggested by his continual calamities: For how could *Ulysses* be ignorant of the east or west, when he saw the sun rise and set every day? others understand it to signify, that he was ignorant of the clime of the world (*ὅπη κοσμικῆ κλίματι*.) in which this Island lay. *Strabo* was of opinion, that the appearance of the heavenly bodies, as the stars, &c. were different in this Island from the position which he had ever before observ'd in any country, and therefore he might well confess his ignorance, and express his concern for his almost desperate condition. He understands by *ἡῶς* all that region thro' which the Sun passes opposite to the North. It is true, that the four quarters of the world may be supposed to be here mention'd by *Ulysses*, *ἡῶς* may express the southern parts thro' which the sun passes, and *ζόφος* the opposite quarter, which may be said comparatively to be *ζόφος*, or dark? And then the rising and setting of the sun will undeniably denote the eastern and western regions. *Spondanus* is of opinion, that *Homer* intended to express the four quarters of the world, otherwise the second verse is a tautology. *Dacier* calls it an explication of the first description. And indeed the mind of man is apt to dwell long upon any object, by which it is deeply affected, as *Ulysses* must here be supposed to be, and therefore he might enlarge upon the sentiment advanced in the former line. The meaning then will be this. I know not, says that Heroe, where this Island lies, whether east or west, where the Sun rises, or where he sets. I should therefore understand *Ulysses* to mean,

Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counsel, any hope remain. 220

Alas! from yonder Promontory's brow,
I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;
An Isle incircled with the boundless flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.

Some smook I saw amid the forest rise,
And all around it only seas and skies! 225

With broken hearts my sad companions flood,
Mindful of *Cyclops* and his human food,
And horrid *Lestrygons*, the men of blood. }

Prefaging tears apace began to rain; 230

But tears in mortal miseries are vain.

In equal parts I strait divide my band,

And name a chief each party to command;

mean, that he knows not how the Island lies with respect to the rest of the world, and especially to *Ithaca* his own country. This is evident from his conduct when he sailed from *Formia* the land of the *Lestrygons*; for instead of making toward the east where *Ithaca* lay, he bore to this Island of *Circe*, which lies on the west of *Formia*.

V. 220. *If any counsel, any hope remain.*] This expression may be thought unworthy of the mouth of an Hero, and serve only to cause his companions to despair; but in reality it has a double effect; it gives us a lively picture of Human Nature, which in the greatest men will shew some degrees of sensibility, and at the same time it arms his friends against surprize, and sets the danger they are in full before their eyes, that they may proceed with due circumspection. We do not find that *Ulysses* abandons himself to despair, he still acts like a brave man, but joins wisdom with bravery, and proceeds at once with the caution of a Philosopher, and the spirit of an Hero.

I led

I led the one, and of the other side

Appointed brave *Eurylochus* the guide.

235

Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,

And fortune casts *Eurylochus* to go :

He march'd, with twice eleven in his train :

Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.

The Palace in a woody vale they found,

240

High rais'd of stone ; a shaded space around :

Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,

(By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.

With

V. 236. *Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw.*] *Dacier* is of opinion that *Ulysses* cast lots out of an apprehension of being disobeyed if he had given positive commands ; his companions being so greatly discouraged by the adventures of *Polypheme* and the *Læstrigons*. It will be a nobler reason, and more worthy of an *Hero* to say, that *Ulysses* was so far from declining a common danger, that he submits himself to an equal chance with his companions to undertake it. This expedition appeared very hazardous, and if he had directly commanded a select number of his men to attempt it, they might have thought he had exposed them to almost certain destruction ; but the contrary conduct takes away this apprehension, and at the same time shews the bravery of *Ulysses*, who puts himself upon a level with the meanest of his soldiers, and is ready to expose his person to an equality of danger.

Ulysses divides his men into two bodies ; each contains two and twenty men : This is agreeable, observes *Eustatbius*, to the former account of *Homer* ; each vessel carried fifty men, six out of every one were destroyed by the *Ciconians*, and therefore forty-four is the exact number, inclusive of himself and the surviving company.

V. 242. *Where mountain wolves and brindled lions, &c.*] *Virgil* has borrowed almost this whole description of *Circe*, and as *Scaliger* judges, perhaps with good reason, greatly improved it.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque leonum

Vincla recusantum, & serâ sub nocte rudentum,

Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus urfi, &c.

C 2

From

With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.

245

As

*From hence we heard rebellowing from the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And berds of howling wolves that stun the sailors ears :
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad Isle with horror and affright :
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,
That watch'd the Moon, and planetary hour,
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.*

Dryden.

It must be confessed, that *Ira leonum vincla recusantum*, and the epithets and short descriptions adapted to the nature of each savage, are beautiful additions. *Virgil* likewise differs from *Homer* in the manner of the description : *Homer* draws the beasts with a gentleness of nature ; *Virgil* paints them with the fierceness of savages. The reason of *Homer's* conduct is, because they still retained the sentiments of men, in the forms of beasts, and consequently their native tenderness.

There is a beautiful moral couched under this fable or allegory : *Homer* intended to teach, as *Eustathius* remarks, that pleasure and sensuality debase men into beasts. Thus *Socrates* understood it, as *Xenophon* informs us. Perhaps, adds *Dacier*, by the fawning wolves and lions that guard the portals of *Circe's* Palace, the Poet means to represent the attendants of such houses of debauchery, which appear gentle and courteous, but are in reality of a brutal disposition, and more dangerous than lions. But upon what foundation is this fable built ? Many writers inform us, that *Circe* was a famous Courtesan and that her beauty drew her admirers as it were by enchantment. Thus *Horace* writes,

—— *Circæ pocula nostri,
Quæ si cum sociis stultus, cupidusque bibisset,
Sub dominâ Meretrice fuisset turpis & excors,
Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.*

It

As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,

Rejoicing

It is evident, that *Ulysses* had a very intimate commerce with *Circe*, for *Hesiod* writes that he had two sons by her, *Agrius* and *Latinus*, who afterwards reigned in *Tuscany*; other Authors call them *Nausibous* and *Telegonus*.

Κίρκη δ' Ἡλίου θυγάτηρ ὑπεριονίδαο
Γίνατ' Ὀδυσσῆος ταλυσίφρονος ἐν φιλότῃ
Ἀγρίον, ἠδὲ Λατῖον.

Dionysius Halicarn. and *Aristotle* mention *Telegonus* as the son of *Circe* and *Ulysses*, who afterwards slew his father with the bone of a fish inadvertently. Thus *Horace*.

Telegoni juga Parricidæ.

But then is not this intrigue a breach of Morality, and conjugal fidelity in that Hero? I refer the Reader to Note XIV. of the fifth book of the *Odyssey*: I shall only add, that the notions of Morality are now very different from what they were in former ages. Adultery alone was esteemed criminal, and punished with death by the ancient Heathens: Concubinage was not only permitted, but thought to be honourable, as appears from the practice, not only of Heroes, but even of the Pagan Deities; and consequently this was the vice of the age, not in particular of *Ulysses*. But there is a stronger objection against *Ulysses*, and it may be asked, how is he to be vindicated for wasting no less space than a whole year in dalliance with an harlot? *Penelope* and his country seem both forgotten, and consequently he appears to neglect his own re-establishment, the chief design of the *Odyssey*: What adds some weight to this observation is, that his companions seem more sensible of his long absence from his country, and regret it more than that Hero; for they awake him out of his dream, and intreat him to depart from the Island. It is therefore necessary to take away this objection: for if it be unanswerable, *Ulysses* is guilty of all the miseries of his family and country, by neglecting to redress them by returning, and therefore he must cease to be an Hero, and is no longer to be proposed as a pattern of Wisdom, and imitation, as he is in the opening of the *Odyssey*. But the stay of *Ulysses* is involuntary, and consequently irreproachable; he is in the power of a Deity, and therefore not capable of departing without her permission

Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,
 (Such as the good man ever us'd to give.)
 Domestick thus the grisly beasts drew near; 250
 They gaze with wonder, not unmixt with fear.
 Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
 And heard a voice resounding thro' the wood:
 Plac'd at her loom within, the Goddess sung;
 The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung. 255
 O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
 Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.

permission: This is evident: for upon the remonstrance made by his companions, he dares not undertake his voyage without her dismissal. His asking consent plainly shews that it was not safe, if practicable, to go away without it; if he had been a free agent, her leave had been unnecessary: 'tis true, she tells him she will not detain him any longer against his inclinations; but this does not imply that his stay till then had been voluntary, or that he never had intreated to be dismissed before, but rather intimates the contrary: it only shews that now at last she is willing he should go away. But why should *Ulysses* stand in need of being admonished by his companions? does not this imply that he was unmindful of returning? This is only an evidence that they were desirous to return as well as he; but he makes a wise use of their impatience, and takes an occasion from their importunities to press for an immediate dismissal.

In short, I am not pleading for perfection in the character of *Ulysses*: Human Nature allows it not, and therefore it is not to be ascribed to it in Poetry. But if *Ulysses* were here guilty, his character ceases to be of a piece: we no longer interest ourselves in his misfortunes, since they are all owing to his own folly: the nature of the Poem requires, that he should be continually endeavouring to restore his affairs: if then he be here sunk into a Lethargy, his character is at once lost, his calamities are a just punishment, and the moral of the *Odyssey* is destroyed, which is to shew Wisdom and Virtue rewarded, and Vice and Folly punished by the death of the suitors, and re-establishment of *Ulysses*.

Palites

Polites to the rest the question mov'd,
 (A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd.)
 What voice celestial, chaunting to the loom 260
 (Or Nymph, or Goddess) echoes from the room?
 Say shall we seek access? With that they call;
 And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
 The Goddess rising, asks her guests to stay,
 Who blindly follow where she leads the way. 265
 Eurylochus alone of all the band,
 Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
 On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
 With semblance fair th' unhappy men she plac'd.
 Milk newly press'd, the sacred flow'r of wheat, 270
 And honey fresh, and *Pramnian* wines the treat:
 But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
 With drugs of force to darken all the soul:

Soon

V. 272. *But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl.*] It is an undoubted truth, that *Homer* ascribes more power to these magical drugs and incantations than they have in reality; but we are to remember that he is speaking before a credulous audience, who readily believed these improbabilities, and at the same time he very judiciously provides for the satisfaction of his more understanding Readers, by couching an excellent moral under his fables; viz. that by indulging our appetites we sink below the dignity of Human Nature, and degenerate into brutality.

I am not in the number of those who believe that there never were any Magicians who performed things of an uncommon nature: The story of *Jannes* and *Jambres*, of the Witch of *Endor*, and *Simon Magus*, are undeniable instances of the contrary. Magic is supposed to have been first practis'd in *Ægypt*, and to have spread afterwards among the *Chaldeans*: it is very evident that *Homer* had been in

Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
 And drank Oblivion of their native coast. 275
 Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,
 To hogs transforms 'em, and the Sty receives.
 No more was seen the human form divine,
 Head, face and members bristle into swine :

Still

Egypt, where he might hear an account of the wonders performed by it. *Dacier* is of opinion, that these deluders, or Magicians, were mimics of the real miracles of *Moses*, and that they are described with a wand, in imitation of that great Prophet.

But if any person thinks that Magic is mere fable, and never had any existence, yet established fame and common opinion justify a Poet for using it. What has been more ridiculed than the winds being inclosed in a bag by *Aeolus*, and committed to *Ulysses*? but as absurd as this appears, more countries than *Lapland* pretend to the power of selling a storm or a fair wind at this day, as is notorious from travellers of credit; and perhaps a Poet would not even in these ages be thought ridiculous, if speaking of *Lapland*, he should introduce one of these *Venefica's*, and describe the ceremonies she used in the performance of her pretended incantations. *Milton* not unhappily has introduced the imagined power of these *Lapland Witches* into his *Paradise Lost*.

——— The night-bag, when call'd
 In secret, riding thro' the air she comes,
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With *Lapland Witches*, while the labouring Moon
 Eclipses at their charms. ———

In short, *Virgil* has imitated *Homer* in all these bold Episodes, and *Horace* calls them the Miracles of the *Odyssey*.

V. 278. No more was seen the human form divine, &c.] *Longinus* here reports a Criticism of *Zoilius*; he is very pleasant upon this transformation of the companions of *Ulysses*, and calls them, the squeaking pigs of *Homer*; we may gather from this instance the nature of his Criticisms, and conjecture that they tended to turn the finest incidents of *Homer* into ridicule. Burlesque was his talent, and instead of informing the reader by pointing out the errors of the Poem,

Book X. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 33

Still curst with sense, their minds remain alone, 280

And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

Mean-while the Goddess in disdain bestows

The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows

The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around;

Now prone and groveling on unfav'ry ground. 285

Eurylochus with pensive steps and slow,

Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,

And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,

In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,

His swelling heart deny'd the words their way: 290

But speaking tears the want of words supply,

And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.

Affrighted, anxious for our fellows fates,

We press to hear what sadly he relates.

We went, *Ulysses*! (such was thy command) 295

Thro' the lone thicket, and the desert land.

A Palace

Poem, his only aim was to make his Readers laugh; but he drew upon himself the indignation of all the learned world: he was known by the name of the vile *Thracian* slave, and lived in great want and poverty; and posterity prosecutes his memory with the same animosity. The man was really very learned, as *Dionysius Halicarn.* informs us: His morals were never reproached, and yet, as *Vitruvius* relates, he was crucified by *Ptolemy*, or as others write, stoned to death, or burnt alive at *Smyrna*; so that his only crime was his defamation of *Homer*: a tragical instance of the great value which was set upon his Poetry by Antiquity, and of the danger of attacking a celebrated Author with malice and envy.

'V. 295, &c. *We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command)* We have here a very lively picture of a person in a great fright, which was admired, observes *Eusebius*, by the Ancients. There is not only a remarkable harmony in the flowing of the Poetry, but the

A Palace in a woody vale we found

Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.

A voice

very manner of speaking represents the disorder of the speaker ; he is in too great an emotion to introduce his speech by any Preface, he breaks at once into it, without preparation, as if he could not soon enough deliver his thoughts. *Longinus* quotes these lines as an instance of the great judgment of *Homer* : there is nothing, says that Critic, which gives more life to a discourse, than the taking away the connections and conjunctions ; when the discourse is not bound together and embarrassed, it walks and slides along of itself, and will want very little oftentimes of going faster even than the thought of the Orator : Thus in *Xenophon*, *Joining their bucklers, they gave back, they fought, they slew, they dy'd together* ; of the same nature is that of *Eurylochus*.

*We went, Ulysses—such was thy command——
Access we fought—nor was access deny'd :
Radiant she came—the portals open'd wide, &c.
I only wait behind—of all the train ;
I waited long—and ey'd the doors in vain :
The rest are vanish'd—none repass'd the gate.*

These periods thus cut off, and yet pronounced with precipitation, are signs of a lively sorrow ; which at the same time hinders, yet forces him to speak.

Many such sudden transitions are to be found in *Virgil*, of equal beauty with this of *Homer* :

Me, me, inquam qui feci, in me convertite tela.

Here the Poet shews the earnestness of the speaker who is in so much haste to speak, that his thoughts run to the end of the sentence almost before his tongue can begin it. Thus *Achæmenides* in his flight from the *Cyclops*.

—— *Per sidera testor,
Per superos, atque hoc cæli spirabile lumen,
Tollite me, Teucrit.*

Here the Poet makes no connection with the preceding discourse, but leaves out the *inquit*, to express the precipitation and terror of *Achæmenides*.

A voice celestial echo'd from the dome,
Or Nymph, or Goddeſs, chaunting to the loom. 300

But our countryman *Spenser* has equalled, if not ſurpaſſed theſe great Poets of Antiquity, in painting a figure of Terror in the ninth Canto of the *Fairy Queen*, where *Sir Treviſan* flies from Deſpair.

*He answer'd nought at all: but adding new
Fear to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes, and heartleſs hollow hue,
Aſtoniſh'd ſtood, as one that bad eſpy'd
Infernal furies, with their chains unty'd;
Him yet again, and yet again beſpoke
The gentle Knight; who nought to him reply'd;
But trembling every joint did inly quake,
And fault'ring tongue at laſt, theſe words ſeem'd forth to ſhake,
For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not ſlay,
For lo! he comes, he comes, faſt after me,
Eſt looking back, would fain have run away.*

The deſcription ſets the figure full before our eyes, he ſpeaks ſhort, and in broken and interrupted periods, which excellently repreſent the agony of his thoughts; and when he is a little more confirmed and emboldened, he proceeds,

*And am I now in ſafety ſure, quoth he,
From him who would have forced me to die?
And is the point of death now turn'd from me?
Then I may tell this hapleſs Hiſtory.*

We ſee he breaks out into interrogations, which, as *Longinus* obſerves, gives great motion, ſtrength, and action to diſcourſe. If the Poet had proceeded ſimply, the expreſſion had not been equal to the occaſion; but by theſe ſhort queſtions, he gives ſtrength to it, and ſhews the diſorder of the ſpeaker, by the ſudden ſtarts and vehemence of the periods. The whole Canto of Deſpair is a piece of inimitable Poetry; the picture of *Sir Treviſan* has a general reſemblance to that of *Eurylochus*, and ſeems to have been copied after it, as will appear upon compariſon.

Access we sought, nor was access deny'd :
 Radiant she came ; the portals open'd wide :
 The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay :
 They blindly follow where she leads the way.
 I only wait behind, of all the train ;
 I waited long, and eye'd the doors in vain :
 The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate ;
 And not a man appears to tell their fate.

305

I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
 The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung ;
 (A beamy blade) then seiz'd the bended bow,
 And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
 He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
 My knees, and weeping thus his suit address'd.

310

V. 313. *With both hands embrac'd my knees.*——J The character of *Eurylochus*, who had married *Climene* the sister of *Ulysses*, is the character of a brave man, who being witness to the dreadful fate of his companions is diffident of himself, and judges that the only way to conquer the danger is to fly from it. To fear upon such an occasion, observes *Dacier*, is not Cowardice, but Wisdom. But what is more remarkable in this description, is the art of *Homer* in inserting the character of a brave man under so great a consternation, to set off the character of *Ulysses*, who knows how at once to be bold and wise ; for the more terrible and desperate the adventure is represented by *Eurylochus*, the greater appears the intrepidity of *Ulysses*, who trusting to his own wisdom, and the assistance of the Gods, has the courage to attempt it. What adds to the merit of the action is, that he undertakes it solely for his companions, as *Horace* describes him.

*Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
 Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.*

O King

O King belov'd of *Jove*! thy fervant spare, 315
 And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear!
 Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
 Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
 With what remains from certain ruin fly,
 And save the few not fated yet to die. 320

I answer'd stern. Inglorious then remain,
 Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
 Alone, unfriended will I tempt my way;
 The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.

This said, and scornful turning from the shore 325
 My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.
 'Till now approaching nigh the magic bow'r,
 Where dwelt th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of pow'r;

V. 321. ———Inglorious then remain,
 Here feast and loiter———]

This expression is used sarcastically by *Ulysses*, and in derision of his fears. *Dacier* remarks, that *Ulysses* having not seen what is related by *Euryloclus*, believes his refusal to return, proceeds from his faint-heartedness: An instance, adds she, that we frequently form wrong judgments of mens actions, when we are ignorant of the motives of them. I confess I am of opinion, that there is some degree of cowardice in the character of *Euryloclus*: A man truly brave would not express such confusion and terror, in any extremity; he is not to be inspirited either by *Ulysses*, or the example of his other companions, as appears from the sequel, insomuch that *Ulysses* threatens to kill him for a coward; this prevails over his first fears, and he submits to meet a future danger, merely to avoid one that is present. What makes this observation more just is, that we never see a brave man drawn by *Homer* or *Virgil* in such faint colours; but they always discover a presence of mind upon all emergencies.

A form divine forth issu'd from the wood,
(Immortal *Hermes* with the golden rod) 330

In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.

He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began.

Ah whither roam'st thou? much enduring man!

O blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove 335

The horrid mazes of this magic grove?

Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,

All lost their form, and habitants of fyes.

Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?

Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape, 340

Fall prone their equal: First thy danger know;

Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.

The plant I give thro' all the direful bow'r

Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.

Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes 345

The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;

Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,

For temper'd drugs and poysons shall be vain.

Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,

Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword, 350

And menace death: those menaces shall move

Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.

Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,

Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:

So shall thy tedious toils a respite find, 355

And thy lost friends return to humankind.

But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie

The pow'rs below, the blessed in the sky;

Lest to the naked secret fraud be meant,

Or magic bind thee, cold and impotent. 360

Thus while he spoke, the sov'reign plant he drew,

Where on th' all bearing earth unmark'd it grew,

And

V. 361. ——— ^{h.}*The sovereign plant he drew,
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew, &c.]*

This whole passage is to be understood allegorically, *Mercury* is Reason, he being the God of Science: The plant which he gives as a preservative against incantation is instruction; the root of it is black, the flower white and sweet; the root denotes that the foundation or principles of instruction appear obscure and bitter, and are distasteful at first, according to that saying of *Plato*, *The beginnings of instruction are always accompanied with reluctance and pain.* The flower of *Moly* is white and sweet; this denotes that the fruits of instruction are sweet, agreeable, and nourishing. *Mercury* gives this plant; this intimates, that all instruction is the gift of Heaven: *Mercury* brings it not with him, but gathers it from the place where he stands, to shew that Wisdom is not confined to places, but that every where it may be found, if Heaven vouchsafes to discover it, and we are disposed to receive and follow it. Thus *Isocrates* understands the Allegory of *Moly*; he adds, Πικρὰν εἶναι ῥίζαν αὐτῆς τὸ δὲ Μάλους ἄθος, λευκὸν κατὰ γάλα διὰ τὴν τῷ τίλῳ παιδείας λαμψρότητα, ἥδῃ καὶ τὸ ἰδὺ καὶ τρέφειμον. The root of *Moly* is bitter, but the flower of it white as milk, to denote the excellency of instruction, as well as the pleasure and utility of it in the end. He further illustrates the Allegory, by adding Κάρπες τῆς παιδείας εἰ καὶ μὴ γάλακτι κίλως ἀλλὰ γλυκεῖς, &c. That is, "the fruits of instruction are not only white as milk, but sweet, though they spring from a bitter root. *Eusebius*."

Maximus Tyrius also gives this story an allegorical sense, *Dissert.* 16. Αὐτὸν μὲν τὸν Ὀδυσσεῖα εἶχ' ὁρᾶς, ὡς παντοίαις συμφοραῖς ἀντι-
τεχνούμενος

And shew'd its nature and its wond'rous pow'r:
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r;

Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,

365

But all is easy to th' etherial kind.

This *Hermes* gave, then gliding off the glade

Shot to *Olympus* from the woodland shade.

Ἰεχωμένος ἀρετῇ σώζει, τὸτο αὐτῷ τὸ ἐκ Κίρκης Μῶλυ, τὸτο
τὸ ἐν θαλάττῃ κρηδεῖται; that is, "Dost thou not observe *Ulysses*,
" how by opposing virtue to adversity he preserves his life? This is
" the *Moly* that protects him from *Circe*, this is the Scarf that deli-
" vers him from the storm, from *Polydeme*, from Hell, &c. See
also *Dissert.* 19.

It is pretended that *Moly* is an *Aegyptian* plant, and that it was
really made use of as a preservative against Enchantments: but I be-
lieve the *Moly* of *Mercury*, and the *Nepenthe* of *Helen*, are of the same
production, and grow only in Poetical ground.

Ovid has translated this passage in his *Metamorphosis*, lib. 14.

Pacifer huius dederat florem Cyllenius album;

Moly vocant Superi, nigra radice tenetur, &c.

There is a remarkable sweetness in the verse which describes the ap-
pearance of *Mercury* in the shape of a young man;

———— Νηϊνὴν ἀνδρὶ ἰοικώς

Πρῶτον ὑπηνήτην τῷ πρὶς χαριεστάτην ἦβην.

———— On his bloomy face

Youth smil'd celestial —————

Virgil was sensible of the beauty of it, and imitated it;

Ora puer primâ signans intonsa juventâ.

But in the opinion of *Macrobius*, he falls short of *Homer*, lib. 5.
Saturn. 13. *Prætermisâ gratiâ incipientis pubertatis τῷ πρὶς χαρι-
εστάτην, minus gratam fecit latinam descriptionem.*

While

While full of thought, revolving Fates to come,
 I speed my passage to the enchanted dome: 370
 Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd;
 The lofty gates the Goddess wide display'd;
 She leads before, and to the feast invites;
 I follow sadly to the magic rites.
 Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat 375
 Receiv'd my limbs; a footstool eas'd my feet.
 She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul;
 The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
 I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n:
 Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was giv'n. 380
 Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful she began)
 Go, be a beast! ————— I heard, and yet was man.

Then sudden whirling like a waving flame
 My beamy falchion, I assault the dame.

V. 379. *I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n*] It may be asked if *Ulysses* is not as culpable as his companions, in drinking this potion? Where lies the difference? and how is the Allegory carried on, when *Ulysses* yields to the solicitation of *Circe*, that is Pleasure, and indulges, not resists his appetites? The moral of the fable is, that all pleasure is not unlawful, but the Excess of it: We may enjoy, provided it be with moderation. *Ulysses* does not taste till he is fortified against it; whereas his companions yielded without any care or circumspection; they indulged their appetites only, *Ulysses* takes merely out of a desire to deliver his associates: he makes himself master of *Circe*, or pleasure, and is not in the power of it, and enjoys it upon his own terms; they are slaves to it, and out of a capacity ever to regain their freedom but by the assistance of *Ulysses*. The general moral of the whole fable of *Circe* is, that pleasure is as dreadful an enemy as Danger, and a *Circe* as hard to be conquered as a *Polypbeme*.

Struck

Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries, 385
 She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou? say! from whence, from whom you came?
 O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
 Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain!
 Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain. 390

Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
 By *Hermes* pow'ful with the wand of gold)
 The man from *Troy*, who wander'd Ocean round;
 The man for Wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulysses? oh! thy threat'ning fury cease, 395
 Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace;
 Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
 And Love, and love-born confidence be thine.

And how, dread *Circe*! (furious I rejoin)
 Can Love, and love-born confidence be mine! 400
 Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
 Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
 O thou of fraudulent heart! shall I be led
 To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed;

That,

V. 403. ———— *Shall I be led*

To share thy feast-rites.]

Eupatides observes, that we have here the picture of a man truly wise, who when Pleasure courts him to indulge his appetites, not only knows how to abstain, but suspects it to be a bait to draw him into some inconveniences: A man should never think himself in security in the house of a *Circe*. It may be added, that these apprehensions

That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent, 405
 And magic bind me, cold and impotent?
 Celestial as thou art, yet stand deny'd;
 Or swear that oath by which the Gods are ty'd,
 Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
 Swear, by the Vow which never can be vain. 410

The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and led
 To the sweet transports of the genial bed.
 Ministrant to their Queen, with busy care
 Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
 Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods, 415
 Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
 One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
 Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:

hensions of *Ulysses* are not without a foundation; from this intercourse with that Goddess, *Telegonus* sprung, who accidentally slew his father *Ulysses*.

V. 414. *Four faithful handmaids, &c.*] This large description of the entertainment in the Palace of *Circe*, is particularly judicious; *Ulysses* is in an house of pleasure, and the Poet dwells upon it, and shews how every circumstance contributes to promote and advance it. The attendants are all Nymphs, and the bath and perfumes usher in the feast and wines. The four verses that follow, are omitted by *Dacier*, and they are marked in *Eustathius* as superfluous; they are to be found in other parts of the *Odyssey*; but that, I confess would be no argument why they should not stand here, (such repetitions being frequent in *Homer*) if they had a due propriety, but they contain a tautology; we see before a table spread for the entertainment of *Ulysses*, why then should that circumstance be repeated? If they are omitted, there will no chasm or incoherence appear, and therefore probably they were not originally inserted here by *Homer*.

White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The silver stands with golden flasks grac'd: 420
With dulcet bev'rage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pyle
The water pours; the bubling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoaking wave, 425
And in the bath prepar'd my limbs I lave;
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunick o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath and dropping balmy dew; 430
Then led and plac'd me on the sov'reign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ew'r a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies 435
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest fort and savour, rich repast! 440
Circe in vain invites the feast to share;
Absent I ponder, and absorpt in care:

While

While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast
The Queen beheld me, and these words address.

Why sits *Ulysses* silent and apart? 445

Some hoard of grief close harbour'd at his heart,
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.

Can yet a doubt, or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain? 450

I answer'd, Goddess! Humane is thy breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:

Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.

Me woud'st thou please? for them thy cares employ, 455
And them to me restore, and me to joy.

With that, she parted: In her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.

Then hast'ning to the styes set wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before; 460

Unwieldy, out They rush'd, with gen'ral cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.

Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change agen,
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.

Those hairs of late that bristled ev'ry part, 465
Fall off, miraculous effect of art:

'Till

'Till all the form in full proportion rise,
 More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
 They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
 Clung to their master in a long embrace: 470
 Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
 And sobs of joy re-echo'd thro' the bow'r:
 Ev'n *Circe* wept, her adamant heart
 Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.

Son of *Laertes*! (then the Queen began) 475
 Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!
 Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
 Unload thy treasures, and the gally moor;
 Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
 And in our grotto's stow thy spoils and arms. 480

She said. Obedient to her high command
 I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
 My sad companions on the beach I found,
 Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
 As from fresh pastures and the dewy field 485
 (When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)

The

V. 468. *More young, — more graceful to my eyes.*] *Homer* excellently carries on his allegory: he intends by this expression of the enlargement of the beauty of *Ulysses's* companions, to teach that men who turn from an evil course, into the paths of *Virtue*, excel even themselves; having learned the value of *Virtue* from the miseries they suffered in pursuit of vice, they become new men, and as it were enjoy a second life. *Eustathius*.

V. 485. *As from fresh pastures and the dewy field, &c.*] If this simile were to be rendered literally, it would run thus; "as calves
 " seeing

The lowing herds return; around them throng
 With leaps and bounds their late-imprisoned young,
 Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
 And echoing hills return the tender cry: 490
 So round me press'd exulting at my sight,
 With cries and agonies of wild delight,
 The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
 Than if return'd to *Ithaca* from *Troy*.
 Ah master! ever-honour'd, ever dear, 495
 (These tender words on ev'ry side I hear)

"seeing the droves of cows returning at night when they are filled with their pasturage, run skipping out to meet them; the stalls no longer detain them, but running round their dams they fill the plain with their lowings, &c." If a similitude of this nature were to be introduced into modern Poetry, I am of opinion it would fall under ridicule for a want of delicacy: but in reality, images drawn from Nature, and a rural life, have always a very good effect; in particular, this before us enlivens a melancholy description of sorrows, and so exactly expresses in every point the joy of *Ulysses's* companions, we see them in the very description. To judge rightly of comparison, we are not to examine if the subject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar, but we are principally to consider if the image produced be clear and lively, if the Poet have skill to dignify it by Poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. This rule fully vindicates *Homer*, though he frequently paints low life, yet he never uses terms which are not noble; or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that, as *Dionysius* observes, they become noble and harmonious: In short, a *Top* may be used with propriety and elegance in a similitude by a *Virgil*, and the *Sun* may be dishonoured by a *Mævi*; a mean thought expressed in noble terms being more tolerable, than a noble thought disgraced by mean expressions. Things that have an intrinsic greatness need only to be barely represented to fill the soul with admiration, but it shews the skill of a Poet to raise a low subject, and exalt common appearances into dignity.

What

What other joy can equal thy return?
 Not that lov'd country for whose fight we mourn,
 The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
 But ah! relate our lost companions death. 500

I answered chearful. Haste, your gally moor,
 And bring our treasures and our arms a-shore:
 Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
 Then rise and follow where I lead the way.
 Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come 505
 To take the joys of *Circe's* sacred dome.

With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
 Alone *Eurylochus* persuades their stay.
 Whither (he cry'd) ah whither will ye run?
 Seek ye to meet those evils ye shou'd shun? 510
 Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
 In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
 Or wolf like howl away the midnight hour
 In dreadful watch around the magic bow'r?
 Remember *Cyclops*, and his bloody deed; 515
 The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.

V. 515. *Remember Cyclops, &c.*] The Poet paints *Eurylochus* uniformly, under great disorder of mind and terrible apprehensions: There is no similitude between *Circe* and *Cyclops*, with respect to the usage of the companions of *Ulysses*; but *Homer* puts these expressions into his mouth, to represent the nature of terror, which confounds the thoughts, and consequently distracts the language of a person who is possessed by it. The character therefore of *Eurylochus* is the imitation of a person confounded with fears, speaking irrationally and incoherently. *Eustatbius*.

I heard

I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
 My flying faulchion at the rebel's head.
 Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
 This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground; 520
 But all at once my interposing train
 For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
 Leave here the man who dares his Prince desert,
 Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
 To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades 525
 Of *Circe's* Palace, where *Ulysses* leads.

This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
 Left the black vessel by the murm'ring main.
 Shame touch'd *Eurylochus* his alter'd breast,
 He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest. 530

Mean-while the Goddess, with indulgent cares
 And social joys, the late transform'd repairs;
 The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
 Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
 Brightning with joy their eager eyes behold 535
 Each other's face, and each his story told;
 Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
 And with their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.
 When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddess cries;
Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise, 540
 Let this short memory of grief suffice.

To me are known the various woes ye bore,
 In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
 Forget whatever was in Fortune's pow'r,
 And share the pleasures of this genial hour. 545
 Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,
 Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
 Exiles and wand'ers now, where-e'er ye go,
 Too faithful memory renews your woe;
 The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain, 550
 And the soul saddens by the use of pain.

Her kind intreaty mov'd the gen'ral breast;
 Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
 We ply'd the banquet and the bowl we crown'd,
 'Till the full circle of the year came round. 555
 But when the seasons, following in their train,
 Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
 As from a lethargy at once they rise,
 And urge their chief with animating cries.

Is this, *Ulysses*, our inglorious lot? 560
 And is the name of *Ithaca* forgot?
 Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
 Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?

Melting I heard; yet till the sun's decline
 Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine: 565
 But when the shades came on at evening hour,
 And all lay slumb'ring in the dusky bow'r;

I came

I came a suppliant to fair *Circe's* bed,

The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said.

Be mindful, Goddess, of thy promise made; 570

Must sad *Ulysses* ever be delay'd?

Around their lord my sad companions mourn,

Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:

If but a moment parted from thy eyes,

Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies. 575

Go then, (she cry'd) ah go! yet think, not I,

Not *Circe*, but the Fates your wish deny.

Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air!

Far other journey first demands thy care;

To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath, 580

And view the realms of darkness and of death.

There

V. 579. *Far other journey*——

To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath.]

There should in all the Episodes of Epic Poetry appear a Convenience, if not a necessity of every incident; it may therefore be asked what necessity there is for this descent of *Ulysses* into hell, to consult the shade of *Tiresias*? Could not *Circe*, who was a Goddess, discover to him all the future contingencies of his life? *Eustatbius* excellently answers this objection; *Circe* declares to *Ulysses* the necessity of consulting *Tiresias*, that he may learn from the mouth of that Prophet, that his death was to be from the Ocean; she acts thus in order to dispose him to stay with her, after his return from the regions of the dead: or if she cannot persuade him to stay with her, that she may at least secure him from returning to her rival *Calypso*; she had promised him Immortality, but by this descent, he will learn that it is decreed that he should receive his death from the Ocean; for he died by the bone of a sea fish called *Xiphias*. Her love for *Ulysses* induces her not to make the discovery herself, for it was evident she would not find credit, but *Ulysses* would impute it to her love, and the de-

There seek the *Theban* Bard, depriv'd of sight,
 Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
 To whom *Persephone*, entire and whole,
 Gave to retain th' unseparated soul:

585

The

fire she had to deter him from leaving her Island. This will appear more probable, if we observe the conduct of *Circe* in the future parts of the *Odyssey*: she relates to him the dangers of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, of the Oxen of *Phæbus*, and the *Sirens*; but says nothing concerning his death: This likewise gives an air of probability to the relation. The Isle of *Circe* was adjoining to *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, &c. and consequently she may be supposed to be acquainted with those places, and give an account of them to *Ulysses* with exactness, but she leaves the decrees of Heaven and the fate of *Ulysses* to the narration of the Prophet, it best suiting his Character to see into futurity. By the descent of *Ulysses* into Hell may be signified, that a wise man ought to be ignorant of nothing; that he ought to ascend in thought into Heaven, and understand the heavenly appearances, and be acquainted with what is contained in the bowels of the earth, and bring to light the secrets of nature: that he ought to know the nature of the Soul, what it suffers, and how it acts after it is separated from the body. *Eusebius*.

V. 584. To whom *Persephone*, &c.] *Homer* here gives the reason why *Tiresias* should be consulted, rather than any other ghost, because

Τῷ τε φρενὶς ἱμῶιδόι εἰσι.

This expression is fully explained, and the notion of the soul after death, which prevailed among the Ancients, is set in a clear light, Verse 92, and 122, of the 23d book of the *Iliads*, to which passages I refer the Readers. But whence had *Tiresias* this privilege above the rest of the dead? *Callimachus* ascribes it to *Minerva*.

Καὶ μόνῳ εὖτε δάνη, πεπνυμένος ἐν νεκύεσσιν
 Φοῖδάσει, μεγάλῳ τίμιος ἀγισίῳ.

Tully mentions this preheminance of *Tiresias* in his first book of *Divination*. Perhaps the whole fiction may arise from his great reputation among the Antients for Prophecy; and in honour to his memory they might imagine that his soul after death retained the same superiority. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphoses* gives us a very jocular reason

The rest are forms of empty *Æther* made,
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.

Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I fate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my soul begun, 590
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.
Compos'd at length, the gushing tears suppress,
And my tost limbs now weary'd into rest,

reason for the blindness and prophetic knowledge of *Tiresias*, from a matrimonial contest between *Jupiter* and *Juno*. *Cato Major*, as *Plutarch* in his *Political Precepts* informs us, apply'd this verse to *Scipio*, when he was made Consul contrary to the *Roman Statutes*.

Οἶδός πέπνυται, τοὶ δὲ σκιάι αἴσσωσιν.

But I ought not to suppress what *Diodorus Siculus* relates concerning *Tiresias*. *Biblioth. lib. 4.* he tells us, that he had a daughter named *Daphne*, a Priestess at *Delphi*. Παρ' ἧς Φασὶ καὶ τὸν ποιητὴν Ὅμηρον πολλὰ τῶν ἐπῶν σφειτρισάμενον, κοσμήσαι τὴν ἰδίαν ποίησιν. That is, "From whom it is said, that the Poet *Homer* "received many (of the *Sibyls*) verses, and adorned his own Poetry "with them." If this be true, there lay a debt of gratitude upon *Homer*, and he pays it honourably, by this distinguishing character, which he gives to the father. An instance of a worthy disposition in the Poet, and it remains at once an honour to *Tiresias*, and a monument of his own gratitude.

This descent of *Ulysses* into Hell has a very happy effect, it gives *Homer* an opportunity to embellish his Poetry with an admirable variety, and to insert Fables and Histories that at once instruct and delight. It is particularly happy with respect to the *Phæacians*, who could not but highly admire a person whose wisdom had not only delivered him from so many perils on earth, but had been permitted by the Gods to see the regions of the dead, and return among the living; this relation could not fail of pleasing an audience, delighted with strange stories, and extraordinary adventures.

How shall I tread (I cry'd) ah *Circe*! say,
 The dark descent, and who shall guide the way? 595
 Can living eyes behold the realms below?
 What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?
 Thy fated road (the magic pow'r reply'd)
 Divine *Ulysses*! asks no mortal guide.
 Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display, 600
 The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
 Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
 Where to the main the shelving shore descends;

The

V. 602. *Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends, &c.*] This whole scene is excellently imagined by the Poet, as *Eustatbius* observes; the trees are all barren, the place is upon the shores where nothing grows; and all the rivers are of a melancholy signification, suitable to the ideas we have of those infernal regions. *Ulysses* arrives at this place, where he calls up the shades of the dead, in the space of one day; from whence we may conjecture, that he means a place that lies between *Cumæ* and *Baiæ*, near the lake *Avernus*, in *Italy*; which, as *Strabo* remarks, is the scene of the Necromancy of *Homer*, according to the opinion of Antiquity. He further adds, that there really are such rivers as *Homer* mentions, though not placed in their true situation, according to the liberty allowable to Poetry. Others write, that the *Cimmerii* once inhabited *Italy*, and that the famous cave of *Pausilipe* was begun by them about the Time of the *Trojan* wars: Here they offered sacrifice to the *Manes*, which might give occasion to *Homer's* fiction. The *Grecians*, who inhabited these places after the *Cimmerians*, converted these dark habitations into stoves, bathes, &c.

Silius Italicus writes, that the *Lucrine* lake was antiently called *Cocytus*, lib. 12.

*Ast hic Lucrino mansisse vocabula quondam
 Cocyti memorat.*——

It is also probable, that *Acheron* was the antient name of *Avernus*, because *Acherusia*, a large water near *Cumæ*, flows into it by conceal'd passages. *Silius Italicus* informs us, that *Avernus* was also called *Styx*.

Ille

The barren trees of *Proserpine's* black woods,
 Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:

605

There

*Ille olim populis dictum Styga, nomine verso,
 Stagna inter caelebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum.*

Here *Hannibal* offered sacrifice to the *Manes*, as it is recorded by *Livy*; and *Tully* affirms it from an antient Poet, from whom he quotes the following fragment;

*Inde in viciniâ nostrâ Averni lacus
 Unde animæ excitantur obscurâ umbra,
 Alti Acberontis aperto ostio.*

This may seem to justify the observation that *Acberon* was once the name of *Avernus*, though the words are capable of a different interpretation.

If these remarks be true, it is probable that *Homer* does not neglect Geography, as most Commentators judge. *Virgil* describes *Æneas* descending into Hell by *Avernus*, after the example of *Homer*. *Milton* places these rivers in Hell and beautifully describes their natures, in his *Paradise Lost*.

————— *Along the banks*
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams,
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep:
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the ruful Stream: fierce Phlegeton,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage;
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

Thus also agreeably to the idea of Hell the offerings to the infernal powers are all black, the *Cimmerians* lie in a land of darkness; the Heifer which *Ulysses* is to offer is barren, like that in *Virgil*.

There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
 And enter there the kingdoms void of day :
 Where *Pblegeton's* loud torrents rushing down,
 His in the flaming gulph of *Acheron*;
 And where, slow rolling from the *Stygian* bed, 610
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread :
 Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
 And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
 First draw thy faulchion, and on ev'ry side
 Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide : 615
 To all the shades around libations pour,
 And o'er th' ingredients strow the hallow'd flour :
 New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring,
 And living water from the crystal spring.
 Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore, 620
 With promis'd off'rings on thy native shore ;
 A barren cow, the stateliest of the Isle,
 And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pyle :
 These to the rest ; but to the *Seer* must bleed
 A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed. 625
 These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
 To all the Phantom-nations of the dead ;
 Be next thy care the sable sheep to place
 Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face :

—*Sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, Vaccum ;*
 to denote that the grave is unfruitful, that it devours all things, that
 it is a place where all things are forgotten.

But

But from the infernal rite thine eye withdraw, 630

And back to Ocean glance with rev'rend awe:

Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades

Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.

Then give command the sacrifice to haste;

Let the flea'd Victims in the flame be cast, 635

And sacred vows, and mystic song, apply'd

To grisly *Pluto*, and his gloomy bride.

Wide o'er the pool thy faulchion wav'd around

Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:

The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear, 640

'Till awful from the shades arise the *Scer*,

Let him, Oraculous, the end, the way,

The turns of all thy future fate, display,

Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.

So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone 645

The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.

The Goddess with a radiant tunick drest

My limbs, and o'er me cast a filken vest;

Long flowing robes of purest white array

The nymph, that added lustre to the day: 650

A Tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;

Her waste was circled with a zone of gold:

Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;

Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.

Rise, rise my mates! 'tis *Circe* gives command: 655

Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.

All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

A youth there was, *Elpenor* was he nam'd,
Nor much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd; 660
The youngest of our band, a vulgar 'soul
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay, 665
And down he hastened, but forgot the way;

V. 659. *A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd.*] *Homer* dismisses not the description of this house of Pleasure and Debauch, without shewing the Moral of his Fable, which is the ill consequences that attend those who indulge themselves in sensuality; this is set forth in the punishment of *Elpenor*. He describes him as a person of no worth, to shew that debauchery enervates our faculties, and renders both the mind and body incapable of thinking, or acting with greatness and bravery. At the same time these circumstantial relations are not without a good effect; for they render the story probable, as if it were spoken with the veracity an History, not the liberty of Poetry.

I will conclude this book with a Paragraph from *Plutarch's Morals*: It is a piece of advice to the Fair Sex, drawn from the story of *Circe* and *Ulysses*. "They who bait their hooks (says this Philosopher) with intoxicated drugs may catch fish with little trouble; but then they prove dangerous to eat, and unpleasant to the taste: Thus women who use arts to ensnare their admirers, become wives of fools and madmen: They whom the sorceress *Circe* enchanted, were no better than brutes? and she used them accordingly, enclosing them with styes; but she loved *Ulysses* intirely, whose prudence avoided her intoxications, and made his conversation agreeable. Those women who will not believe that *Pasiphae* was ever enamoured of a bull, are yet themselves so extravagant, as to abandon the society of men of sense and temperance, and to betake themselves to the embraces of brutal and stupid fellows." *Plut. Conjugal Precepts.*

Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.

The rest crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke. 670

Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native shore:
Alas! far otherwise the Nymph declares,
Far other journey first demands our cares;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath, 675
The dreary realms of darkness and of death:
To seek *Tiresias*' awful shade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

My sad companions heard in deep despair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair; 680
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.

Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found, 685
The fable ewe, and ram, together bound.

For swift as thought, the Goddesses had been there,
And thence had glided, viewless as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion, who shall trace their way? 690

Well onward from the foot the steeps led,
 And sharp the path, and wild the bed.
 The road was rough, and with an eager look
 I met them with a sigh, and late before
 At last, friends, I saw you: all was o'er
 Your faces shrank from mine, and native tones
 I heard no more, nor saw the old
 But other faces, all strange and new,
 I met in the mountainous paths below,
 The dreary realm of darkness and of death:
 The look "O death," awful shade below,
 And those our forms and our fate to know
 My sad companions were in deep distress:
 I found they told me many a story of woe,
 To woe they fell: the road began to rain,
 But tears in mine, no raindrops were seen.
 Sadly they for a while the tale told,
 Still I saw their hearts, and still their eyes were
 I saw ready victims at our door we found,
 The table sweet, and ragged, together bound.
 For swift as thought, the Godhead had seen there
 And hence had glided, swift as the air:
 The paths of Gods what mortal can know,
 He sees their motion, who shall ever know?



THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.





THE ARGUMENT.

The descent into Hell.

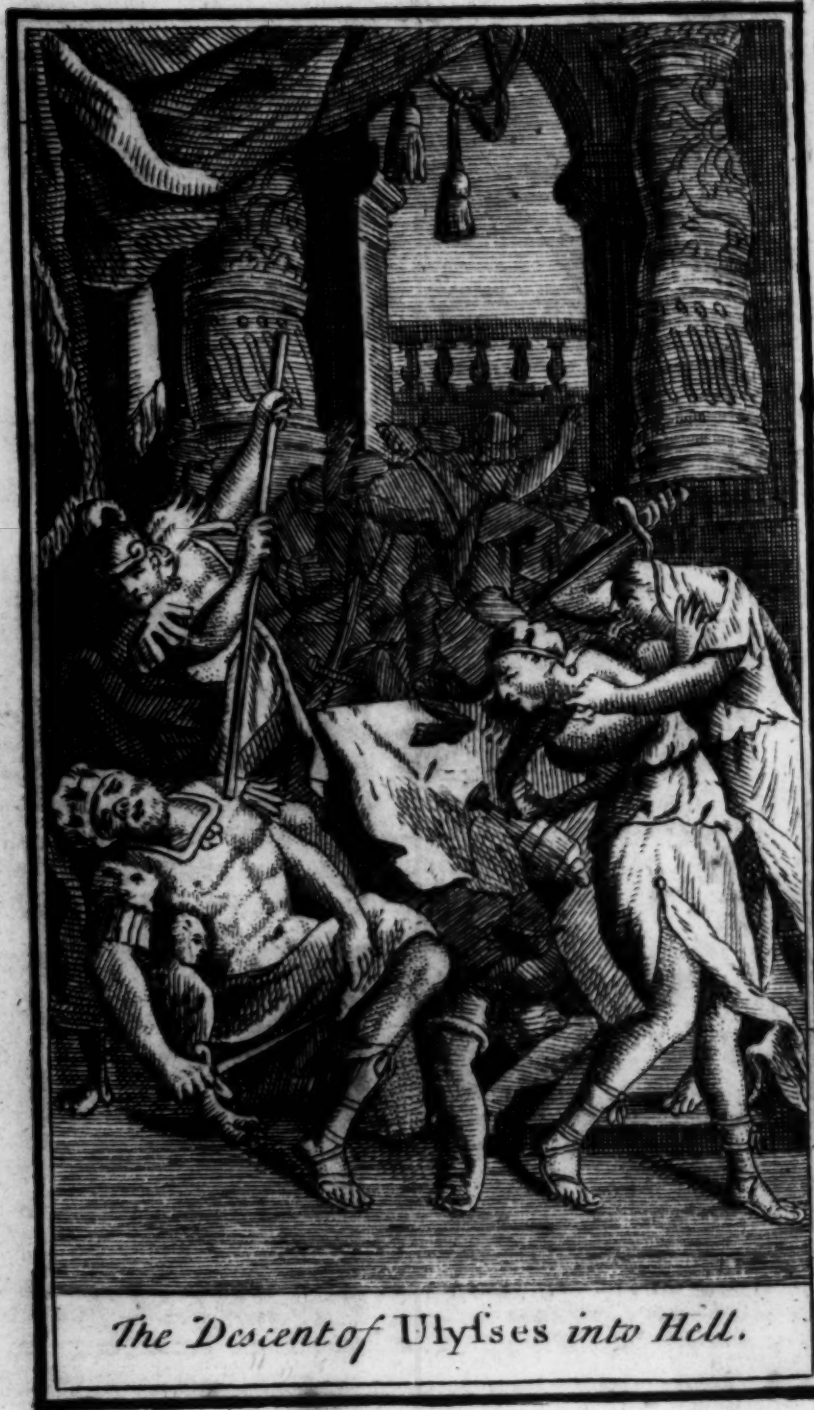
Ulysses continues his Narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what Ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the Apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the antient Heroines, afterwards of the Heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Syfiphus, Hercules: 'till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid Spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.



MUSEUM

THE







THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

NOW to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:

Then

The Antients called this book *Nekropanteia*, or *Nekroia*, the book of Necromancy: because (says *Eusebius*) it contains an interview between *Ulysses* and the shades of the dead.

Virgil has not only borrowed the general design from *Homer*, but imitated many particular incidents: *L'Abbé Fraguier* in the *Mémoires de Littérature* gives his judgment in favour of the *Roman* Poet, and justly

Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppress,
And solemn horror saddens every breast.

5

A freshning

justly observes, that the end and design of the journey is more important in *Virgil* than in *Homer*. *Ulysses* descends to consult *Tiresias*, *Aeneas* his father. *Ulysses* takes a review of the Shades of celebrated persons that preceded his times, or whom he knew at *Troy*, who have no relation to the story of the *Odyssey*: *Aeneas* receives the history of his own Posterity; his father instructs him how to manage the *Italian* war, and how to conclude it with honour; that is, to lay the foundations of the greatest Empire in the world; and the Poet by a very happy address takes an opportunity to pay a noble compliment to his Patron *Augustus*. In the *Aeneid* there is a magnificent description of the descent and entrance into Hell; and the diseases, cares and terrors that *Aeneas* sees in his journey, are very happily imagined, as an introduction into the regions of death: whereas in *Homer* there is nothing so noble, we scarce are able to discover the place where the Poet lays his scene, or whether *Ulysses* continues below or above the ground. Instead of a descent into Hell, it seems rather a conjuring up, or an evocation of the dead from hell; according to the words of *Horace*, who undoubtedly had this passage of *Homer* in his thoughts. *Satyr. 8. lib. 1.*

Scalpere terram

Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam
Cæperunt; cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas.

But if it be understood of an evocation only, how shall we account for several visions and descriptions in the conclusion of this book? *Ulysses* sees *Tantalus* in the waters of hell, and *Sisyphus* rowling a stone up an infernal mountain; these *Ulysses* could not conjure up, and consequently must be supposed to have entered at least the borders of those infernal regions. In short, *Fraguier* is of opinion, that *Virgil* profited more by the *Frogs* of *Aristophanes* than by *Homer*: and *Mr. Dryden* prefers the sixth book of the *Aeneid* to the eleventh of the *Odyssey*, I think with very great reason.

I will take this opportunity briefly to mention the original of all these fictions of infernal Rivers, Judges, &c. spoken of by *Homer*, and repeated and enlarged by *Virgil*. They are of *Ægyptian* extract; as *Mr. Sandys* (that faithful traveller, and judicious Poet) observes, speaking of the Mummies of *Mempbis*, p. 134.

“ These ceremonies performed, they laid the corps in a boat to be
“ waisted over *Acherusia*, a lake on the south of *Mempbis*, by one
“ only.

A freshning breeze the * Magic pow'r supply'd, * *Circe*.
 While the wing'd vessel flew along the tyde ;
 Our oars we shipp'd : all day the swelling sails
 Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales. 10

" only Person, whom they called *Charon*; which gave *Orpheus* the
 " the invention of his infernal ferryman; an ill-favoured slovenly
 " fellow, as *Virgil* describes him, *Aeneid* 6. About this lake stood
 " the shady temple of *Hecate*, with the ports of *Cocytus* and *Oblivion*,
 " separated by bars of brass, the original of like fables. When
 " landed on the other side, the bodies were brought before certain
 " Judges: if convinced of an evil life, they were deprived of burial;
 " if otherwise, they suffered them to be interred." This explanation
 shows the foundation of those antient fables of *Charon*, *Rhadamanthus*, &c. And also that the Poets had a regard to truth in their
 inventions, and grounded even their fables upon some remarkable
 customs, which grew obscure and absurd only because the memory of
 the customs to which they allude is lost to Posterity.

I will only add from *Dacier*, that this book is an evidence of the
 antiquity of the opinion of the Soul's Immortality. It is upon this that
 the most antient of all divinations was founded, I mean that which
 was performed by the evocation of the dead. There is a very remark-
 able instance of this in the holy Scriptures, in an age not very distant
 from that of *Homer*. *Saul* consults one of these infernal agents to
 call up *Samuel*, who appears, or some evil spirit in his form, and
 predicts his impending death and calamities. This is a pregnant in-
 stance of the antiquity of Necromancy, and that it was not of *Homer's*
 invention; it prevailed long before his days among the *Chaldeans*, and
 spread over all the oriental world. *Aeschylus* has a Tragedy intitled
Perseus, in which the shade of *Darius* is called up, like that of *Samuel*,
 and foretells Queen *Atossa* all her misfortunes. Thus it appears that
 there was a foundation for what *Homer* writes; he only embellishes
 the opinions of Antiquity with the ornaments of Poetry.

I must confess that *Homer* gives a miserable account of a future
 state; there is not a person described in happiness, unless perhaps it
 be *Tiresias*: the good and the bad seem all in the same condition:
 Whereas *Virgil* has an Hell for the wicked, and an *Elysium* for the just.
 Tho' perhaps it may be a vindication of *Homer* to say, that the notions
 of *Virgil* of a future state were different from those of *Homer*; ac-
 cording to whom Hell might only be a receptacle for the vehicles of
 the dead, and that while they were in Hell, their *φρην* or Spirit
 might be in Heaven, as appears from what is said of the *εἰδωλον*
 of *Hercules* in this 11th book of the *Odyssey*.

Now

Now sunk the Sun from his aerial height,
 And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
 When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
 Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during mounds.

There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells, 15
 The dusky nation of *Cimmeria* dwells;

The

V. 15. *There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
 The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells.]*

It is the opinion of many Commentators, that *Homer* constantly in these voyages of *Ulysses* makes use of a fabulous Geography; but perhaps the contrary opinion in many places may be true: In this passage, *Ulysses* in the space of one day sails from the Island of *Circe* to the *Cimmerians*: Now it is very evident from *Herodotus* and *Strabo*, that they inhabited the regions near the *Bosphorus*, and consequently *Ulysses* could not sail thither in the compass of a day; and therefore, says *Strabo*, the Poet removes not only the *Cimmerians*, but their climate and darkness, from the northern *Bosphorus* into *Campania* in *Italy*.

But that there really were a people in *Italy* named *Cimmerians* is evident from the testimony of many authors. So *Lycophron* plainly understands this passage, and relates these adventures as performed in *Italy*. He recapitulates all the voyages of *Ulysses*, and mentioning the descent into *Hell* and the *Cimmerians*, he immediately describes the infernal rivers, and adds, (speaking of the *Apennine*)

Ἐξ οὗ τὰ πάντα χύτλα, καὶ πᾶσαι μυχῶν
 Πηγαί, κατ' Ἀυσονίῃ ἔλονται χθόνα.

That is, "From whence all the rivers, and all the fountains flow
 " thro' the regions of *Italy*." And these lines of *Tibullus*,

*Cimmerion etiam obscuras accessit ad arces,
 Quae nunquam candente dies apparuit ortu,
 Sive supra terras Phœbus, seu curreret infra.*

are understood by all interpreters to denote the *Italian Cimmerians*: who dwelt near *Baie* and the lake *Avernus*; and therefore *Homer* may be imagined not entirely to follow a fabulous Geography. It is evident

'The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats :
Unhappy race ! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades. 20

The ship we moor on these obscure abodes ;
Dis-bark the sheep, an offering to the Gods ;
And hell-ward bending, o'er the beech descry
The doleful passage to th' infernal sky.
The victims, vow'd to each *Tartarean* pow'r, 25
Eurylochus and *Perimedes* bore.

Here open'd Hell, all Hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword ;
And trenching the black earth on ev'ry side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide. 30
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the crystal spring ;

O'er

evident from *Herodotus* that these *Cimmerians* were antiently a powerful nation ; for passing into *Asia* (says that Author in his *Clio*) they possessed themselves of *Sardis*, in the time of *Ardayes*, the son of *Gyges*. If so, it is possible they might make several settlements in different parts of the world, and call those settlements by their original name, *Cimmerians*, and consequently there might be *Italian*, as well as *Scythian Cimmerians*.

It must be allowed, that this horrid region is well chosen for the descent into Hell : It is described as a land of obscurity and horrors, and happily imagined to introduce a relation concerning the realms of death and darkness.

V. 31. *New wine, with honey-temper'd milk.*] The word in the original is, *μηλικρατον*, which (as *Eusebius* observes) the Antients constantly understood to imply a mixture of honey and milk ; but all writers who succeeded *Homer* as constantly used it to signify a composition

O'er these was strow'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.

Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal Gods, 35
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods :
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall ;
So in our palace, at our safe return
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the Pyle shall burn ; 40
So shall a Ram the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to *Tiresias* bleed.

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead.

fiction of water mixed with honey. The *Latin Poets* have borrowed their magical rites from *Homer* : Thus *Ovid. Metam. 7. 243.*

*Haud procul egestâ scrobibus tellure duabus
Sacra facit : cultrosque in guttura velleris atrî
Conjicit ; & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas,
Tum super invergens liquidi carcbesia Bacchi,
Æneaque invergens tepidi carcbesia lactis, &c.*

Thus also *Statius* :

————— *Tellure cavatâ*
Inclinat Bacchi latices, & munera verni,
Lactis, & Aëæos imbrës, &c.

This libation is made to all the departed shades ; but to what purpose (objects *Eusebius*) should these rites be paid to the dead, when it is evident from the subsequent relation that they were ignorant of these ceremonies till they had tasted the libation ? He answers from the Ancients, that they were merely honorary to the regents of the dead, *Pluto* and *Proserpina* ; and used to obtain their leave to have an interview with the shades in their dominions.

Then.

Then dy'd the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd, 45
 And all the caverns smoak'd with streaming blood.
 When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
 Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;

Fair,

V. 47. *When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
 Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts.]*

We are informed by *Eusebius*, that the Antients rejected these six verses, for say they, these are not the shades of persons newly slain, but who have long been in these infernal regions: How then can their wounds be supposed still to be visible, especially through their armour, when the soul was separated from the body? Neither is this the proper place for their appearance, for the Poet immediately subjoins, that the ghost of *Elpenor* was the first that he encountered in these regions of darkness. But these objections will be easily answered by having recourse to the notions which the Antients entertained concerning the dead; we must remember that they imagined that the soul tho' freed from the body had still a vehicle, exactly resembling the body; as the figure in a mold retains the resemblance of the mold, when separated from it; the body is but as a case to this vehicle, and it is in this vehicle that the wounds are said to be visible; this was supposed to be less gross than the mortal body, and less subtle than the soul; so that whatever wounds the outward body received when living, were believed to affect this inward Substance, and consequently might be visible after separation.

It is true that the Poet calls the ghost of *Elpenor* the first ghost, but this means the first whom he knew: *Elpenor* was not yet buried, and therefore was not yet received into the habitation of the dead, but wanders before the entrance of it. This is the reason why his shade is said to present itself the foremost; it comes not up from the realm of death, but descends towards it from the upper world.

But these shades of the warriors are said still to wear their armour in which they were slain, for the Poet adds that it was stained with blood: How is it possible for these ghosts, which are only a subtle substance, not a gross body, to wear the armour they wore in the other world? How was it conveyed to them in these infernal regions? All that occurs to me in answer to this objection is, that the Poet describes them suitably to the characters they bore in life; the warriors on earth are warriors in Hell; and that he adds these circumstances only to denote the manner of their death, which was in battle, or by the sword. No doubt but *Homer* represents a future
 state

Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids,
 And wither'd Elders, pale and wrinkled shades; 50
 Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
 Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
 These and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
 And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.
 Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood, 55
 And a cold fear ran shivering thro' my blood;
 Strait I command the sacrifice to haste,
 Strait the flea'd victims to the flames are cast,
 And mutter'd vows, and mystic song apply'd
 To grisly *Pluto*, and his gloomy bride. 60

state according to the notions which his age entertained of it, and this sufficiently justifies him as a Poet, who is not obliged to write truths, but according to fame and common opinions.

But to prove these verses genuine, we have the authority of *Virgil*: he was too sensible of their beauty not to adorn his Poems with them. *Georg.* 4. 470.

*At cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis
 Umbrae ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum,
 Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitæ
 Magnanimùm heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
 Impositique rogis juvenes, &c.*

It must be confessed that the *Roman* Poet omits the circumstance of the armour in his translation, as being perhaps contrary to the opinions prevailing in his age; but in the sixth book he describes his Heroes with arms, horses, and infernal chariots; and in the story of *Deiphobus* we see his shade retain the wounds in Hell, which he received at the time of his death in *Troy*.

—— *Lacerum crudelitur ora
 Deiphobum vidi, &c.*

Now

Now swift I wav'd my faulchion o'er the blood ;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling flood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
'Till awful from the shades *Tiresias* rose.

There, wand'ring thro' the gloom I first survey'd, 65
New to the realms of death, *Elpenor's* shade :
His cold remains all naked to the sky
On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I spoke the tears began to flow. 70

O say what angry pow'r *Elpenor* led
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead ?
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoyn'd,
Out fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind ?
The

V. 73. *How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoyn'd,
Out-fly the nimble sail?*]

Eustathius is of opinion, that *Ulysses* speaks pleasantly to *Elpenor*, for were his words to be literally translated they would be, *Elpenor, thou art come hither on foot, sooner than I in a ship.* I suppose it is the worthless character of *Elpenor* that led that Critic into this opinion ; but I should rather take the sentence to be spoken seriously, not only because such railleries are an insult upon the unfortunate, and levities perhaps unworthy of Epic Poetry, but also from the general conduct of *Ulysses*, who at the sight of *Elpenor* burst into tears, and compassionates the fate of his friend. Is there any thing in this that looks like raillery ? if there be, we must confess that *Ulysses* makes a very quick transition from sorrow to pleasantry. The other is a more noble sense, and therefore I have followed it, and it excellently paints the surprize of *Ulysses* at the unexpected sight of *Elpenor*, and expresses his wonder that the Soul, the moment it leaves the body, should reach the receptacle of departed shades.

But it may be asked what connexion this story of *Elpenor* has to the subject of the Poem, and what it contributes to the end
of

The Ghost reply'd: To Hell my doom I owe, 75
 Dæmons accurst, dire ministers of woe!

My

of it? *Bossu* very well answers that the Poet may insert some incidents that make no Part of the fable or action; especially if they be short, and break not the thread of it; this before us is only a small part of a large Episode, which the Poet was at liberty to insert or omit, as contributed most to the beauty of his Poetry: besides, it contains an excellent moral, and shews us the ill effects of drunkenness and debauchery. The Poet represents *Elpenor* as a person of a mean character, and punishes his crime with sudden death, and dishonour.

I will only add that *Virgil* treads in the footsteps of *Homer*, and *Misenus* in the *Æneid*, is the *Elpenor* of the *Odyssey*: There is indeed some difference; *Misenus* suffers for his presumption, *Elpenor* for his debauchery.

V. 75. ————— To hell my doom I owe,
 Dæmons accurst, dire ministers of woe.]

The words in the original are, Ἄσ' ἔμε Δαίμονος αἴσα. The identity of sound in ἄσ' and αἴσα may perhaps appear a little inharmonious, and shock the ear. It is a known observation that the nice ears in the Court of *Augustus* could not pardon *Virgil* for a like similitude of cadence in this verse.

At regina Pyra —————

But these are rather negligencies than errors; they are indeed to be avoided, but a great genius sometimes overlooks such niceties, and sacrifices sound to sense.

The words of *Quintilian* are very apposite to this purpose, lib. 8. c. 3. *Ejusdem verbi aut sermonis iteratio, quanquam non magnopere summis auctoribus vitata, interim vitium videri potest; in quod sæpe incidit etiam Cicero, securus tam parvæ observationis.* He brings an instance of it from his oration for *Cluentius*, *Non solum igitur illud judicium, judicii simile, judices, non fuit.* It must be confessed, that the sense is not only darkened, but the ear shocked at the repetition of the same word in the same period.

This is a very pregnant instance, that the opinion of an evil Dæmon or Genius prevailed in the days of *Homer*: but this excuse of *Elpenor*, in ascribing his calamity to a Dæmon, gives great offence to *Maximus Tyrius*, he being a Stoic Philosopher. He says *Elpenor* is

My feet thro' wine unfaithful to their weight,
 Betray'd me tumbling from a tow'ry height,
 Stagg'ring I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
 Lux'd the neck joint——my soul descends to hell. 80
 But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
 By the soft tye and sacred name of friend!
 By thy fond consort! by thy father's cares!
 By lov'd *Telemachus* his blooming years!
 For well I know that soon the heav'nly pow'rs 85
 Will give thee back to day, and *Circe's* shores:
 There pious on my cold remains attend,
 There call to mind thy poor departed friend,
 The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
 And the possession of a peaceful grave. 90
 But if unheard, in vain compassion plead,
 Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
 A tomb along the wat'ry margin raise,
 The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
 To shew posterity *Elpenor* was. 95 }

is guilty of falsehood in this excuse to *Ulysses*: for *Dæmons, parca,* &c. are nothing but the idle pretext of wicked men, who are industrious to transfer their own follies to the Gods, according to those Verses in the beginning of the *Odyssey*.

*Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
 And call their woes the crime of providence?
 Blind! who themselves their miseries create,
 And perish by their folly, not their fate.*

There high in air, memorial of my name
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.

To whom with tears; These rites, oh mournful shade,
Due to thy Ghost, shall to thy Ghost be paid.

Still as I spoke the Phantom seem'd to moan, 100
Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.

But as my waving sword the blood furrounds,
The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.

There as the wond'rous visions I survey'd,
All pale ascends my royal mother's shade: 105

A Queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;

Now a thin form is all *Anticlea* was!

Struck at the sight I melt with filial woe,

And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow,

V. 105. *All pale ascends my royal mother's shade.*] The behaviour of *Ulysses* with respect to his mother may appear not sufficiently tender and affectionate; he refrains all manner of address to her, a conduct which may be censured as inconsistent with filial piety; but *Plutarch* very fully answers this objection. "It is (says that Author) a remarkable instance of the prudence of *Ulysses*, who descending into the regions of the dead, refused all conference even with his mother, 'till he had obtained an answer from *Tiresias*, concerning the business which induc'd him to undertake that infernal journey." A wise man is not inquisitive about things impertinent; accordingly *Ulysses* first shews himself a wise man, and then a dutiful son. Besides, it is very judicious in *Homer* thus to describe *Ulysses*: the whole design of the *Odyssey* is the return of *Ulysses* to his Country; this is the mark at which the Hero should continually aim; and therefore it is necessary that all other incidents should be subordinate to this; and the Poet had been blameable if he had shew'd *Ulysses* entertaining himself with amusements, and postponing the considerations of the chief design of the *Odyssey*. *Lucian* speaks to the same purpose in his piece upon *Astrology*.

Yet as I shook my faulchion o'er the blood, 110
 Regardless of her son the Parent stood.

When lo! the mighty *Theban* I behold;
 To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;
 Awful he trod! majestic was his look!
 And from his holy lips these accents broke. 115

Why, mortal, wand'rest thou from chearful day,
 To tread the downward, melancholy way?
 What angry Gods to these dark regions led
 Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
 But sheath thy ponyard, while my tongue relates 120
 Heav'n's stedfast purpose, and thy future fates.

While

V. 120. *But sheath thy ponyard.* ———] The terror which the shades of the departed express at the sight of the sword of *Ulysses* has been frequently censured as absurd and ridiculous: *Risum cui non moveat*, says *Scaliger*, *cum enssem ait & vulnera metuisse?* What have the dead to fear from a sword, who are beyond the power of it, by being reduced to an incorporeal shadow? But this description is consistent with the notions of the Antients concerning the dead. I have already remarked, that the shades retained a vehicle, which resembled the body, and was liable to pain as well as the corporeal substance; if not, to what purpose are the Furies described with iron scourges, or the Vulture tearing the liver of *Tityus*?

Virgil ascribes the like fears to the shades in the *Æneis*; for the *Sibyl* thus commands *Æneas*,

Tuque invade viam, vaginâque cripe ferrum.

And the shades of the *Greeks* are there said to fly at the sight of his arms.

*At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniâque Pbalanges
 Ut vidère virum, fulgentiâque arma per umbras
 Ingenti trepidare metu.*

While yet he spoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
 And in the scabbard plung'd the glitt'ring blade :
 Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then exprest
 Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast. 125

Weary of light, *Ulysses* here explores,
 A prosp'rous voyage to his native shores ;
 But know—by me unerring Fates disclose
 New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes ;
 I see ! I see, thy bark by *Neptune* toft, 130
 For injur'd *Cyclops*, and his eyeball lost !
 Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
 If heav'n thou please ; and how to please attend !
 Where on *Trinacrian* rocks the Ocean roars,
 Graze num'rous herds along the verdant shores ; 135
 Tho' hunger prefs, yet fly the dang'rous prey,
 The herds are sacred to the God of day,
 Who all surveys with his extensive eye
 Above, below, on earth and in the sky !
 Rob not the God, and so propitious gales 140
 Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails :

Tiresias is here described consistently with the character before given him by the Poet, I mean with a preheminance above the other shades ; for (as *Eustathius* observes) he knows *Ulysses* before he tastes the ingredients ; a privilege not claimed by any other of the infernal inhabitants. *Elpenor* indeed did the same, but for another reason ; because he was not yet buried, nor entered the regions of the dead, and therefore his Soul was yet intire.

But

But if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!

The direful wreck *Ulysses* scarce survives!

Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!

145

Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,

New foes arise, domestick ills attend!

There foul adult'ers to thy bride resort,

And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.

But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes behold

150

The deathful scene, Princes on Princes roll'd!

That done, a people far from Sea explore,

Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,

Or

V. 145. *Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!*] The Poet conducts this interview with admirable judgment. The whole design of *Ulysses* is to engage the *Phæacians* in his favour, in order to his transportation to his own country: How does he bring this about? By shewing that it was decreed by the Gods that he should be conducted thither by strangers; so that the *Phæacians* immediately conclude, that they are the people destined by Heaven to conduct him home; to give this the greater weight, he puts the speech into the mouth of the Prophet *Tiresias*, and exalts his character in an extraordinary manner, to strengthen the credit of the prediction: By this method likewise the Poet interweaves his Episode into the texture and essence of the Poem, he makes this journey into Hell contribute to the restoration of his Hero, and unites the subordinate parts very happily with the main action.

V. 152. *That done a people far from Sea explore,*

Who ne'er knew salt.—————]

It is certain that *Tiresias* speaks very obscurely, after the manner of the Oracles; but the Antients generally understood this people to be the *Epirots*. Thus *Pausanias* in his *Attics*. 'Οι μηδὲ ἀλάσσης ἰλίῃ θάλασσαν, μηδὲ ἀλσὶν ἠπίσαντο χρῆσθαι, μαρτυρεῖ δὲ μοὶ καὶ Ὀμήρου ἔπος ἐν Ὀδυσσεΐα.

Or saw gay vessel stem the wat'ry plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main !

155

Bear

—Οἱ ἐκ Ἰασσι θάλασσαν.

That is ; “ The *Epirots* even so lately as after the taking of *Troy*, “ were ignorant of the sea, and the use of salt, as *Homer* testifies in “ his *Odyssey* :

Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar.

So that they who were ignorant of the sea, were likewise ignorant of the use of salt, according to *Homer* : whence it may be conjectured, that the Poet knew of no salt but what was made of sea-water. The other token of their ignorance of the sea was, that they should not know an Oar, but call it a Corn-van. This verse was once sarcastically applied to *Philip* of *Macedon* by *Amerdion* a *Grecian*, who flying from him and being apprehended, was asked whither he fled ? he bravely answered, to find a people who knew not *Philip*.

Εἶτοκε τὸς ἀφίκωμαι, οἱ ἐκ Ἰασσι Φίλιππον

I perswade myself that this passage is rightly translated ; Νέας Φοινικοπαρῆς, and τὰ τε πτερά νινσι πέλονται.

A painted wonder, flying on the main,

for the wings of the ship signify the sails, (as *Eusebius* remarks) and not the oars, as we might be misled to conclude from the immediate connexion with ἱερμα, or oars. The Poet, I believe, intended to express the wonder of a Person upon his first sight of a ship, who observing it to move swiftly along the seas, might mistake the sails for wings, according to that beautiful description of *Mr. Dryden* upon a like occasion in his *Indian Emperor*.

*The objects I could first distinctly view,
Were tall straight trees which on the waters flew ;
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow ;
And at their roots grew floating Palaces, &c.*

Eusebius

Bear on thy back an Oar : with strange amaze
 A shepherd meeting thee, the Oar surveys,
 And names a Van : there fix it on the plain,
 To calm the God that holds the wat'ry reign ;
 A threefold off'ring to his altar bring, 160
 A bull, a ram, a boar ; and hail the Ocean King.
 But home return'd, to each ætherial pow'r
 Slay the due Victim in the genial hour :
 So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
 And steal thyself from life by slow decays : 165
 Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,
 When late stern Neptune points the shaft with death :

To

Eustatbius tells us the reason of this command given to *Ulysses*, to search out a people ignorant of the sea : It was in honour of *Neptune*, to make his name regarded by a nation which was entirely a stranger to that Deity ; and this injunction was laid by way of atonement for the violence offered to his son *Polyphemus*.

Many Critics have imagined that this passage is corrupted ; but, as *Eustatbius* observes, we have the Authority of *Sophocles* to prove it genuine, who alluding to this passage, writes,

Ὀμοῖς ἀνθρώπων ὄργανον φέρει.

V. 167. *When late stern Neptune points the shaft with death.* | The Death of *Ulysses* is related variously, but the following account is chiefly credited : *Ulysses* had a son by *Circe* named *Telegonus*, who being grown to years of maturity, sailed to *Ithaca* in search of his father ; where seizing some sheep for the use of his attendants, the shepherds put themselves into a posture to rescue them ; *Ulysses* being advertised of it, went with his son *Telemachus* to repel *Telegonus*, who in defending himself wounded *Ulysses*, not knowing him to be his father. Thus *Oppian*, *Hyginus*, and *Diclys* relate the story. Many Poets have brought this upon the stage, and *Aristotle* criticizing upon one of these Tragedies gives us the title of it, which was, *Ulysses wounded*. But if *Ulysses* thus died, how can *Neptune* be said to point

To the dark grove retiring as to rest,

Thy people blessing, by thy people blest!

Unerring truths, oh man, my lips relate;

170

This is thy life to come, and this is fate.

To whom unmov'd; If this the Gods prepare,

What heav'n ordains the wise with courage bear.

But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,

Unmindful of her son, *Anticlea* stands?

175

Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?

Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?

The latent cause, oh sacred Seer reveal!

Nor this, replies the Seer, will I conceal.

Know; to the spectres, that thy bev'rage taste,

180

The scenes of life recur, and actions past;

They, seal'd with truth return the sure reply,

The rest repell'd, a train oblivious fly.

the shaft with death? We are informed that the spear with which *Telegonus* gave the wound, was pointed with the bone of a sea Turtle; so that literally his death came from the sea, or ἐξ αἰός: and *Neptune* being the God of the Ocean, his death may without violence be ascribed to that Deity. It is true, some Critics read ἐξ αἰός as one word, and then it will signify that *Ulysses* should escape the dangers of the sea, and die upon the continent far from it; but the former sense is most consonant to the tenor of the Poem, through which *Neptune* is constantly represented as an enemy to *Ulysses*.

I will only add the reason why *Ulysses* is enjoyn'd to offer a Bull, a Ram, and a Boar to *Neptune*: the Bull represents the roaring of the sea in storms; the Ram the milder appearance of it when in tranquillity: the Boar was used by the Ancients as an emblem of fecundity, to represent the fruitfulness of the Ocean. This particular sacrifice of three animals was called τριπλία. *Eustathius*.

The

The phantom Prophet ceas'd, and sunk from sight
To the black palace of eternal Night. 185

Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near *Anticlea* mov'd, and drank the blood.
Strait all the mother in her soul awakes,
And owning her *Ulysses*, thus she speaks:
Com'st thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath, 190
The doleful realms of darkness and of death:
Com'st thou alive from pure, ætherial day?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves,
There the wide sea with all his billows raves! 195
Or (since to dust proud *Troy* submits her tow'rs)
Com'st thou a wand'rer from the *Phrygian* shores?

Or

V. 195: *There the wide sea with all his billows raves.*] If this passage were literally translated, it would run thus: *My son, how didst thou arrive at this place of darkness, when so many rivers, and the Ocean lie in the midway?* This (says *Eustatius*) plainly shews that *Homer* uses a fabulous Geography; for whereas the places that are mentioned in these voyages of *Ulysses* are really situated upon the *Mediterranean*, *Anticlea* here says that they lie in the middle of the Ocean. But this is undoubtedly an error: The whole of the observation depends upon the word *μέσσω*; But why must this denote the midway so exactly? Is it not sufficient to say, that *between Ithaca* and this infernal region, rivers and the Ocean roll? And that this is the real meaning is evident from this book; for *Ulysses* sails in the space of one day from the Island of *Circe* to the place where he descends: How then could these places where *Ulysses* touches in his voyage lie in the middle of the Ocean, unless we can suppose he pass'd half the Ocean in one day? The Poet directly affirms, that he descends at the extremity of it; but this extremity is no more than one day's voyage from the Island of *Circe*, and consequently that Island could not lie in the middle of the Ocean: Therefore this place is no evidence that *Homer* uses a fabulous Geography.

Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,

Hast thou thy *Ithaca*, thy bride beheld?

Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth. I fly 200

To seek *Tiresias* in the nether sky,

To learn my doom: for tost from woe to woe,

In ev'ry land *Ulysses* finds a foe:

Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,

Since in the dust proud *Troy* submits her towers. 205

But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,

Say what distemper gave thee to the dead?

Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,

Or swift expir'd it in a sudden blaze?

Say if my fire, good old *Laertes*, lives? 210

If yet *Telemachus*, my son, survives?

Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,

Or crush'd by traytors with an iron rod?

Say if my spouse maintains her royal trust,

Tho' tempted chaste, and obstinately just? 215

Or if no more her absent Lord she wails,

But the false woman o'er the wife prevails?

Eustathius very justly observes, that *Homer* judiciously places the descent into Hell at the extremity of the Ocean: for it is natural to imagine, that to be the only passage to it, by which the Sun and the Stars themselves appear to descend, and sink into the realms of darkness.

Thus

Thus I, and thus the parent shade returns.
 Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:
 Whether the night descends, or day prevails, 220
 Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails,
 Thee in *Telemachus* thy realm obeys;
 In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,
 And shares the banquet in superior state,
 Grac'd with such honours as become the Great. 225
 Thy

V. 218. ——— *Thus the parent shade returns.*] The questions which *Ulysses* asks (remarks *Eustathius*) could not fail of having a very good effect upon his *Pheacian* audience: By them he very artfully (and, as it seems, undesignedly) lets them into the knowledge of his dignity, and shews the importance of his person; to induce them to a greater care to conduct him to his country. The process of the whole story is so artfully carried on, that *Ulysses* seems only to relate an accidental interview, while he tacitly recommends himself, and lets them know the person who asks their assistance is a King. It is observable that *Anticlea* inverts the order in her answer, and replies last to the first question. Orators always reserve the strongest argument for the conclusion, to leave it fresh upon the memory of their auditors; or rather, the Poet uses this method to introduce the sorrow of *Ulysses* for the death of his mother more naturally: He steals away the mind of the reader from attending the main action, to enliven it with a scene of tenderness and affection in these regions of horror.

V. 224. *And shares the banquet in superior state, &c.*] This passage is fully explained by *Eustathius*: he tells us, that it was an ancient custom to invite Kings and Legislators to all public feasts; this was to do them honour: and the chief seat was always reserved for the chief Magistrate. Without this observation, the lines are unintelligible. It is evident that the words are not spoken of sacrifices or feasts made to the Gods, but social entertainments, for they are general, πάντας καλέσσει, “all the people of the realm invite *Telemachus* to their feasts;” And this seems to have been a right due to the chief Magistrate, for ἀλεγύνειν implies it, which word *Eustathius* explains by ἐν λόγῳ ποιεῖσθαι; “such an honour, as ought not to be neglected,” or.

Grac'd

Thy fire in solitude foment's his care :
 The court is joyless, for thou art not there !
 No costly carpets raise his hoary head,
 No rich embroid'ry shines to grace his bed :
 Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the skies, 230
 Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the Monarch lies :
 Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress
 The garb of woe and habit of distress.
 And when the Autumn takes his annual round,
 The leafy honours scatt'ring on the ground ; 235
 Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,
 His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.
 Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,
 And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb !
 For thee my son, I wept my life away ; 240
 For thee thro' hell's eternal dungeons stray :
 Nor came my fate by ling'ring pains and flow,
 Nor bent the silver-shafted Queen her bow ;
 No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath ;
 Thou, thou my son wert my disease and death ; 245
 Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,
 For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.

Grac'd with such honours as become the Great.

It gives a very happy image of those ages of the world, when we observe such an intercourse between the King and the subject : The idea of power carries no terror in it, but the ruler himself makes a part of the public joy.

Thrice

Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice thro' my arms she slipt like empty wind,
Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind. 250

Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs reply'd.

Fly'ft thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye pow'rs that smile at human harms! 255
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?

Or

V. 248. *Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice thro' my arms———]*

This passage plainly shews that the vehicles of the departed were believed by the Antients to be of an aerial substance, and retain nothing of corporeal grossness.

Virgil has borrowed these verses.

*Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum;
Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.*

Scaliger gives the preference to the Roman Poet, because he uses three verses, at a time when the word *ter* occurs in the description, whereas *Homer* concludes in little more than two lines. But this is not criticizing, but trifling; and ascribing to an Author what the Author himself had no thought of. This puts me in mind of a story in *Lucian*, where a person of a strong imagination, thinking there was a mystery in *ἥνρις*, the first word in the *Iliad*, is introduced enquiring of *Homer* in the regions of the dead, why he placed it in the beginning of his Poem? he answers, Because it first came into his head. I doubt not but the number of the lines in this place in both Poets was equally accidental; *Virgil* adds nothing to the thought of *Homer*, though he uses more words.

V. 256. ——— *A bliss to weep within her arms.]* This is almost a literal translation; the words in the Greek are, *τῆταρπῆμοδα γόοιο*

Or has hell's Queen an empty Image sent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?

O son of woe, the pensive shade rejoin'd,

Oh most inur'd to grief of all mankind! 260

'Tis not the Queen of Hell who thee deceives:

All, all are such, when life the body leaves;

No more the substance of the man remains,

Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:

These the funereal flames in atoms bear, 265

To wander with the wind in empty air,

While the impassive soul reluctant flies

Like a vain dream to these infernal skies.

But from the dark dominions speed thy way,

And climb the steep ascent to upper day; 270

To thy chaste bride the wond'rous story tell,

The woes, the horrors, and the laws of Hell.

Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's Empress brings

Daughters and wives of Heroes and of Kings;

Thick, and more thick they gather round the blood, 275

Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood!

Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,

Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew;

2600, or that we may delight ourselves with sorrow, which Eustatbius explains by saying, there is a pleasure in weeping: I should rather understand the words to signify, that in the instant while he is rejoicing at the sight of his mother, he is compelled to turn his joy into tears, to find the whole scene a delusion.

Then

Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.

280

Tyro began: whom great *Salmoncus* bred;
The royal partner of fam'd *Cretheus*' bed.

V. 279. *Then shade to shade ———succeeds.*] Nothing can better shew the invention of *Homer*, than his capacity of furnishing out a scene of such great variety in this infernal region. He calls up the Heroes of former ages from a state of inexistence to adorn and diversify his Poetry. If it be asked what relation this journey into hell has to the main action of the *Odyssey*? the answer is, It has an Epicodic affinity with it, and shews the sufferings of *Ulysses* more than any of his voyages upon the Ocean, as it is more horrible and full of terrors. What a treasury of antient History and fables has he open'd by this descent? he lets us into a variety of different characters of the most famous personages recorded in antient story; and at the same time lays before us a supplement to the *Iliad*. If *Virgil* paid a happy piece of flattery to the *Romans*, by introducing the greatest persons of the best families in *Rome*, in his descent in the *Æneid*; *Homer* no less happily interests the *Grecians* in his story, by honouring the Ancestors of the noblest families who still flourished in *Greece*, in the *Odyssey*; a circumstance that could not fail of being very acceptable to a *Grecian* or *Roman* Reader, but perhaps less entertaining to us, who have no particular interest in these stories.

V. 281. *Tyro ———whom great Salmoncus bred.*] *Virgil* gives a very different character of *Salmoncus* from this of *Homer*: he describes him as an impious person who presumed to imitate the thunder of *Jupiter*, whereas *Homer* styles him blameless, or ἀμύμων; an argument, says *Eustathius*, that the preceding story is a fable invented since the days of *Homer*. This may perhaps be true, and we may naturally conclude it to be true from his silence of it, but not from the epithet ἀμύμων; for in the first book of the *Odyssey*, *Jupiter* gives the same appellation to *Aegisthus*, even while he condemns him of murder and adultery. *Eustathius* adds, that *Salmoncus* was a great proficient in *Mechanics*, and inventor of a vessel called βροττήτωρ, which imitated thunder by rousing stones in it, which gave occasion to the fictions of the Poets.

For

For fair *Enipeus*, as from fruitful urns
 He pours his wat'ry store, the Virgin burns ;
 Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride, 285
 And in soft mazes rous a silver Tide :
 As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
 The Monarch of the deep beholds and loves ;
 In her *Enipeus*' form and borrow'd charms,
 The am'rous God descends into her arms : 290
 Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,
 And high in air the liquid mountain rose ;.

V. 283. For fair *Enipeus*, as from fruitful urns
 He pours his wat'ry store, the Virgin burns.]

There are no fables in the Poets that seem more bold than these concerning the commerce between women and river Gods ; but *Eustatbius* gives us a probable solution : I will translate him literally. It was customary for young Virgins to resort frequently to rivers to bathe in them ; and the Antients have very well explained these fables about the intercourse between them and the water Gods : *Receive my Virginity. O Scamander !* says a Lady ; but it is very apparent who this *Scamander* was : Her lover *Cimon* lay concealed in the reeds. This was a good excuse for female frailty, in ages of credulity : for such imaginary intercourse between the fair sex and Deities was not only believed, but esteemed honourable. No doubt the Ladies were frequently deceived ; their lovers personated the Deities, and they took a *Cimon* to their arms in the disguise of a *Scamander*.

It is uncertain where this *Enipeus* flows : *Strabo* (says *Eustatbius*) imagines it to be a river of *Peloponnesus*, that disembogues its waters into the *Alpheus* ; for the *Thessalian* river is *Eniseus*, and not *Enipeus* : This rises from mount *Othrys*, and receives into it the *Epidanus*. The former seems to be the river intended by *Homer*, for it takes its source from a village called *Salmone* ; and what strengthens this conjecture is the neighbourhood of the Ocean (or *Neptune* in this fable) to that river. *Lucian* has made this story of *Enipeus* the subject of one of his Dialogues.

Thus.

Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleasing transport, and compleats his loves.

Then softly sighing, he the fair address, 295

And as he spoke her tender hand he prest.

Hail happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd

To the prolific raptures of a God:

Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,

Two brother heroes shall from thee be born; 300

Thy early care the future worthies claim,

To point them to the arduous paths of fame;

But in thy breast th' important truth conceal,

Nor dare the secret of a God reveal:

For know, thou *Neptune* view'ft! and at my nod 305

Earth trembles, and the waves confess their God.

He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,

Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.

Now in the time's full process forth she brings

Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future Kings; 310

O'er proud *Iolcos Pelias* stretch'd his reign,

And god-like *Neleus* rul'd the *Pylian* plain:

Then fruitful, to her *Cretheus'* royal bed

She gallant *Pheres* and fam'd *Æson* bred:

From the same fountain *Amytheon* rose, 315

Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout of foes.

There mov'd *Antiope* with haughty charms,

Who blest th' Almighty Thund'rer in her arms;

Hence

Hence sprung *Amphion*, hence brave *Zethus* came,
 Founders of *Thebes*, and men of mighty name; 320
 Tho' bold in open field, they yet surround
 The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
 Here ramparts stood, there tow'rs rose high in air,
 And here thro' sev'n wide portals rush'd the war.

V. 319. Hence sprung *Amphion*. —] The fable of *Thebes* built by the power of Music is not mentioned by *Homer*, and therefore may be supposed to be of later invention. *Homer* relates many circumstances in these short histories differently from his successors; *Epicasfe* is called *Jocasta*, and the Tragedians have entirely varied the story of *Oedipus*: They tell us he tore out his eyes, that he was driven from *Thebes*, and being conducted by his daughter *Antigone*, arrived at *Athens*, where entering the Temple of the Furies, he died in the midst of a furious storm, and was carried by it into Hell: Whereas *Homer* directly affirms, that he continued to reign in *Thebes* after all his calamities.

It is not easy to give a reason why the mother, and not the father, is said to send the Furies to torment *Oedipus*, especially because he was the murderer of his father *Laius*: *Eustathius* answers, that it was by accident that he slew *Laius*; but upon the discovery of his wickedness in marrying his mother *Jocasta*, he used her with more barbarity and rigour than was necessary, and therefore she pursues him with her vengeance. *Jocasta* and *Dido* both die after the same manner by their own hands: I agree with *Scaliger*, that *Virgil* has described hanging more happily than *Homer*.

Informis Letbi nodum trabe necsit ab aliâ.

Ἀψαμένη βρόχον αἰπὺν ἄφ' ὑψηλοῦ μελάθρου

There is nothing like the *Informis Letbi nodus* in *Homer*: and as that Critic observes, *tam atrox res aliquo verborum ambitu studiosius comprehendenda fuit*. The story of *Oedipus* is this: *Laius* being informed by the Oracle, that he should be slain by his son, caused *Oedipus* immediately to be exposed by his shepherds to wild beasts; but the shepherds preserved him, and gave him education: When he came to years of maturity he went towards *Thebes* in search of his father, but meeting *Laius* by the way, and a quarrel arising, he slew him ignorantly, and married *Jocasta* his mother. This is the subject of two Tragedies in *Sophocles*.

There

There with soft step the fair *Alcmena* trod, 325
Who bore *Alcides* to the thund'ring God ;
And *Megara*, who charm'd the son of *Jove*,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.

Sullen and sow'r with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, th' incestuous *Theban* Queen ; 330
With her own Son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Tho' father's blood imbru'd his murd'rous hands :
The Gods and men the dire offence detest,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breast :
In lofty *Thebes* he wore th' imperial crown, 335
A pompous wretch ! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends,
And her foul soul to blackest Hell descends ;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And the fiends haunt him with a thousand stings. 340
And now the beauteous *Chloris* I descry,
A lovely shade, *Amphion*'s youngest joy !

341. ——— *The beauteous Chloris I descry.*] A Critic ought not only to endeavour to point out the beauties in the sense, but also in the versification of a Poet : *Dionysius Halicarn.* cites these two verses as peculiarly flowing and harmonious.

Καὶ Χλωρὴν εἶδον περικαλλέα, τὴν ποτὲ Νελεὺς
Γῆμεν ἰὼν διὰ Κάλλος, ἱππὶ πόρε μύρια ἴνδα.

There is not one elision, nor one rough vowel or consonant, but they flow along with the utmost smoothness, and the beauty of the Muse equals that of *Chloris*.

With

With gifts unnumber'd *Neleus* sought her arms,
 Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
 Great in *Orchomenos*, in *Pylos* great, 345
 He sway'd the scepter with imperial state.
 Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
 Sage *Nestor*, *Periclimenus* the bold,
 And *Chromius* last; but of the softer race,
 One nymph alone, a miracle of grace. 350
 Kings on their thrones for lovely *Pero* burn,
 The Sire denies, and Kings rejected mourn.
 To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
 Whose arm should ravish from *Phylacian* fields

V. 345. *Great in Orchomenos*——] This is a very considerable city lying between *Bæotia* and *Phœtis*, upon the river *Cepheisus*: *Homer* calls it the *Minyan Orchomenos*, because the *Minyans* an ancient people inhabited it: it was the colony of these *Minyans* that sailed to *Iolcos*, and gave name to the *Argonauts*. *Eustathius*.

V. 348. —— *Periclimenus the bold*.] The reason why *Homer* gives this epithet to *Periclimeneus* may be learned from *Hesiod*: *Nep-tune* gave him the Power to change himself into all shapes, but he was slain by *Hercules*: *Periclimeneus* assaulted that Hero in the shape of a bee, or fly, who discovering him in that disguise, by the means of *Pallas* slew him with his club. This is the person of whom *Ovid* speaks, but adds that he was slain in the shape of an eagle by *Hercules*.

*Mi-a Piriclimeni mors est, cui posse figuras
 Sumere quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas,
 Neptunus dederat, &c.*

Euphorion speaks of him in the shape of a bee or fly.

—— "ΑΛΛΟΤΕ Δ' ΑΥΤΕ ΜΕΛΙΣΣΩΤΙ ΑΓΛΑΑ ΦΥΛΑ
 "ΑΛΛΟΤΕ ΔΕΙΝΟΣ ΟΦΙΣ ——

The

The herds of *Iphyclus*, detain'd in wrong ; 355

Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong !

This dares a Seer, but nought the Seer prevails,

In beauty's cause illustriously he fails ;

Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains

In painful dungeons, and coercive chains ; 360

V. 357. *This dares a Seer &c.*] This story is related with great obscurity, but we learn from the 15th book that the name of this Prophet was *Melampus*. *Iphyclus* was the son of *Deioneus*, and Uncle to *Tyro* ; he had seized upon the goods of *Tyro* the mother of *Neleus*, among which were many beautiful oxen : these *Neleus* demands, but is unjustly denied by *Iphyclus* : *Neleus* had a daughter named *Pero*, a great beauty who was courted by all the neighbouring Princes, but the father refuses her unless to the man who recovers these oxen from *Iphyclus* : *Bias* was in love with *Pero*, and persuades his brother *Melampus* a Prophet to undertake the Recovery ; he attempts it, but being vanquished, is thrown into prison ; but at last set at liberty, for telling *Iphyclus*, who was childless, how to procure issue. *Iphyclus* upon this gave him the oxen for a reward.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the explanation of this story in *Eustathius*, which I will lay before the Reader for his entertainment. *Melampus*, after he was made a prisoner, was trusted to the care of a man and a woman ; the man used him with mercy, and the woman with cruelty : One day he heard a low noise, and a family of worms in conference. (He understood the language of all the animal creation, beasts and reptiles.) These worms were discoursing how they had eaten through a great beam that lay over the head of *Melampus* : He immediately provides for his own safety, feigns a sickness, and begs to be carried into the fresh air : The woman and the man immediately comply with this request ; at which instant the beam falling, kills the woman : An account of this is forthwith carried to *Iphyclus*, who sending for *Melampus*, asks who he is ? He tells him, a Prophet, and that he came for the Oxen of *Neleus* : *Iphyclus* commands him to declare how he may have an heir ? *Melampus* kills an Ox, and calls all the birds of the air to feast on it ; they all appear except the vulture ; he proposes the case to them, but they give no satisfactory answer ; at last the Vulture appears, and gives *Melampus* a full information : Upon this *Iphyclus* obtains a child, and *Melampus* the Oxen of *Neleus*.

The foe at last from durance where he lay,
His art revering gave him back to day ;
Won by prophetick knowledge, to fulfill
The stedfast purpose of th' Almighty will.

With graceful port advancing now I spy'd 365
Leda the fair, the godlike *Tyndar's* bride:
Hence *Pollux* sprung who wields with furious sway
The deathful gauntlet, matchless in the fray :
And *Castor* glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein : 370
By turns they visit this ethereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die :

V. 364. *The stedfast purpose of th' Almighty will.*] These words διός δ' ἰτελείστο βελή, seem to come in without any connexion with the story, and consequently unnecessarily ; but *Homer* speaks of it concisely, as an adventure well known in his times ; and therefore not wanting a further explication : But *Apollodorus* relates the whole at large, lib. 1. The reason why these words are inserted is, to inform us that there were antient Prophecies concerning *Isbyclus*, that it was decreed by *Jupiter* he should have no children 'till he had recourse to a Prophet, who explaining these Prophecies to him should shew him how to obtain that blessing : In this sense the will of *Jupiter* may be said to be fulfilled.

V. 372. *And live alternate, and alternate die.*] *Castor* and *Pollux* are called Δίδωκτροι, or the sons of *Jupiter* ; but what could give occasion to this fiction, of their living and dying alternately ? *Eustathius* informs us that it is a physical allegory : They represent the two Hemispheres of the world ; the one of which is continually enlightened by the sun, and consequently the other is then in darkness : and these being successively illuminated according to the order of the day and night ; one of these sons of *Jupiter* may be said to revive when one part of the world rises into day, and the other to die, when it descends into darkness. What makes this allegory the more probable is, that *Jupiter* denotes, in many allegories of *Homer*, the air, or the upper regions of it.

In

In hell beneath, on earth, in heav'n above
Reign the Twin-gods, the fav'rite sons of Jove.

There *Ephimedia* trod the gloomy plain, 375

Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundless main;

Hence *Epialtes*, hence stern *Otus* sprung,

More fierce than Giants, more than Giants strong;

The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,

None but *Orion* e'er surpass'd their height: 380

The wond'rous youths had scarce nine winters told,

When high in air, tremendous to behold,

Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head,

And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread,

Proud

V. 383. *Nine ells aloft they rear'd their head.*] This is undoubtedly a very bold fiction, and has been censured by some Critics as monstrous, and praised by others as sublime. It may seem utterly incredible that any human-creatures could be nine ells, that is, eleven yards and a quarter in height, at the age of nine years. But it may vindicate *Homer* as a Poet to say that he only made use of a fable, that had been transmitted down from the earliest times of the world; for so early the war between the Gods and Giants was supposed to be. There might a rational account be given of these apparent incredibilities; if I might be allowed to say what many authors of great name have conjectured, that these stories are only traditional, and all founded upon the ejection of the fallen Angels from Heaven, and the wars they had with the good Angels to regain their stations. If this might be allowed, we shall then have real Giants, who endeavoured to take Heaven by assault; then nothing can be invented by a Poet so boldly, as to exceed what may justly be believed of these beings: then the stories of heaping mountain upon mountain will come within the bounds of credibility. But without having recourse to this solution, *Longinus* brings this passage as an instance of true sublimity, chap. 6. He is proving that the Sublime is sometimes found without the pathetic, for some passions are mean, as fear, sadness, sorrow, and consequently incapable of sublimity; and on the other hand, there are many things great and sublime, in which there is no passion.

Proud of their strength and more than mortal size, 385
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies;

of this kind is what *Homer* says concerning *Otus*, and *Epbialtes*, with so much boldness.

The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies.

And what he adds concerning the success of these Giants is still bolder.

*Had they to manhood grown, the bright abodes
Of Heav'n had shook, and Gods been heap'd on Gods.*

Virgil was of the opinion of *Longinus*, for he has imitated *Homer*.

*Hic & Aloidas geminos immania vidi
Corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere cælum
Aggressi, superisque Jovem detrudere regnis.*

Macrobius, lib. 5. *Saturn.* cap. 13. judges these verses to be inferior to *Homer's* in Majesty; in *Homer* we have the height and breadth of these Giants, and he happily paints the very size of their limbs in the run of his Poetry; two words, ἐνέωποι, and ἐνιμανήχες, almost make one verse, designedly chosen to express their bulk in the turn of the words; but *Virgil* says only *immania corpora*, and makes no addition concerning the Giants, omitting entirely the circumstance of their size: *Homer* relates the piling hill upon hill; *Virgil* barely adds, that they endeavoured to storm the heavens.

Scaliger is firm and faithful to *Virgil*, and vindicates his favourite in the true spirit of criticism? I persuade myself he glances at *Macrobius*, for he cavils at those instances which he produces as beauties in *Homer*; I give his answer in his own words. *Admirantur Græculi pueriles mensuras; nimis sæpe cogor exclamare, aliud esse Græculum circulatorum, aliud regie orationis authorem: Indignam censuit suâ majestate Virgilius hanc minutam superstitionem, &c.*

Eustatbius remarks that the Antients greatly admired the exact proportion of these Giants, for the body is of a due symmetry, when the thickness is three degrees less than the height of it. According to this account the Giants grew one cubit every year in bulk, and three in height. *Homer* says, that they fell by the shafts of *Apollo*, that is, they died suddenly; but other writers relate, that as they were hunting, *Diana* sent a stag between them, at which both at once aiming their weapons, and she withdrawing the stag, they fell by their own darts. *Eustatbius*.

Heav'd

Heav'd on *Olympus* tott'ring *Ossa* stood;
 On *Ossa*, *Pelion* nods with all his wood:
 Such were they Youths! had they to manhood grown,
 Almighty *Jove* had trembled on his throne. 390
 But ere the harvest of the beard began
 To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
 His shafts *Apollo* aim'd; at once they found,
 And stretch the Giant-monsters o'er the ground.

There mournful *Phædra* with sad *Procris* moves, 395
 Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;
 And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,
 Sad *Ariadne*, partner of their woe;

V. 387. — On *Olympus* tott'ring *Ossa* stood, &c.] *Strabo* takes notice of the judgment of *Homer*, in placing the mountains in this order; they all stand in *Macedonia*; *Olympus* is the largest, and therefore he makes it the basis upon which *Ossa* stands, that being the next to *Olympus* in magnitude, and *Pelion* being the least is placed above *Ossa*, and thus they rise pyramidically. *Virgil* follows a different regulation,

*Ter sunt conati imponere Pelion Ossæ,
 Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum imponere Olympum.*

Here the largest mountain is placed uppermost, not so naturally as in the order of *Homer*. There is a peculiar beauty in the former of these verses, in which *Virgil* makes the two vowels in *conati imponere* meet without an elision, to express the labour and straining of the Giants in heaving mountain upon mountain. I appeal to the ear of every Reader, if he can pronounce these two words without a pause and stop; the difficulty in the flow of the verse excellently represents the labour of the Giants straining to shove *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. *Dacier* remarks that *Virgil* follows the situation of the mountains, without regarding the magnitude; thus *Pelion* lies first on the north of *Macedonia*. *Ossa* is the second, and the third *Olympus*; but she prefers *Homer's* method as most rational.

The royal *Minos Ariadne* bred,
 She *Theseus* lov'd; from *Crete* with *Theseus* fled; 400
 Swift to the *Dian* Isle the Hero flies,
 And tow'rd's his *Athens* bears the lovely prize;
 There *Bacchus* with fierce rage *Diana* fires,
 The Goddess aims her shaft, the Nymph expires.

There *Clymenè*, and *Mera* I behold, 405
 There *Eriphylè* weeps, who loosely fold
 Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.

V. 402. *And towards his Athens bears the lovely prize.*] *Homer* justifies *Theseus* from any crime with relation to *Ariadne*, he is guilty of no infidelity as succeeding Poets affirm; she died suddenly in *Dia*, or *Naxos* (an Island lying between *Tbera* and *Crete*); *Diana* slew her at the instigation of *Bacchus*, who accused her to that Goddess, for prophaning her temple by too free an intercourse with *Theseus*; this *Homer* calls *μαρτυρίᾳ Διορίσθαι*. *Climene* was a daughter of *Mynias*, *Mera* of *Prætus* and *Antea*, who having made a vow to *Diana* of perpetual virginity, broke it; and therefore fell by that Goddess. *Phædra* was wife to *Theseus*, and fell in love with her son *Hippolytus*. *Eriphyle* was the Daughter of *Talæus* and *Lyfimache*, wife of the Prophet *Amphiaraus*; who being brib'd with a collar of gold by *Polynices*, obliged her Husband to go to the war of *Thebes*, though she knew he was decreed to fall before that city: she was slain by her son *Alcmaon*. *Eustathius*.

Ulysses when he concludes, says it is time to repose.

Here in the court, or yonder on the waves.

To understand this the Reader must remember, that in the beginning of the eighth book all things were prepared for his immediate voyage, or as it is there expressed,

— Ev'n now the gales

Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

So that he desires to repose in the ship, that he may begin his voyage early in the morning.

But

But should I all recount, the night would fail,
 Unequal to the melancholy tale:
 And all-composing rest my nature craves, 410
 Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
 In you I trust, and in the heav'nly pow'rs,
 To land *Ulysses* on his native shores.

He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear
 His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear. 415
 'Till rising up, *Aretè* silence broke,
 Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:

What wond'rous man heav'n sends us in our guest!
 Thro' all his woes the Hero shines confest;

V. 414. *He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear*
His voice ———]

I cannot tell whether this pause, or break in the narration of *Ulysses* has a good effect or not; whether it gives a relief to the Reader, or is an unexpected disappointment of the pursuit of the story? But certainly what is inserted during this short interruption, is particularly well chosen; it unites the Episode with the main action, and shews how it contributes to the end of the *Odyssey*, in influencing the *Phæacians* not only to restore *Ulysses*, but restore him with wealth and honour, which is the aim of the whole Poem:

V. 416. — *Aretè silence broke.*] *Eustatius* observes, that the two motives which the Queen uses to move the *Phæacians* to liberality, is the relation *Ulysses* has to her, as her peculiar guest, (for *Nausicaa* first recommended him to the Queen's protection) and their own wealth: (for so he renders *ἵκαστος δ' ἑμμορε τιμῆς*, and *Dacier* follows his interpretation) I have adventured to translate it differently, in this sense: " 'Tis true, he is my peculiar guest, but you all share in the honour he does us, and therefore it is equitable to join in his assistance," then she closes her speech with reminding them of their abilities; which in the other sense would be tautology.

His comely port, his ample frame express 420
 A manly air, majestic in distress,
 He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
 You share the pleasure,——then in bounty share;
 To worth in misery, a rev'rence pay,
 And with a gen'rous hand reward his stay; 425
 For since kind heav'n with wealth our realm has blest,
 Give it to heav'n, by aiding the distress.

Then sage *Ecbeneus*, whose grave, rev'rend brow
 The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow,
 Mature in wisdom rose: Your words, he cries, 430
 Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
 But let our King direct the glorious way
 To gen'rous acts; our part is to obey.

While Life informs these limbs, (the King reply'd)
 Well to deserve, be all my cares employ'd: 435
 But here this night the royal guest detain,
 'Till the sun flames along th' ethereal plain:

V. 425.——*With a gen'rous hand reward his stay.*] This I am persuaded is the true meaning of the passage; *Ulysses* had shewed a desire immediately to go aboard, and the Queen draws an argument from this to induce the *Phæacians* to a greater contribution, and *Ulysses* to a longer stay; she persuades them to take time to prepare their presents, which must occasion the stay of *Ulysses* 'till they are prepared. They might otherwise (observes *Dacier*) have pretended to comply with the impatience of *Ulysses*, and immediately dismissed him with a small gratuity, under the pretext of not having time to prepare a greater. It must be confessed, to the reproach of human Nature, that this is but too just a picture of it: Self-interest makes the Great very ready to gratify their petitioners with a dismissal, or to comply with them to their disadvantage.

Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores:
Tread you my steps! 'Tis mine to lead the race, 440
The first in glory, as the first in place.

To whom the Prince: This night with joy I stay,
O Monarch great in virtue as in sway!
If thou the circling year my stay controul,
To raise a bounty noble as thy soul; 445
The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
And fitter pomp to hail my native shores:
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy Kings are loyally obey'd!

V. 444. *If thou the circling year, &c.*] This speech of *Ulysses* has been condemned by the Critics, as avaricious; and therefore *Eustathius* judges it to be spoken artfully and complimentally; *Didymus*, with a well-bred urbanity, or *χαρίτω*; I see nothing mean in it; what *Ulysses* speaks proceeds from the gratitude of his soul; the heart of a brave man is apt to overflow while it acknowledges an obligation. *Spondanus* imagines that *Ulysses* may possibly speak jocosely, and asks if it is probable that he could be induced to stay from his country out of a mean consideration of a few presents, who had already preferred it to immortality? But in truth, *Ulysses* never behaves with levity; and it would give us an ill idea of that Hero, should he return the united kindness of the peers of *Phæacia* with scorn and derision: Besides, *Ulysses* values these presents no otherwise than as they may contribute to his re-establishment in his country; for he directly says,

*So by my realms due homage should be paid,
A wealthy Prince is loyally obey'd.*

This is an evidence, that the words of *Ulysses* flow not from so base a fountain as avarice, but that all his thoughts and actions center upon his country.

O King! for such thou art, and sure thy blood 450
 Thro' veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
 Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,
 Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive,
 Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
 Wife is thy voice, and noble is thy heart. 455
 Thy words like music every breast controul,
 Steal thro' the ear, and win upon the soul;
 Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,
 Nor better could the Muse record thy woes.

V. 454. *Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
 Wife is thy voice ———]*

This is an instance of the judgment of *Homer* in sustaining his characters: the *Phæacians* were at first described as a credulous people, and he gives us here an instance of their credulity, for they swallow all these fables as so many realities. The verse in the original is remarkable.

Σοὶ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν μορφῇ ἐπίων ἐπὶ δὲ φρενὶς ἰσθλαί.

Which *Eusebius* thinks was used by *Alcinous*, to tell *Ulysses* that his fables were so well laid together as to have the appearance of truth; *Dacier* follows him, and (as usual) delivers his opinion as her own sentiment. But this cannot be *Homer's* intention, for it supposes *Alcinous* to look upon these relations as fables, contrary to the universal character of their ignorant credulity; I therefore am persuaded that μορφῇ ἐπίων signifies the pleasantness or beauty of his relation, and φρενὶς ἰσθλαί the integrity of his heart in opposition to the character of a liar, or perhaps his wisdom in general: and this excellently agrees with his resembling him to a Musician, (who always was a Poet in those ages, and sung the exploits of Heroes, &c. to the lyre.) In this view the sweetness of the music represents the agreeableness of the narration, and the subject of the musician's song the story of his adventures.

But

BOOK XI. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 103

But say, upon the dark and dismal coast, 460
 Saw'st thou the Worthies of the Grecian Host?
 The God-like leaders who in battle slain,
 Fell before *Troy*, and nobly prest the plain?
 And lo! a length of night behind remains,
 The evening stars still mount th' etherial plains. 465
 Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
 Thy woes on earth, the wond'rous scenes in hell,
 'Till in the vault of heav'n the stars decay,
 And the sky reddens with the rising day.
 O worthy of the pow'r the Gods assign'd, 470
 (*Ulysses* thus replies) a King in mind!
 Since yet the early hour of night allows
 Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
 If scenes of misery can entertain,
 Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train. 475
 Prepare to hear of murder and of blood;
 Of god-like Heroes who uninjur'd stood
 Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
 Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
 Now summon'd *Proserpine* to hell's black hall 480
 The heroine shades; they vanish'd at her call;
 When lo! advanc'd the forms of Heroes slain
 By stern *Ægystbus*, a majestic train,
 And high above the rest, *Atrides* prest the plain. }

He quaff'd the gore : and strait his soldier knew, 485
 And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew ;
 His arms he stretch'd ; his arms the touch deceive,
 Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give :
 His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
 Now all *Atrides* is an empty shade. 490

Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd
 To soft affliction all my manly mind,
 At last with tears——O what relentless doom
 Imperial Phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
 Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves, 495
 Has fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
 Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms
 Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?

The Ghost returns: O chief of humankind
 For active courage and a patient mind ; 500
 Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,
 Has Fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves!
 Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms,
 Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.

Stab'd by a murd'rous hand *Atrides* dy'd,
 A foul adult'rer, and a faithless bride ;
 Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feast,
 O'er the full bowl, the traitor stab'd his guest ;
 Thus by the goary arm of slaughter falls
 The stately Ox, and bleeds within the stalls. 510

But

But not with me the direful murder ends,
 These, these expir'd! their crime, they were my friends:
 Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
 Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
 When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms, 515
 Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;
 In duel met her, on the lifted ground,
 When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
 But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
 So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood. 520
 Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
 Glows in our veins, and opens ev'ry soul,
 We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,
 And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
 Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries, 525
 The bleeding innocent *Cassandra* dies!
 Then tho' pale death froze cold in ev'ry vein,
 My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
 Nor did my traitress wife these eyelids close,
 Or decently in death my limbs compose. 530
 O Woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
 Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:
 And such was mine! who basely plung'd her sword
 Thro' the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!
 Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome, 535
 To meet soft quiet and repose at home;

Delusive hope ! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
 The perjurd sex, and blacken all the race ;
 And should posterity one virtuous find,
 Name *Clytemnestra*, they will curse the kind.

540
 O injur'd

V. 539. *And should posterity one virtuous find,
 Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.]*

There cannot be a greater satyr upon the fair sex than this whole conference between *Ulysses* and *Agamemnon*. *Terence* has fallen into the sentiment with *Homer*.

*Ædopol, næ nos æquè sumus omnes invidiæ viris
 Propter paucas, quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut videamur malo.*

But how is this to be reconciled to justice, and why should the innocent suffer for the crimes of the guilty ? We are to take notice, that *Agamemnon* speaks with anger, an undistinguishing passion, and his words flow from resentment, not reason ; it must be confessed that *Agamemnon* had received great provocation, his wife had dishonoured his bed, and taken his life away ; it is therefore no wonder if he flies out into a vehemence of language ; a Poet is obliged to follow nature, and give a fierceness to the features, when he paints a person in such emotions, and add a violence to his colours.

It has been objected that *Homer*, and even *Virgil*, were enemies to the fairest part of the creation ; that there is scarce a good character of a woman in either of the Poets : But *Andromache* in the *Iliad*, and *Penelope*, *Arete*, and *Nausicaa* in the *Odyssey*, are instances to the contrary. I must own I am a little at a loss to vindicate *Ulysses* in this place ; he is speaking before *Arete* and *Nausicaa*, a Queen and her daughter ; and entertains them with a satyr upon their own sex, which may appear unpolite, and a want of decency ; and be applied by *Alcinous* as a caution to beware of his spouse, and not to trust her in matters of importance with his secrets ; for this is the moral that is naturally drawn from the fable. *Madam Dacier* gives up the cause, and allows the advice of not trusting women to be good ; it comes from her indeed a little unwillingly, with *I will not say but the counsel may be right*. I for my part will allow *Ulysses* to be in an hundred faults, rather than lay such an imputation upon the Ladies ; *Ulysses* ought to be considered as having suffered twenty years calamities for that sex in the cause of *Helen*, and this possibly may give a little acrimony to his language. He puts it indeed in the mouth of *Agamemnon* ;
 but

O injur'd shade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand,
And Greece by woman lies a desert land.

Warn'd by my ills beware, the Shade replies, 545
Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy comfort cease to fear a foe,
For thee she feels sincerity of woe: 550

When *Troy* first bled beneath the *Gretian* arms
She shone unrival'd with a blaze of charms,
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom prest,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast;
But now the years a num'rous train have ran; 555
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,
The fire shall bless his son, the son his fire:

But my *Orestes* never met these eyes,
Without one look the murder'd father dies; 560

but the objection returns, why does he chuse to relate such a story before a Queen and her daughter? In short, I think they ought to have torn him to pieces, as the Ladies of *Thrace* served *Orpheus*.

V. 541. ———— *What mighty woes*

To thy imperial race from woman rose?

Ulysses here means *Aëropè* the wife of *Atreus*, and mother of *Agamemnon*, who being corrupted by *Thyestes*, involved the whole family in the utmost calamities. *Eustathius*.

Then

Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
 Ev'n to thy Queen disguis'd, unknown, return;
 For since of womankind so few are just,
 Think all are false, nor ev'n the faithful trust.

But say, resides my son in royal port, 565
 In rich *Orcomenos*, or *Sparta's* court?
 Or say in *Pyle*? for yet he views the light,
 Nor glides a Phantom thro' the realms of night.

Then I: Thy suit is vain, nor can I say
 If yet he breathes in realms of chearful day; 570
 Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies?
 Truth I revere: For Wisdom never lies.

Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,
 And add new horror to the realms of woe;
 'Till side by side along the dreary coast 575
 Advanced *Achilles'* and *Patroclus'* ghost,

A friendly

V. 565. *But say, resides my son ———*] *Eustatius* gives us the reason why *Agamemnon* mentions *Pyle*, *Sparta*, and *Orcomenos*, as places where *Orestes* might make his residence: *Sparta* was under the dominion of his brother *Menelaus*: *Pyle*, of his old friend and faithful Counsellor *Nestor*; and *Orcomenos* was a city of great strength, and therefore of great security. We may evidently gather from this passage what notion the Antients had concerning a future state: namely, that persons after death were entirely strangers to the affairs of this world; for *Orestes* his son had slain his murderer *Aegisthus*, and reigned in peaceable possession of his dominions; when *Agamemnon* is ignorant of the whole transaction, and desires *Ulysses* to give him information.

V. 576. *—— Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost.*] *Homer* lets no opportunity pass of celebrating his Hero *Achilles*, he cannot fail of awakening our attention to hear the story of this great man after death, of whom alive we saw such wonders, Besides, the Poet pays an

A friendly pair! near these the * *Pylian* stray'd,
 And tow'ring *Ajax*, an illustrious shade! * *Antilochus*.
 War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
 None but *Pelides* brighter shone in arms. 580

Thro' the thick gloom his friend *Achilles* knew,
 And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.

Com'st thou alive to view the *Stygian* bounds,
 Where the wan Spectres walk eternal rounds;
 Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread, 585
 Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?

To whom with sighs: I pass these dreadful gates
 To seek the *Theban*, and consult the Fates:
 For still distress I rove from coast to coast,
 Lost to my friends, and to my country lost. 590

But sure the eye of time beholds no name
 So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame;
 Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
 And, dead thou rul'st a King in these abodes.

Talk not of ruling in this dol'rous gloom, 595
 Nor think vain words (he cry'd) can ease my doom;

an honour to true friendship: The person whom *Achilles* best loved on earth, is his chief companion in the other world: a very strong argument to cultivate friendship with sincerity. *Achilles* here literally fulfils what he promised in the *Iliad*.

*If in the melancholy shades below
 The flames of friends, and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd
 Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade,*

Rather

Rather I chuse laboriously to bear
 A weight of woes, and breath the vital air,
 A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
 Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead. 600

V. 599. *A slave to some poor hind who toils for bread,
 Than reign the scepter'd Monarch of the dead.]*

Nothing sure can give us a more disadvantageous image of a future state, than this speech which *Homer* puts into the mouth of so great a Hero as *Achilles*. If the Poet intended to shew the vanity of that destructive glory which is purchased by the sword, and read a lecture to all the disturbers of mankind, whom we absurdly honour as Heroes, it must be allowed he has done it effectually: If this was not his design, the remark of *Plato* 3 *Repub.* is not without a foundation; he there proscribes this whole passage as dangerous to morals, and blames the Poet for making *Achilles* say he prefers misery and servitude to all the honours which the dead are capable of enjoying. For what, says he, can make death more terrible to young persons? and will it not dispose them to suffer all calamities to avoid it, deter them from exposing themselves to danger, even in defence of their country, and teach them to be cowards and slaves? *Lucian* was of *Plato*'s opinion, for he mentions this passage, and ridicules it in his dialogues. *Dacier* gives a different turn to it, and endeavours to shew that there is no danger of such consequences, as *Plato* draws from it: "*Achilles*, adds she, speaks directly contrary to his declared sentiments and actions, and therefore there is no danger he should persuade mankind to prefer servitude before death, when he himself died rather than not revenge his friend *Patroclus*. Such words which are contradicted both by the sentiments and actions of him that speaks, have on the contrary a very good effect." But I cannot come into her opinion; I will let *Achilles* answer for himself out of *Lucian*; "In the other world I was ignorant, says he, of the state of the dead, I had not experienced the difference between the two states, when I preferred a little empty glory to life." This is an answer to what *Dacier* advances, for *Achilles* speaks with experience, and yet prefers misery and life before glory and death. I know not how to vindicate *Homer*, unless it be a vindication to say, that he wrote according to the opinions that antiently prevailed in the world; or that like *Hercules*, while the vehicle of *Achilles* is in this state of horror, his soul may be in heaven; especially since he received divine honours after death, as well as *Hercules*. *Tull. Nat. Deor.* 3. *Astypalæa Achillem sanctissimè colit, qui si Deus est, & Orpheus, &c.*

But

But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
 And emulates his god-like father's deeds?
 If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
 Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
 Say if my fire, the rev'rend *Peleus* reigns 605
 Great in his *Pthia*, and his throne maintains;
 Or weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
 To fix the scepter stedfast in his hands?
 O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
 And death release me from the silent urn! 610
 This arm that thunder'd o'er the *Phrygian* plain,
 And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain,
 Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame,
 Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.

Illustrious shade, (I cry'd) of *Peleus'* fates 615
 No circumstance the voice of fame relates:
 But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
 The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
 With me from *Scyros* to the field of fame
 Radiant in arms the blooming Hero came: 620
 When *Greece* assembled all her hundred states
 To ripen counsels, and decide debates,
 Heav'ns! how he charm'd us with a flow of sense,
 And won the heart with manly Eloquence!

He

He first was seen of all the Peers to rise, 625
 The third in wisdom where they all were wise ;
 But when to try the fortune of the day,
 Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
 Before the van, impatient for the fight,
 With martial port he strode, and stern delight ; 630
 Heaps strow'd on heaps beneath his faulchion groan'd,
 And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
 The time would fail should I in order tell
 What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell :
 How, lost thro' love, *Eurypylus* was slain, 635
 And round him bled his bold *Cetæan* train.

To

V. 626. *The third in wisdom* —] I have not ventured to render the Greek literally ; *Ulysses* says that *Neoptolemus* was so wise, that only he himself and *Nestor* were wiser ; a truth that would appear more graceful, if spoken by any other person than *Ulysses*. But perhaps the Poet puts these words into his mouth, only because he is speaking to the *Phæacians*, who loved themselves to boast, and were full of vain glory ; and consequently they could not think self-praise a crime in *Ulysses* ; on the contrary, it could not fail of having a very good effect, as it sets him off as a person of consummate wisdom.

The Poet excellently sustains the character of *Achilles* in this interview : In the *Iliad* he is described a dutiful son, and always expressing a tender affection for his father *Peleus* ; in the *Odyssey* he is drawn in the same soft colours : In the *Iliad* he is represented as a man of a strong resentment ; in the *Odyssey*, he first imagines that his father suffers, and upon this imagination he immediately takes fire, and flies into threats and fury.

Diogenes, lib. 6. relates, that *Peleus* was expelled from his kingdom by *Acastus*, but that *Pyrrhus* the son of *Achilles* afterwards revenged the injury.

V. 635. *How, lost thro' love, Eurypylus was slain.*] It must be owned that this passage is very intricate : *Strabo* himself complains of its obscurity : The Poet (says that Author) rather proposes an *Enigma*,

To Troy no Hero came of nobler line,
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

When

Ænigma, than a clear History: for who are these *Cetæans*, and what are these presents of women? and adds, that the Grammarians darken, instead of clearing the obscurity. But it is no difficulty to solve these objections from *Eustatbius*.

It is evident from *Strabo* himself, that *Eurypylus* reigned near the river *Caïcus*, over the *Myſians*, and *Pliny* confines it to *Teutbrany*; this agrees with what *Ovid* writes, *Metam.* 2.

———— *Teutbrantiæſque Caïcus*,

And *Virgil* ſhews us that *Caïcus* was a river of *Myſia*. *Georg.* 4.

Saxofumque ſonans Hypanis, Myſuſque Caïcus,

But what relation has *Caïcus* to the *Cetæans*? *Heſychius* informs us, that they are a people of *Myſia*, ſo called from the river *Cetium*, which runs thro' their country; *Κήτιοι, γένος Μυσῶν, ἀπὸ τοῦ παρρηϊοῦ ποταμοῦ Κήτεος*. This river diſcharges itſelf into the *Caïcus*, and conſequently the *Cetæans* were *Myſians*, over whom *Eurypylus* reigned. It would be endleſs to tranſcribe the different opinions of writers cited by *Eustatbius*; ſome read the verſe thus:

Κήτιοι λίσινοιο γυναικῶν, εἴνεκα δῶρον.

Then the meaning will be, *How they ſell far from their wives, for the ſake of a reward*; that is, for their pay from *Heſtor*, who, as it appears from the *Iliad*, taxed the *Trojans* to pay the auxiliaries, one of whom was *Eurypylus*. Others think the word ſignifies, *Great of ſtature*, and in this ſenſe we find it uſed in the firſt line of the fourth *Odſſey*.

———— *Λακιδάμωνα Κητίσσαν*.

But I have followed the firſt opinion, as appearing moſt probable and natural.

But how are we to explain the ſecond objection, or *γυναικῶν εἴνεκα δῶρον*? Some (ſays *Eustatbius*) underſtand the expreſſion as apply'd to *Neoptolemus*, and not *Eurypylus*; namely, *Eurypylus* and his ſoldiers ſell by means of the gifts of women; that is, *Neoptolemus* was led to the war by the promiſe of having *Hermione* in marriage,

When *Ilion* in the horse received her doom,
 And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb ; 640
 Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
 'Twas mine on *Troy* to pour the imprison'd war :
 Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
 When the stern eyes of Heroes dropp'd a tear ;
 Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd, 645
 Flush'd in his cheek, or fally'd in his blood ;
 Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
 Pants for the battle, and the war demands ;
 His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
 He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glitt'ring spear. 650

riage, the daughter of *Menelaus*, which promise occasioned the death of *Eurypylus*, by bringing *Neoptolemus* to the siege of *Troy*. Others understand it to be spoken of a golden vine, sent by *Priam* to his sister *Athyoche* the mother of *Eurypylus*, to induce her to persuade her son to undertake this expedition to *Troy*, where he was slain by the son of *Achilles* ; this vine was said to be given to *Tros* the father of *Priam* by *Jupiter*, as a recompence for his carrying away his son *Ganymede* to be his cup-bearer ; but this is too much a fable to be followed. Others more probably assert, that *Priam* had promised one of his daughters to *Eurypylus*, to engage his assistance in the war ; and this agrees very well with *Homer's* manner of writing in many places of the *Iliad* ; and there is a great resemblance between *Eurypylus* in the *Odyssey* and *Otobryaneus* in the *Iliad*, lib. 13. 460.

*Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of pow'r,
 And promis'd conquest was the profer'd dow'r.*

Spondanus cites a passage from *Diſtys*, lib. 4. that very well explains these difficulties: *Inter quæ tam læta, (nimirum mortem Achillis, &c.) Priamo supervenit nuncius Eurypylum Telephi filium ex Mysia adventare, quem rex multis antea illectum præmiis, ad postremum oblatione Cassandræ confirmaverat, addiderat etiam auream vitem, & ob id per populos memorabilem.*

And

And when the Gods our arms with conquest crown'd,
When *Troy's* proud bulwarks smok'd upon the ground,
Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.

Thus great in glory from the din of war 655
Safe he return'd, without one hostile scar ;
Tho' spears in iron tempests rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.

While yet I spoke, the Shade with transport glow'd,
Rose in his majesty and nobler trod ; 660
With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
Of warrior Kings, and join'd th' illustrious shades.

Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing without unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in discontented mood 665
A gloomy shade, the fallen *Ajax* stood ;
For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind ;
Tho' to the contest *Thetis* gave the laws,
And *Pallas*, by the *Trojans*, judg'd the cause. 670
O why

V. 669. *Tho' to the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.*]

There are two particulars which want explication in these verses :
How did *Thetis* give the law to the contest between *Ajax* and *Ulysses* ? and how could the *Trojans* be made judges to determine between two *Grecian* Heroes ? *Thetis* the mother of *Achilles* was a Goddess, and out of honour to her, the Chiefs of the *Grecian* army propos'd the arms of her son as a reward to the most worthy ; and
Poetry,

O why was I victorious in the strife ;
 O dear-bought honour with so brave a life !
 With him the strength of war, the soldiers pride,
 Our second hope to great *Achilles* dy'd !
 Touch'd at the fight from tears I scarce refrain, 675
 And tender sorrow thrills in ev'ry vein ;
 Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost,
 With accents mild th' inexorable ghost.
 Still burns thy rage ? and can brave souls resent
 Ev'n after death ? relent, great Shade, relent ! 680
 Perish those arms which by the Gods decree
 Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee !

Poetry, to give a magnificence to the story, introduces the Goddesses as acting in person what is done upon her account. *Thetis* may properly be said to be desirous that the memory of her son should be honour'd ; and *Homer* to express this desire poetically, tells us it was the act of that Goddess, to propose the arms of *Achilles* as a reward to the most worthy of the *Grecian* Heroes.

The second difficulty is fully explain'd by *Eusebius* : *Agamemnon* finding it an invidious affair to give the preference to any one of the *Grecian* Heroes, and being willing to avoid the reproach of partiality, commanded the *Trojan* prisoners to be brought before the whole army, and ask'd from which of the two Heroes, *Ajax* or *Ulysses*, they had receiv'd the greater detriment ; they immediately reply'd from *Ulysses* ; thus the *Trojans* adjudg'd the cause. The Poet adds, that this was done by *Minerva* ; that is, the affair was conducted with wisdom, the result of which in Poetry is usually ascrib'd to the Goddess of it ; and no doubt but the Goddess of Wisdom must always prefer Wisdom to mere Valour, or an *Ulysses* to an *Ajax*. This decision is related in a very different manner by other Poets ; in particular, by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis* ; but *Lucian* in his Dialogues agrees with *Homer* in every point very circumstantially ; and consequently, with some obscurity ; but what I have here said fully explains that dialogue of *Lucian*, as well as this passage of *Homer*.

With

With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates;
 And shook astonish'd thro' her hundred states;
 Not more, when great Achilles prest the ground, 685
 And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.
 O deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
 Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!
 Turn then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath controul,
 And calm the raging tempest of thy soul. 690
 While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
 In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.

Touch'd

V. 691. ——— The shade disdains to stay,
 In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.]

This silence of *Ajax* was very much admir'd by the Antients, and *Longinus* proposes it as an instance of the true sublimity of thought, which springs from an elevation of soul, and not from the diction; for a man may be truly sublime without speaking a word: Thus in the silence of *Ajax* there is something more noble, than in any thing he could possibly have spoken. Monsieur *Rapin* agrees with *Longinus*: The stubborn untractable *Ajax* (says that Author) could not have made a better return to the compliments full of submission which were paid him by *Ulysses*, than by a disdainful and contemptuous silence: *Ajax* has more the air of grandeur and majesty, when he says nothing, than when the Poet makes him speak. *Virgil* was sensible of the beauty of it, and paints *Dido* in the attitude of *Ajax*. *Fraguier* infinitely prefers the silence of *Dido* to that of *Ajax*; she was a woman disappointed in love, and therefore no wonder if she was greatly passionate, and sunk under the weight of the calamity; but *Ajax* was a Heroe, and ought to have freed himself by his courage from such an unworthy degree of resentment. But to me there appears no weight in this objection: We must remember what an Hero *Ajax* is, a sour, stubborn, untractable Hero; and upon all occasions given to taciturnity; this is his universal and notorious character thro' the whole *Iliad*: The Poet therefore adapts his description to it, and he is the same *Ajax* in the *Odyssey* as he was in the

Touch'd at his four retreat, thro' deepest night,
 Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursu'd his flight,
 And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply; 695
 But wond'rous visions drew my curious eye.
 High on a throne tremendous to behold,
 Stern *Minos* waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
 Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
 Thro' the wide dome of *Dis*, a trembling band. 700
 Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rowls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
 There huge *Orion* of portentous size,
 Swift thro' the gloom a Giant-hunter flies;

A pond'rous

the *Iliad*. Had this been spoken of any other Hero, the criticism had been more just, but in *Ajax* this stubborn silence is proper and noble.

V. 701. *Still as they plead*——] The expression in the *Greek* is remarkable, *ἄνθρωποι, ἱστέοντες τε*; that is, “standing and sitting:” this is to be referr'd to different persons; the *ἱστέοντες* were the *συνδικασταί*, or persons who pleaded the cause of the guilty or innocent before the infernal judges: The *ἄνθρωποι* were the persons for whom they pleaded, or those who were about to receive judgment. I doubt not but this was a custom observ'd in the courts of Judicature in the days of *Homer*. *Eustatbius*.

V. 703. —— *Orion of portentous size,*
Swift thro' the gloom a giant-hunter flies.]

The diversion of this infernal hunter may seem extraordinary in pursuing the shades of beasts; but it was the opinion of the Antients, that the same passions to which men were subject on earth continued with them in the other world; and their shades were liable to be affected in the same manner as their bodies: Thus we frequently see them

A pond'rous mace of brass with direful sway 705
 Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
 Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
 Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.

them shedding tears, and Sisyphus sweats, in rolling the stone up the mountain. *Virgil.*

*Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
 Per campos pascuntur equi, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos.*

And again,

———— *Curæ non ipsâ in morte relinquunt.*

I cannot but be of opinion that *Milton* has far surpass'd both the *Greek* and the *Roman* Poet, in the description of the employment of the fall'n Angels in Hell, as the Ideas are more noble and suitable to the characters he describes.

*Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields:
 Part curb the fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
 Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell
 Rend up both rocks, and bills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.*

———— others more mild

*Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes Angelical to many an harp,
 Their own heroic deeds —————*

*The song was partial, but the harmony
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience, &c.*

There

There *Tityus* large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground;

710

Two

V. 709. *There Tityus*——] It is needless to mention that *Virgil* has adorn'd his descent into Hell with most of these fables borrow'd from *Homer*; It is equally unnecessary to relate what antiquity says of these fabled persons, and their histories; but the moral of them all is observ'd by *Eustatbius*, and fully explain'd by *Lucretius*, which I will lay together from *Mr. Dryden's* translation.

——— *The dismal tales that Poets tell*
Are verifi'd on earth, and not in hell;
No Tantalus looks with a fearful eye,
Or dreads th' impending rock to crush him from on high
No Tityus, torn by Vultures, lies in hell,
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal,
But he's the Tityus, who, by love oppress'd,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws,
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sov'reign seat,
For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it but in reason's true account,
To beave the stone against the rising mount?

I will only add the reason from *Eustatbius*, why *Tityus* was fabled to be the son of the earth; it was from his being immers'd in worldly cares, and from his centring all his affections upon the earth, as if he had sprung from it; this is alluded to by the expression *ἐκ γῆς* in *δαμίδα*. *Spondanus* gives us another reason; *Elara* being pregnant

BOOK XI. HOMER'S ODYSSEY. 121

Two rav'nous vultures furious for their food
 Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
 Incessant gore the liver in his breast,
 Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal feast.
 For as o'er *Panopé's* enamel'd plains 715
Latona journey'd to the *Pythian* fanes,
 With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
 To force the Goddess, and to rival *Jove*.

There *Tantalus* along the *Stygian* bounds
 Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell resounds) 720
 Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
 And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
 When to the water he his lip applies,
 Back from his lip the treach'rous water flies.
 Above, beneath, around his hapless head, 725
 Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;

nant by *Jupiter*, he to avoid the jealousy of *Juno* conceal'd her in a cavern of the earth, where *Tityus* being born, is fabled to be the son of the earth: He adds, that the fiction of his covering nine acres, arose from that space of ground which was enclosed for his place of burial. Perhaps the story of *Tantalus* was invented solely to paint the nature of a covetous person, who starves amidst plenty, like, *Tantalus* in the midst of water. Thus *Horace* applies it, *Satyr* 1. w. 70.

*Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat
 Flumina. quid rides? mutato nomine de te
 Fabula narratur. congestis undique saccis
 Indormis inbiens, & tanquam parcere sacris
 Cogitis* —————

There figs sky-dy'd, a purple hue disclose,
 Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
 There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
 And yellow apples ripen into gold; 730
 The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
 Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
 A mournful vision! the *Sisyphian* shade;
 With many a weary step, and many a groan, 735
 Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;

The

[V. 736. *Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.*] This is a very remarkable instance of the beauty of *Homer's* versification; it is taken notice of by *Eusebius*, but copiously explain'd by *Dionysius Halicarn.* in his treatise of placing of words.

Λᾶαν βαράζοντα πελώριον ἀμφετίρῃων,
 ἥτοι δ' μὲν σπηριπτόμενος χερσὶν τε ποσὶν τε,
 Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεισκε——

Here (says *Dionysius*) we see in the choice and disposition of the words the fact which they describe; the weight of the stone, and the striving to heave it up the mountain: To effect this, *Homer* clogs the verse with Spondees or long syllables, and leaves the vowels open, as in *Λᾶαν*, and in *ἄνω ὤθεισκε*, which two words it is impossible to pronounce without hesitation and difficulty; the very words and syllables are heavy, and as it were make resistance in the pronunciation, to express the heaviness of the stone, and the difficulty with which it is forced up the mountain. To give the *English* Reader a faint Image of the beauty of the original in the translation, I have loaded the verse with monosyllables, and these almost all begin with *Aspirates*.

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.

Homer

The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smoaks along the ground.
Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews. 740

Now I the strength of *Hercules* behold,
A tow'ring spectre of gigantic mold,
A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;

There

Homer is no less happy in describing the rushing down of the stone from the top of the mountain.

Αὐτίς ἔπειτα πῖθονδε κυλινδρετο λάα; ἀναιδής.

Is it not evident, (continues *Dionysius*) that the swiftness of the verse imitates the celerity of the stone in its descent; nay, that the verse runs with the greater rapidity? What is the cause of this? It is because there is not one monosyllable in the line, and but two dissyllables, ten of the syllables are short, and not one spondee in it, except one that could not be avoided at the conclusion of it; there is no hiatus or gap between word and word, no vowels left open to retard the celerity of it: the whole seems to be but one word, the syllables melt into one another, and flow away with the utmost rapidity in a torrent of Dactyls. I was too sensible of the beauty of this not to endeavour to imitate it, tho' unsuccessfully: I have therefore thrown it into the swiftness of an *Alexandrine*, to make it of a more proportionable number of syllables with the *Greek*.

I refer the Reader for a fuller explication of these verses to *Dionysius*.

V. 743. ——— *Hercules, a shadowy form.*] This is the passage formerly referr'd to in these annotations, to prove that *Hercules* was in heaven, while his shade was in the infernal regions; a full evidence of the partition of the human composition into three parts: The body is buried in the earth; the image or εἰδωλον descends into the regions of the departed; and the soul, or the divine part of man, is receiv'd into Heaven: Thus the body of *Hercules* was consumed in the flames, his image is in Hell, and his soul in Heaven. There is a beautiful moral couch'd in the fable of his being married to *Hebe*,

There in the bright assemblies of the skies, 745
 He Nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
 Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
 And clang their pinions with terrific sound;
 Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
 Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow. 750
 Around his breast a wond'rous Zone is rowl'd,
 Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
 There sullen Lions sternly seem to roar,
 The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar,
 There war and havock and destruction stood, 755
 And vengeful murder red with human blood.
 Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
 Inimitably wrought with skill divine.

The

or youth, after death: to imply, that a perpetual youth or a reputation which never grows old, is the reward of those Heroes, who like *Hercules* employ their courage for the good of humankind.

V. 758. *Inimitably wrought with skill divine.*] This verse is not without obscurity; *Eustatius* gives us several interpretations of it.

Μὴ τεχνισάμενος, μὴ δ' ἄλλο τι τεχνήσαιο.

The negative *μὴ*, by being repeated, seems to be redundant; and this in a great measure occasions the difficulty; but in the *Greek* language two negatives more strongly deny; this being premis'd, we may read the verse as if the former *μὴ* were absent, and then the meaning will be, "He that made this Zone, never make any thing equal to it", as if we should say, that *Phidias* who made the statue of *Jupiter* never made any other statue like it; that is, he employed the whole power of his skill upon it. Others understand the verse as an execration: *Oh never, never may the hand that made it, make any thing again so terrible as this Zone:* And this will give some reason for the repetition of the negative particles. *Dacier* approves of

of

The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke: 760

O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I who from the Lord of thunders rose, 765
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base Monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a gen'rous mind!)

Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day; 770

of this latter explication, and moralizes upon it: It proceeds (says she) from a tender sentiment of humanity in *Ulysses*, who wishes that there may never more be occasion for such a design, as the artist executed in this belt of *Hercules*: that there may be no more giants, to conquer, no more monsters to tame or no more human blood be shed. I wish that such a pious and well natur'd explication were to be drawn from the passage! But how is it possible that the artist who made this Zone should ever make another, when he had been in his grave some Centuries? (for such a distance there was between the days of *Hercules* and *Ulysses*;) and consequently it would be impertinent to wish it. I have therefore followed the former interpretation. I will only add, that this belt of *Hercules* is the reverse of the girdle of *Venus*; in that there is a collection of every thing that is amiable, in this, a variety of horrors; but both are master-pieces in their kind.

V. 769. *Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way.*] Nothing can be more artfully inserted than the mention of this descent of *Hercules* into the regions of the dead: *Ulysses* shews by it at least that it was a vulgar opinion, and consequently within the degrees of poetical probability; a Poet being at liberty to follow common fame: In particular, it could not fail of having a full effect upon his *Pheacian* auditors, not only as it in some measure sets him upon a level with *Hercules*, but as it is an example of a like undertaking with this which he has been relating, and therefore a probable method to gain their believe of it. *Eustathius*.

Ev'n hell I conquer'd, thro' the friendly aid
Of *Maia*'s offspring and the martial Maid.

Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But turning stalk'd with giant strides away.

Curious to view the Kings of antient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand; and haply had survey'd
The god-like *Theseus*, and *Perithous*' shade;

775

V. 777. ——— And haply had survey'd
The god-like *Theseus*——]

Plutarch in his life of *Theseus* informs us, that this verse has been thought not genuine; but added to the *Odyssey* in honour of the *Athenians* by *Pisistratus*.

The Poet shews us that he had still a noble fund of invention, and had it in his power to open new scenes of wonder and entertainment; but that this infernal Episode might not be too long, he shifts the scene: The invention of the Gorgon, which terrifies him from a longer abode in these realms of darkness gives a probable reason for his immediate return. *Eustathius* informs us from *Athenæus*, that *Alexander the Mydian* writes in his History of Animals, that there really was a creature in *Lybia*, which the *Nomades* called a Gorgon; it resembled a wild Ram, or as some affirm a calf; whose breath was of such a poisonous nature, as to kill all that approached it; In the same region the *Catoblepton* is found, a creature like a bull, whose eyes are so fixed in the head as chiefly to look downward; *Pliny* calls it *Catoblepas*, lib. 8. cap. 21. which is likewise supposed to kill with its eyes: The Gorgon (proceeds *Athenæus*) has its hair hanging over its eyes down from the forehead, of such thickness that it scarce is able to remove it, to guide itself from danger; but it kills not by its breath, but with emanations darted from its eyes: The beast was well known in the time of *Marius*, for certain of his soldiers seeing it, mistook it for a wild sheep, and pursued to take it; but the hair being removed by the motion of its flying, it slew all upon whom it looked: at length the *Nomades*, who knew the nature of the beast, destroyed it with darts at a distance, and carried it to the General *Marius*. Howsoever little truth there be in this story, it is a sufficient ground for poetical fictions, and all the fables that are ascrib'd to the Gorgon.

1

But

But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
 With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell, 780
 They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal sounds
 Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.
 No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
 And my cold blood hangs shiv'ring in my veins;
 Lest *Gorgon* rising from th' infernal lakes, 785
 With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
 Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
 A stony image, in eternal night!
 Strait from the direful coast to purer air
 I speed my flight, and to my mates repair. 790
 My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
 The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
 Swift o'er the waves we fly; the fresh'ning gales
 Sing thro' the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails.

V. 789. ——— *To purer air*
I speed my flight. ———]

It may not probably be unpleasant to the Reader, to observe the manner how the two great Poets *Homer* and *Virgil* close the scene of their infernal adventures, by restoring their Heroes to the earth. *Ulysses* returns by the same way he descended, of which we have a plain description in the beginning of this book: *Virgil* takes a different method, he borrows his conclusion from another part of *Homer*; in which he describes the two gates of sleep; the one is ivory, the other of horn: Through the ivory gate, issue falsehoods, through the gate of horn, truths: *Virgil* dismisses *Aeneas* through the gate of falsehood: Now what is this, but to inform us that all he relates is nothing but a dream, and that dream a falsehood? I submit it to the Critics who are more disposed to find fault than I am, to determine whether *Virgil* ought to be censured for such an acknowledgment, or praised for his ingenuity?

I sped my flight, and to my home repair,
 My name alone the light that glows in air,
 The mountain's hollow, and silent the forest,
 I left o'er the waves we fly; the twinkling gale
 Flung into the threads, and thence the twining tale
 I spun from the distant coast to furthest shore,
 A hoary image, in eternal night,
 I could fix me, thence at the mountain's foot,
 With bow and arrow, and coils of shining thread,
 And say cold blood hangs dripping in my veins,
 For more my heart the distant isles desire.

198 198

Page 1

[illegible]



THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.





The ARGUMENT.

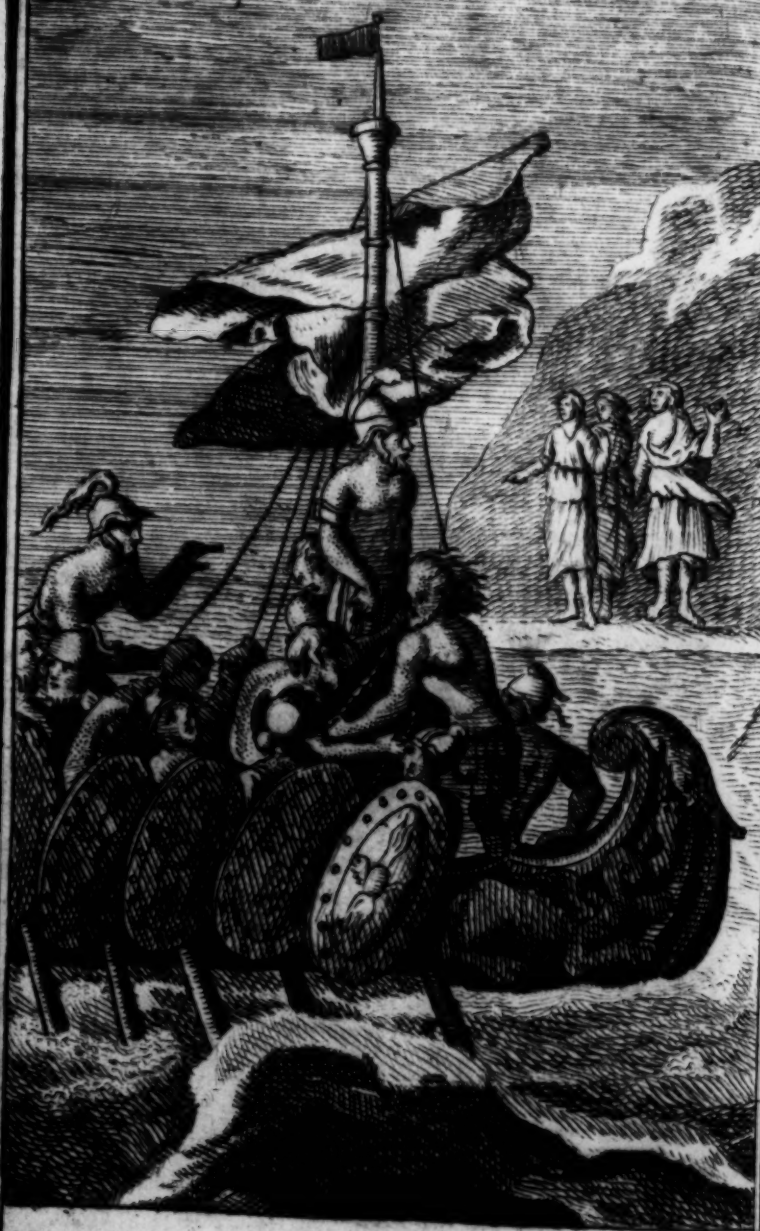
The Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis,

He relates, how after his return from the Shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the streight of Scylla and Charybdis: The manner in which he escaped those dangers: How being cast on the Island Trinacria, his companions destroy'd the Oxen of the Sun: The vengeance that followed; how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who swimming on the mast of the ship, arriv'd on the Island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.



THE





How Ulysses escap'd the Sirens

P. Fourdrinier Sculp.



THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

THUS o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
'Till from the waves th' *Aeëan* hills arise.
Here the gay morn resides in radiant bow, &
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours.

We are now drawing to a conclusion of the *Epilodic* narration of the *Odyssey*; it may therefore not be unentertaining to speak something concerning the nature of it, before we dismiss it.
There are two ways of relating past subjects: the one, simply and methodically by a plain rehearsal, and this is the province of History; the other artificially, where the Author makes no appearance in person, but introduces speakers, and this is the Practice of *Epic Poetry*.

There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep
To the hoarse murmurs of the rowling deep.

10

Soon

with respect to the *Gimmerians*, or rather to the realms of death, which *Homer* places in the west; with regard to these, *Ææa* may be said to lie in the east, or in the poetical language, to be the residence of the morning. Besides, the *Circæan* promontory is of an extraordinary altitude, and consequently the beams at sun-rising may fall upon it; nay, it is said to be illustrated by the Sun even by night. Others have conjectur'd, that what is here said implies no more than that *Ulysses* landed upon the eastern parts of the Island; and lastly, others not improbably refer the whole to the word *Ocean* in the former line, and then the whole passage will be clear, and agree with the fable of the Sun's rising and setting in the Ocean. This is what *Eustatbius* remarks, who adds, that the Antients understood *Χόροι* not to signify dances, but *Χόροι*, the regions of the morning. I have translated it in the former sense, according to the consent of most interpreters: And I am persuaded it is used to denote the pleasure and gaiety which the Sun restores to the whole Creation, when dispelling the melancholy darkness, he restores light and gladness to the earth; which is imagin'd to us by the playing or dancing of the first beams of the Sun; or rather of *Aurora*, who properly may be said to dance, being a Goddess. *Dacier* renders *Χόροι*, dances; but judges that *Homer* here follows a fabulous Geography, and that as he transported the *Gimmerians* with all their darkness from the *Bosphorus* to *Campania*; so likewise he now removes *Ææa* with all its light from *Chalcis* into *Italy*; and therefore the Poet gives the properties and situation to the Island of *Circe*, which are only true of the eastern *Chalcis*.

It is very evident (continues she) that *Homer* was perfectly acquainted with the *Phœnician* story; he tells us that *Elpenor* was buried upon the promontory on the sea-shores, and that it was called by his name, *Elpenor*. Now the *Phœnicians*, who endeavour'd to naturalize all names in their own language, affirm'd, according to *Bochart*, that this promontory was not so call'd from *Elpenor*, but from their word *Hilitor*, which signifies, *ubi albescit lux matutina*; that is, "where the dawning of the day begins to appear." This promontory being of great height, the rays of the morning might fall upon it; and this tradition might furnish *Homer* with his fiction of the bowers, and dances of it.

What may seem to confirm *Dacier's* opinion of the transportation of *Chalcis* into *Italy*, is the immediate mention the Poet makes of *Jason*, and *Æætes* King of *Chalcis*: Besides the Antients believ'd

Phœn,

Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
 Sepulchral honours to *Elpenor's* shade.
 Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
 And the huge pile along the shore ascends.
 Around we stand a melancholy train,
 And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
 Fierce o'er the Pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
 The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
 A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
 Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
 The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
 And high above it rose the tapering oar.

Mean time the * Goddess our return survey'd * *Circe*.
 From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.

Phasis, a river of *Colchis*, to be the bounds of the habitable oriental world: and *Ææa* being the capital of it, lying upon the *Phasis*, it might very rationally be mistaken for the place where the Sun rose; thus *Minnermus* writes,

Ἀΐηταο πόλιν τόλιν τ' ὠκεὶς ἐπὶ λίμνῃ
 Ἀκτῖνις χρυσίῳ κείται ἐν θαλάμῳ
 Ὡκεανῶ παρὰ χεῖλιν' ἐν ὧχετο θεῖος Ἴησαν.

That is, "the city of *Ææa* where the rays of the Sun appear in a bed of gold, above the margin of the Ocean, where the divine *Jason* arriv'd." This is an evidence that the Poet was well acquainted with Antiquity, and that (as *Strabo* judges) his astonishing fictions have truth for their foundation.

Swift she descends: A train of nymphs divine 25
 Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
 In act to speak the * Pow'r of magic stands, * *Circe*.
 And graceful thus accosts the list'ning bands.

O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
 Alive to pass thro' hell's eternal gates! 30
 All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
 More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!
 This day adjourn your cares; exalt your souls,
 Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:
 And when the morn unveils her saffron ray, 35
 Spread your broad sails, and plow the liquid way;
 Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain
 Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The Goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day,
 'Till *Phæbus* downward plung'd his burning ray; 40
 Then sable Night ascends, and balmy rest
 Seals ev'ry eye, and calms the troubled breast:
 Then curious she commands me to relate
 The dreadful scenes of *Pluto's* dreary state;
 She sat in silence while the tale I tell, 45

The wond'rous visions, and the laws of Hell.
 Then thus: The lot of man the Gods dispose;
 These ills are past; now hear thy future woes.

© Prince attend! some fav'ring pow'r be kind,
 And print th' important story on thy mind! 50

Next,

Next, where the *Sirens* dwell, you plow the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.

Unblest

V. 51. Next, where the *Sirens* dwell ———] The Critics have greatly labour'd to explain what was the foundation of this fiction of the *Sirens*. We are told by some, that the *Sirens* were Queens of certain small Islands, named *Sirenusæ*, that lie near *Caprea* in Italy, and chiefly inhabited the promontory of *Minerva*, upon the top of which that Goddess had a temple, as some affirm, built by *Ulysses*, according to this verse of *Seneca*, *Epist.* 77.

Alta procelloso speculatur vertice Pallas.

Here, there was a renown'd Academy in the reign of the *Sirens*, famous for Eloquence and the liberal Sciences, which gave occasion for the invention of this fable of the sweetness of the voice, and attracting songs of the *Sirens*. But why then are they fabled to be destroyers, and painted in such dreadful colours? We are told that at last the Students abus'd their knowledge, to the colouring of wrong, the corruption of manners, and subversion of government; that is, in the language of Poetry, they were feign'd to be transform'd into monsters, and with their music to have entic'd passengers to their ruin, who there consum'd their patrimonies, and poison'd their virtues with riot and effeminacy. The place is now call'd *Massa*. In the days of *Homer* the *Sirens* were fabled to be two only in number, as appears from his speaking of them in the dual, as *ὦνα Σειρῶνιν*, *ῥῆσιν Σειρῶνιν*; their names (adds *Eustathius*) were *Thelxiepæa*, and *Aglaopbeme*. Other writers, in particular *Lycophron*, mention three *Sirens*, *Ligæa*, *Parthenope*, and *Leucosia*. Some are of opinion (continues the same author) that they were *ψαλτρίδες καὶ ἱταρίδες*; that is, "singing women and harlots," who by the sweetness of their voices drew the unwary to ruin their health and fortune. Others tell us of a certain Bay contracted within winding streights and broken cliffs, which by the signing of the winds, and beating of the waters, returns a delightful harmony; that allures the passenger to approach, who is immediately thrown against the rocks, and swallow'd up by the violent eddies.

But others understand the whole passage allegorically, or as a fable containing an excellent moral, to shew that if we suffer our selves to be too much allur'd by the pleasures of an idle life, the end will be destruction: thus *Horace* moralizes it;

Vitanda est improba Siren

Desidia ———

But

Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay
 Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
 No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
 His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
 In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
 Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
 The ground polluted floats with human gore,
 And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.
 Fly swift the dang'rous coast; let ev'ry ear
 Be stop'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
 Firm to the mast with chains thy self be bound,
 Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
 If mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
 Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

But the fable may be apply'd to all pleasures in general, which if too
 eagerly pursu'd betray the uncautious into ruin; while wise men,
 like *Ulysses*, making use of their reason stop their ears against their
 insinuations.

V. 57.

— Around

Lie human bones that whiten all the ground.

There is a great similitude between this passage and the words of *Solomon* in the *Proverbs*, where there is a most beautiful description of an harlot, in the eighth and ninth chapters.

I beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding; and behold there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart, &c. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, she forced him with the flattering of her lips; he goeth after her strairway, as an Ox goeth to the slaughter, but he knoweth not that the dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of Hell.

This may serve for a comment upon *Homer*, and it is an instance, that without any violence the nature of Harlots may be conceal'd under the fables of the *Sirens*.

These

These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage thro' the tyde.

70

High o'er the main two Rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;

Thro'

V. 71. *High o'er the main two Rocks* —] There is undoubtedly a great amplification in the description of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; it may not therefore be unnecessary to lay before the Reader, what is truth and what fiction.

Thucydides, lib. 4. thus describes it. "This strait is the sea that flows between *Regium* and *Messene*, where at the narrowest distance, *Sicily* is divided from the Continent; and this is that part of the sea which *Ulysses* is said to have pass'd, and 'tis call'd *Charybdis*: This sea, by reason of the straits, and the concurrence of the *Tyrrhene* and *Sicilian* seas breaking violently into it, and there raising great commotions, is with good reason called *χαλενή*, or destructive." *Charybdis* stands on the coast of *Sicily*; *Scylla* on the coast of *Italy*.

Mr. *Sandys* examin'd these rocks and seas with a particular view to the descriptions of the Poets: Speaking of *Charybdis*, he writes, "When the winds begin to ruffle, especially from the south, it forthwith runs round with violent eddies, so that many vessels miscarry by it. The stream thro' the strait runs toward the *Ionian*, and part of it sets into the haven, which turning about, and meeting with other streams makes so violent an encounter that ships are glad to prevent the danger by coming to an anchor. *Scylla*, adds he, is seated in the midst of a bay, upon the neck of a narrow mountain, which thrusts it self into the sea, having at the uppermost end a steep high rock, so celebrated by the Poets, and hyperbolically described by *Homer* as unaccessible. The fables are indeed well fitted to the place, there being divers little sharp rocks at the foot of the greater: These are the dogs that are said to bark there, the waters by their repercussion from them make a noise like the barking of dogs; and the reason why *Scylla* is said to devour the fishes, as *Homer* expresses it.

*When hung with hunger she embroils the food,
The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge Leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the wat'ry way.*

"The

Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd *Erratic* by the Gods above.

No

" The reason of this is, because these rocks are frequented by Lamprons, and greater fishes, that devour the bodies of the drown'd.
" But *Scylla* is now without danger, the current not setting upon it; and I much wonder at the proverb,

Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,

" when they stand twelve miles distant: I rather conjecture, adds he, that there has been more than one *Charybdis*, occasion'd by the recoiling streams: As one there is between the south end of this bay of *Scylla* and the opposite point of *Sicily*; there the waves justling make a violent eddy, which when the winds are rough, more than threaten destruction to ships, as I have heard from the *Scyllians*, when seeking perhaps to avoid the then more impetuous turning, they have been driven by weather upon the not far distant *Scylla*.

Strabo (as *Eustatius* remarks) speaking of the *Leontines*, says, that they were an inhospitable people, *Cyclopeans*, and *Læstrigons*: and adds, that *Scylla* and *Charybdis* were inhabited by robbers and murderers. From the terrible situation of those rocks, and the murders and depredations of the robbers, these fictions might arise: they might murder six of the companions of *Ulysses*, and throw them into the sea from *Scylla*, which may be expressed in their being said to be swallow'd up by that monster.

Bocbart judges the names of *Scylla* and *Charybdis* are of *Phœnician* extract, the one derived from *Sool*, which signifies loss and ruin, the other from *Chorobdam*, which implies the abyss of destruction.

It is highly probable that these rocks were more dangerous formerly than at these times, the violence of the waters may not only have enlarg'd their channel by time, but by throwing up banks and sands have diverted their course from bearing upon these rocks with the same violence as antiently; add to this, that men by art may have contributed to render these seas more safe, being places of great resort and navigation. Besides, the unskilfulness of the Antients in sea affairs, and the smallness and form of their vessels, might render those seas very dangerous to them, which are safe to modern navigators.

V. 74. Hence nam'd *Erratic* ——— | It will reconcile the Reader in some measure to the boldness of these fictions, if he considers that *Homer*, to render his Poetry more marvellous, joins what has been related of the *Symplegades*, to the description of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*:

No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing, 75
That bears *Ambrosia* to th' *Ætherial King*,
Shuns the dire rocks: In vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;
Not the fleet bark, when prosp'rous breezes play,
Plows o'er that roaring surge its desperate way; 80
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd *Argo* pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred *Argo*, fill'd with demigods!

Ev'n

rybdis: such a fiction of the jussling of these rocks could not be shocking to the ears of the Antients, who had before heard of the same property in the *Symplegades*. The whole fable is perhaps grounded upon appearance: Navigators looking upon these rocks at a distance, might in different views, according to the position of the ship, sometimes see them in a direct line, and then they would appear to join, and after they had pass'd a little further they might look upon them obliquely, and then they would be discovered to be at some distance; and this might give occasion to the fable of their meeting and recoiling alternately. *Strabo* agrees, that *Homer* borrow'd his description of *Scylla* and *Charybdis* from the *Symplegades*; *Homer* (says he) describes these, like the *Cyanean* rocks; he continually lays the foundation of his fables upon some well known History: thus he feigns these rocks to be full of dangers and horrors, according to the relations of the *Cyanean*, which from their jussling are called *Symplegades*.

V. 75. ——— No dove of swiftest wing,
That bears *Ambrosia* to th' *Ætherial King*.]

What might give *Homer* this notion, might be what is related of the *Symplegades*. *Phineus* being ask'd by *Jason* if he could pass those rocks with safety, he desires to know how swift the vessel was; *Jason* answers, as swift as a dove; Then, said *Phineus*, send a dove between the rocks, and if she escapes, you may pass in safety: *Jason* complies, and the pigeon in her passage lost only her tail, that *Hero* immediately

Ev'n she had sunk, but *Jove's* imperial bride 85
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rowling clouds;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies. 90
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glow's with th' autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glows in vain,
The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands, 95
Tho' born by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty hands;

immediately sets sail, and escapes with the loss only of his rudder: This story being reported of the *Symplegades*, might give *Homer* the hint of applying the crushing of the doves to *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. You may find in *Eustathius* several far-fetch'd notions upon this passage, but I shall pass them over in silence. *Longinus* blames it, and I have ventur'd in the translation to omit that particular which occasion'd his censure.

V. 85. ——— *Jove's imperial bride*
Wing'd her fleet sail ———]

A Poet should endeavour to raise his images and expressions, as far as possible above meanness and vulgarity: In this respect no Poet was ever more happy than *Homer*: This place is an instance of it; it means no more than that while *Jason* made his voyage he had favourable winds and serene air. As *Juno* is frequently used in *Homer* to denote the air, he ascribes the prosperous wind to that Goddess, who presides over the air: Thus in Poetry, *Juno*

Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

Eustathius.

Smooth

85 Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the center of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade: 100

90 Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horrid gulph extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.

O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails, 105
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;

95 Here *Scylla* bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by man and Gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar

The whelps of Lions in the midnight hour. 110

Twelve

V. 104. *And the dire passage down to hell descends.*] Homer means by Hell, the regions of Death, and uses it to teach us that there is no passing by this rock without destruction, or in Homer's words it is a sure passage into the kingdom of death.

Eustatbius.

V. 109. ——— *With less terrors roar*
The whelps of Lions ———]

The words in the original are, σκύλακος νεογιλῆς, which in the proper and immediate sense do not confine it to the whelps of a Lion, but to whelps in general, and perhaps chiefly of the canine kind: νεογιλὸν *Eustatbius* interprets νεὼς ἢ γινόμενος, or newly whelp'd, and in the latter sense the passage is understood by that Author; for he writes, φωνὴ σκύλακος ὀλίγη, Σκύλλη δὲ μὲγὰ κακὸν; that is, "the voice of a whelp is low, but *Scylla* is describ'd as an huge monster;" and the Poet uses it as we do this expression; *The voice of a wicked man is soft, but his deeds are mischievous and abominable.* I have adventur'd to translate the words in the other sense, after

Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads ;
 Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads ;
 Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth ;
 Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death ;
 Her parts obscene the raging billows hide ; 115
 Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
 When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
 The sea dog and the Dolphin are her food ;
 She makes the huge Leviathan her prey,
 And all the monsters of the wat'ry way ; 120

after most interpreters, for *Homer* expresses the voice of *Scylla* by *Δειρὸν λαλαυῖα*, or uttering a dreadful noise : Now what he calls her voice, is nothing but the roaring of the waves in storms when they beat against that rock ; and this being very loud, is better represented by the roaring of a Lion, than the complaining of a young whelp. *Chapman* follows *Eustatius*.

*For here the whuling Scylla shrouds her face,
 That breathes a voice, at all parts, no more base
 Than are a newly-kitten'd kitten's cries.*

Which is really burlesque enough. *Dacier* renders the word by *rugissement d'un jeune Lion*, or the roarings of a young Lion.

V. 118. *The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food.*] *Polybius* (as *Strabo* remarks) contends, that *Homer* in all his fictions alludes to the customs of Antiquity : For instance, *Scylla* was a famous fishery for taking such fishes as *Homer* mentions : This was the manner of taking the Sea-dog ; several small boats went out only with two men in it, the one rowed, the other stood with his instrument ready to strike the fish ; all the boats had one speculator in common, to give notice when the fish approach'd, which usually swum with more than half of the body above water : *Ulysses* is this speculator, who stands arm'd with his spear ; and it is probable, adds *Polybius*, that *Homer* thought *Ulysses* really visited *Scylla*, since he ascribes to *Scylla* that manner of fishing which is really practis'd by the *Scyllians*.

The swiftest racer of the azure plain
 Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
 Fell *Scylla* rises, in her fury roars,
 At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height 125
 Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous freight;
 Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
 And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
 Beneath, *Charybdis* holds her boist'rous reign
 'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main, 130
 Thrice in her gulphs the boiling seas subside,
 Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.

Oh

V. 127. *Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise.*] These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in Poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a Poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality? Neither is this fig-tree described in vain, it is the means of preserving the life of *Ulysses* in the sequel of the story. The Poet describes the fig-tree loaded with leaves; even this circumstance is of use, for the branches would then bend downward to the sea by their weight, and be reach'd by *Ulysses* more easily. It shews likewise, that this shipwreck was not in winter, for then the branches are naked. *Eustathius*.

Dacier gathers from hence, that the season was Autumn, meaning the time when *Ulysses* arrived among the *Phæacians*; but this is a mistake, for he was cast upon the *Ogygian* coast by this storm, and there remain'd with *Calypso* many years. The branch with which *Ulysses* girds his loins in the sixth book is describ'd with leaves, and that is indeed a full proof that he was thrown upon the *Phæacian* shores before the season in which trees shed their leaves, and probably in the Autumn.

V. 131. *Thrice in her gulphs the boiling seas subside,
 Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.*]

Strabo quotes this passage to prove, that *Homer* understood the flux and reflux of the Ocean. "An instance, says he, of the care that

VOL. III.

H

"Poet

Oh if thy vessel plow the direful waves
 When seas retreating roar within her caves,
 Ye perish all! tho' he who rules the main 135
 Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
 Ah shun the horrid gulph! by *Scylla* fly,
 'Tis better fix to lose, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my pray'r,
 Goddess divine, my guardian pow'r declare, 140
 Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
 Or if I rise in arms, can *Scylla* bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, oh broke in fight,
 Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
 Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind, 145
 And never, never be to Heav'n resign'd?

" Poet took to inform himself in all things, is what he writes concerning the tides, for he calls the reflux ἀπορροή or the *revolution of the waters*: He tells us, that *Scylla* (it should be *Charybdis*) thrice swallows, and thrice refunds the waves; this must be understood of regular tides." There are indeed but two tides in a day, but this is the error of the Librarians, who put τρίς for δīs. *Eustatius* solves the expression of the three tides differently, it ought to be understood of the νυχθήμερος, of the space of the night and day, and then there will be a regular flux and reflux thrice in that time, or every eight hours periodically.

V. 142. *Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?*] This short Question, excellently declares the undaunted spirit of this Hero; *Circe* lays before him the most affrighting danger; *Ulysses* immediately offers to encounter it, to revenge the death of his friends, and the Poet artfully at the same time makes that Goddess launch out into the praise of his Intrepidity; a judicious method to exalt the character of his Hero. *Dacier*.

How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?

Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!

135

Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!

Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold! 150

She mocks the weak attempts of human might;

O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.

If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,

140

Again the fury vindicates her prey,

Her six months yawn, and six are snatch'd away. 155

From her foul womb *Crataeis* gave to air

This dreadful Pest! To her direct thy pray'r,

To curb the monster in her dire abodes,

45

And guard thee thro' the tumult of the floods.

Thence to *Trinacria*'s shore you bend your way, 160

Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of day!

Sev'n

V. 156. ——— *Crataeis gave to air*

This dreadful Pest ———]

It is not evident who this *Crataeis* is whom the Poet makes the mother of *Scylla*: *Eusebius* informs us that it is *Hecate*, a Goddess very properly recommended by *Circe*; she, like *Circe*, being the president over sorceries and enchantments. But why should she be said to be the mother of *Scylla*? *Dacier* imagines that *Homer* speaks ænigmatically, and intends to teach us that these monsters are merely the creation or offspring of magic, or Poetry.

V. 161. *Where graze thy herds* ———] This fiction concerning the immortal herds of *Apollo*, is bold, but founded upon truth and reality. Nothing is more certain than that in antient times whole herds of cattle were consecrated to the Gods, and were therefore sacred and inviolable: These being always of a fix'd number, neither more nor less than at the first consecration, the Poet feigns that they never bred or increas'd: and being constantly supply'd upon any vacancy, they were fabled to be immortal, or never to decay; (for the

Sev'n herds, sev'n flocks enrich the sacred plains,
 Each herd, each flock full fifty heads contains;
 The wond'rous kind a length of age survey,
 By breed increase not, nor by death decay. 165
 Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
 The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and *Phaethusa* young,
 From *Phæbus* and the bright *Neæra* sprung:
 Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bow'rs 170
 And flow'ry meads they waste the joyous hours.
 Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
 Attend thy voyage, and impell thy sails;
 But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
 The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die! 175
 'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
 Thro' tedious toils to view thy native coast.

She ceas'd: And now arose the morning ray;
 Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.

Then

same cause one of the most famous *legions* of Antiquity was call'd
immortal.) *Eustatius* informs us, that they were labouring oxen em-
 ploy'd in tillage, and it was esteem'd a particular prophanation to
 destroy a labouring ox, it was criminal to eat of it, nay it was forbid
 to be offer'd even in sacrifices to the Gods; and a crime punishable
 with death by the laws of *Solon*: so that the moral intended by *Ho-*
mer in this fable of the violation of the herds of *Apollo* is, that in
 our utmost necessity we ought not to offend the Gods. As to the
 flocks of sheep, *Herodotus* informs us, that in *Apollonia* along the
Ionian gulph, flocks of sheep were consecrated to that Deity, and were
 therefore inviolable.

V. 179. *Swift to her dome the goddess held her way.*] It is very ju-
 dicious in the Poet not to amuse us with repeating the compliments
 that

BOOK XII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 149

Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain, 180

Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;

Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew

To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.

Up sprung a brisker breeze; with freshning gales

The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails; 185

We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;

The vessel light along the level glides.

When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,

Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

O friends, oh ever partners of my woes, 190

Attend while I what Heav'n foredooms disclose,

Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies

To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

In flow'ry meads the sportive *Sirens* play,

Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay; 195

that pass'd between these two lovers at parting: The commerce *Ulysses* held with *Circe* was so far from contributing to the end of the *Odyssey*, that it was one of the greatest impediments to it; and therefore *Homer* dismisses that subject in a few words, and passes on directly to the great sufferings and adventures of his Hero, which are essential to the Poem. But it may not be unnecessary to observe how artfully the Poet connects this Episode of *Circe* with the thread of it; he makes even the Goddess who detains him from his country, contribute to his return thither, by the advice she gives him how to escape the dangers of the Ocean, and how to behave in the difficult emergencies of his voyages: 'Tis true she detains him out of fondness, but yet this very fondness is of use to him, since it makes a Goddess his instructor, and as it were a guide to his country.

Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
 The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
 Hear and obey: If freedom I demand,
 Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band.

While yet I speak the winged gally flies, 200
 And lo! the *Siren* shores like mists arise.
 Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
 And waves below, at once forgot to move!
 Some Demon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,
 Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep. 205
 Now ev'ry sail we furl, each oar we ply;
 Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.
 The ductile wax with busy hands I mold,
 And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;
 Th' aerial region now grew warm with day, 210
 The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;
 Then ev'ry ear I barr'd against the strain,
 And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
 Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
 And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold. 215
 Then bending to the stroke, the active train
 Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
 Our swift approach the *Siren* quire descries;
 Celestial music warbles from their tongue, 220
 And thus the sweet deluders tune the song.

O stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
 O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
 Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
 The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear. 225
 Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
 Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
 We know whate'er the Kings of mighty name
 Atchiev'd at Ilium in the field of fame;

V. 222. *O stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!* There are several things remarkable in this short song of the Sirens: One of the first words they speak is the name of *Ulysses*, this shews that they had a kind of Omniscience; and it could not fail of raising the curiosity of a wise man, to be acquainted with persons of such extensive knowledge: the song is well adapted to the character of *Ulysses*: it is not pleasure or dalliance with which they tempt that Hero, but a promise of Wisdom, and a recital of the war of *Troy* and his own glory. *Cicero* was so pleased with these verses, that he translated them, lib. 5. de finibus bon. & mal.

*O Decus Argolicum, quin puppim scietis Ulysses,
 Auribus ut nostros possis agnoscere cantus?
 Nam nemo hæc unquam est transvectus cæcula cursu,
 Quin prius adfuerit vocum dulcedine captus;
 Post, variis avido satiatus pectore Musis,
 Doctior ad patrias lapsus pervenerit oras.
 Nos grave certamen belli, clademque tenemus
 Græcia quam Trojæ divino numine vexit,
 Omniaque elatis rerum vestigia terris.*

Homer saw (says *Tully*) that his fable could not be approved, if he made his Hero to be taken with a mere song: The Sirens therefore promise Knowledge, the desire of which might probably prove stronger than the love of his country: To desire to know all things, whether useful or trifles, is a faulty curiosity; but to be led from the contemplation of things great and noble, to a thirst of knowledge, is an instance of a greatness of soul.

Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies. 230

O stay and learn new wisdom from the wife!

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;

My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain;

I give the sign, and struggle to be free:

Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea; 235

New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,

'Till dying off, the distant sounds decay:

Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground,

The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold; 240

Thunder'd the deeps, the smoaking billows roll'd!

V. 241. ——— *The smoaking billows roll'd.*] What is to be understood by the smoke of the billows? Does the Poet mean a real fire arising from the rocks? Most of the Critics have judg'd that the rock vomited out flames; for *Homer* mentions in the beginning of this book,

——— Πυρὸς τ' ὀλοοῖτο θύελλαι.

I have taken the liberty to translate both these passages in a different sense; by the smoke I understand the mists that arise from the commotion and dashing of the waters, and by the *storms of fire*, (as *Homer* expresses it) the reflexions the water casts in such agitations that resemble flames; thus in forms literally

——— *Ardescunt ignibus undæ.*

Scylla and *Charybdis* are in a continual storm, and may therefore be said to emit flames. I have soft'ned the expression in the translation by inserting the word *seem*.

Ulysses continues upon one of these rocks several hours; that is, from morning till noon, as appears from the conclusion of this book; for leaping from the float, he laid hold upon a fig-tree that grew upon *Charybdis*; but both the fig tree and *Ulysses* must have been consumed, if the rock had really emitted flames.

Tumultuous

Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
 All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood !
 No more the vessel plow'd the dreadful wave,
 Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave; 245
 Each drop'd his oar : But swift from man to man
 With look serene I turn'd, and thus began.
 O friends ! Oh often try'd in adverse storms !
 With ills familiar in more dreadful forms !
 Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay, 250
 Yet safe return'd ——— Ulysses led the way.

Learn

V. 250. Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,¹

Yet safe return'd ——— Ulysses led the way.]

Plutarch excellently explains this passage in his Dissertation, *How a man may praise himself without blame or envy*: “Ulysses (says that Author) speaks not out of vanity; he saw his companions terrified with the noise, tumult, and smoke of the gulphs of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; he therefore to give them courage, reminds them of his wisdom and valour, which they found had frequently extricated them from other dangers: This is not vain glory or boasting, but the dictate of Wisdom; to infuse courage into his friends, he engages his virtue, prowess and capacity for their safety, and shews what confidence they ought to repose in his conduct.” *Virgil* puts the words of *Ulysses* in the mouth of *Aeneas*.

O socii, neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum,

O passi graviora; dabit deus his quoque finem.

Vos & Scyllæam rabiem penitusque sonantes

Acceffis scopulos: vos & Cyclopea saxa

Experti, revocate animos, mæstumque timorem

Mittite. Forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

It must be allow'd, that *Virgil* has improv'd what he borrows; it tends more to confirm the courage of his friends than what *Ulysses* speaks:

Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:

Lo! still the same *Ulysses* is your guide!

Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;

Strain ev'ry nerve, and bid the vessel fly. 235

If from yon jostling rocks and wavy war

Jove safety grants; he grants it to your care.

And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,

Pilot, attentive listen and obey!

Bear wide thy course, nor plow those angry waves 260

Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;

Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around

We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,

Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas. 265

Cautious the name of *Scylla* I suppress;

That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

speaks: Macrobius is of this opinion; Saturn. lib. 5. cap. 11. Ulyssa
lays before his companions only one instance of his conduct in es-
caping dangers, *Aeneas* mentions a second: there is something more
strong in

—— *Forſan & hæc olim meminiffe juvabit,*

than in *καὶ περ τῶν μνήσασθαι οἶω*; not only as it gives them hope
to escape, but as it is an assurance that this very danger shall be a
pleasure, and add to their future happiness: it is not only an argu-
ment of resolution but consolation. *Scaliger* agrees with *Macrobius*,
Ex ipsis periculis proponit voluptatem: nihil enim jucundius eâ memoriâ
quæ periculorum evasionem, victoriamque recordatione repræsentat.

Mean

Mean time forgetful of the voice divine,
 All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
 High on the deck I take my dang'rous stand, 270
 Two glitt'ring javelins lighten in my hand;
 Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
 'Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
 Around the dungeon, studious to behold
 The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd; 275
 In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night
 Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

Now thro' the rocks, appal'd with deep dismay,
 We bend our course, and stem the desp'rate way;
 Dire *Scylla* there a scene of horror forms, 280
 And here *Charybdis* fills the deep with storms.

V. 268. ——— *Forgetful of the voice divine,*
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine.]

This seemingly small circumstance is not without a good effect: It shews that *Ulysses*, even by the injunctions of a Goddess, cannot lay aside the Hero. It is not out of a particular care of his own safety that he arms himself, for he takes his stand in the most open and dangerous part of the vessel. It is an evidence likewise that the death of his companions is not owing to a want of his protection; for it is plain that, as *Horace* expresses it,

Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parât, aspera multa
Pertulit ———

By this conduct we see likewise, that all the parts of the *Odyssey* are consistent, and that the same care of his companions, which *Homer* ascribes to *Ulysses* in the first lines of it, is visible thro' the whole Poem.

When

When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
 The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
 They tofs, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
 Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze; 285
 Eternal mists obscure th' aerial plain,
 And high above the rock she spouts the main;
 When in her gulphs the rushing sea subsides,
 She dreins the ocean with the reflux tides:
 The rock rebellows with a thund'ring sound; 290
 Deep, wond'rous deep, below appears the ground.

Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd
 The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
 When lo! fierce *Scylla* stoop'd to seize her prey,
 Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away; 295
 Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise;
 I turn and view them quivering in the skies;
 They call, and aid with outstretch'd arms implore:
 In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more.

V. 283. *The rough rock roars*——] I doubt not every reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, has taken notice in this book, how he all along adapts his verses to the horrible subject he describes, and paints the roarings of the Ocean in words as sonorous as that element, Δεινὸν ἀνεγχείβδῃσι—τρεῖς ἀναγοιβδεῖ—ἀναβρόζει—ὄμμενοι, &c. *Subjicit rem oculis, & aurium nostrarum dominus est*, says *Scaliger*. It is impossible to preserve the beauty of *Homer*, in a language so much inferior; but I have endeavour'd to imitate what I could not equal. I have clogg'd the verse with the roughness and identity of a letter, which is the harshest our language affords; and clogg'd it with Monosyllables, that the concurrence of the rough letters might be more quick and close in the pronunciation, and the most open and sounding vowel occur in every word.

As from some rock that overhangs the flood, 300
 The silent fisher casts th' insidious food,
 With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,
 And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies :
 So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
 So pant the wretches, struggling in the skie ; 305
 In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
 And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
 Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd ;
 Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd !
 My shiv'ring blood congeal'd forgot to flow, 310
 Aghast I stood, a monument of woe !
 Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
 And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies ;
 To *Sol's* bright Isle our voyage we pursue,
 And now the glitt'ring mountains rise to view. 315
 There sacred to the radiant God of day
 Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray ;

V. 300. *As from some rock that overhangs the flood,
 The silent fisher——]*

These tender and calm similitudes have a peculiar beauty, when introduc'd to illustrate such images of terror as the Poet here describes : they set off each the other by an happy contrast, and become both more strong by opposition. *Eustatius* remarks, that there is always a peculiar sweetness in allusions that are borrow'd from calm life, as fishing, hunting, and rural affairs.

V. 314. *To Sol's bright Isle——]* This Isle is evidently *Sicily* ; for he has already informed us, that these herds were on *Trinacria*, (so antiently call'd from the three promontories of *Lilybaeum*, *Pelor*, and *Pachynus*.)

Then

Then suddenly was heard along the main
 To low the ox, to blear the woolly train,
 Strait to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd 320
 The words of *Circe* and the *Theban* Shade;
 Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
 With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun.

O friends! oh ever exercis'd in care!
 Hear heav'n's commands, and rev'rence what ye hear! 325
 To fly these shores the prescient *Theban* Shade
 And *Circe* warns! O be their voice obey'd:
 Some mighty woe relentless heav'n forebodes:
 Fly these dire regions, and revere the Gods!

While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran 330
 Thro' ev'ry breast, and spread from man to man,
 'Till wrathful thus *Eurylochus* began.

O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
 That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
 From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes; 335
 And cruel, enviest thou a short repose?
 Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
 The sun descending, and so near the shore?

V. 332. *'Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began.*] *Homer* has found out a way to turn reproach into praise. What *Eurylochus* speaks in his wrath against *Ulysses* as a fault, is really his glory; it shews him to be indefatigable, patient in adversity, and obedient to the decrees of the Gods. And what still heightens the panegyric is, that it is spoken by an enemy, who must therefore be free from all suspicion of flattery. *Dacier.*

And

BOOK XII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 159

And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main. 340
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;
Oh should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,
Tho' Gods descend from heav'n's aerial plain 345
To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:
Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beams, pursue the destin'd way. 350
A sudden joy in every bosom rose;
So will'd some Demon, minister of woes!

To whom with grief ——— O swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear; 355
Attest the heav'ns, and call the Gods to hear:
Content, an innocent repast display,
By *Circe* giv'n, and fly the dang'rous prey.

Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies; 360
Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:

They

They feed ; they quaff ; and now (their hunger fled)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.

Nor cease the tears, 'till each in slumber shares 365
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.

Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain :
When, at the voice of *Jove*, wild whirlwinds rise,
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies ; 370
The moon, the stars, the bright ætherial host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost ;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound :
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd ; when morning rose, to land 375
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,

V. 363. ——— *And now (their hunger fled)*
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.]

This conduct may seem somewhat extraordinary ; the companions of *Ulysses* appear to have forgot their lost friends, they entertain themselves with a due refreshment, and then find leisure to mourn ; whereas a true sorrow would more probably have taken away all appetite. But the practise of *Ulysses's* friends is consonant to the customs of Antiquity : It was esteemed a prophanation and a piece of ingratitude to the Gods, to mix sorrow with their entertainments : The hours of repast were allotted to joy, and thanksgiving to heaven for the bounty it gave to man by sustenance. Besides, this practise bears a secret instruction, *viz.* that the principal care is owing to the living ; and when that is over, the dead are not to be neglected. *Aeneas* and his friends are drawn in the same attitude by *Virgil*:

*Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remotæ,
Amiſſos longo socios sermone requirunt ;
Præcipuè pius Æneas, nunc acris Oronti,
Nunc Amyci casum gemit, &c.*

Where

Where in a beauteous Grotto's cool recess
Dance the green *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas.

There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,
Thus careful I address the list'ning train. 380

O friends be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: If ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who spreads the radiant beams of light, 385
And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeasur'd height.

And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blust'ring with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low thro' the grove, or range the flow'ry plain: 390
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.
'Till now from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd, 395
From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade;

There

V. 395. *Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd.*] It was necessary (remarks *Eustatbius*) for the Poet to invent some pretext to remove *Ulysses*: If he had been present, his companions dared not to have disobeyed him openly; or if they had, it would have shewed a want of authority, which would have been a disparagement to that Hero. Now what pretext could be more rational than to suppose him withdrawn to offer up his devotions to the Gods? his affairs are brought to the utmost extremity, his companions murmur, and
hunger

There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
 And heav'n and heav'n's immortal thrones adore,
 To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
 And grant me peaceful to my realms again. 400
 Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,
 While thus *Eurylochus* arising said:

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
 To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
 But dreadful most, when by a slow decay 405
 Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
 Why cease ye then t'implore the pow'rs above,
 And offer hecatombs to thund'ring *Jove*?
 Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
 Arise unanimous; arise and slay! 410
 And if the Gods ordain a safe return,
 To *Phæbus*' shrines shall rise, and altars burn.

But

hunger oppresses. The Poet therefore, to bring about the crime of these offenders by probable methods, represents *Ulysses* retiring to supplicate the Gods; a conduct which they ought to have imitated: Besides there is a poetical justice observed in the whole relation, and by the piety of *Ulysses*, and the guilt of his companions, we acknowledge the equity when we see them perish, and *Ulysses* preserved from all his dangers.

412. To *Phæbus* shrines shall rise,——] *Eurylochus* puts on an air of piety to persuade his companions to commit sacrilege: *Let us sacrifice*, says he, *to the Gods*: as if obedience were not better than sacrifice. *Homer* understood the nature of man, which is studious to find excuses to justify our crimes; and we often offend, merely thro' hopes of a pardon. *Dacier*.

The word in the original is *ἀγάλματα* which does not signify statues, but ornaments, *ἀσθίσματα*, hung up, or reposit in the temples; such as

——' *Ἀγλαίης*

But should the pow'rs that o'er mankind preside,
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to rush at once to shades below, 415
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!

Thus he: the bees around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine. 420
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake supply'd.

With pray'r they now address th' æthereal train,
Slay the selected bees, and flea the slain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art, 425
Strow'd o'er with morsels cut from ev'ry part.
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd prophanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails drest,
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast. 430

——— Ἀγλαΐης ἔνεκα κομόωσιν ἀνακλῆς,

or as it is expressed in the *Iliad*.

——— Βασιλῆϊ κῆται ἄγαλμα.

Hesychius interprets ἄγαλμα to be, πᾶν ἐφ' ᾧ τις ἀγάλλεται, ἢ ὡς συνηθεία ζῶανον; that is, ἄγαλμα signifies every ornament with which a person is delighted or adorned; not a statue, as it is understood by the generality. *Dacier*. *Eustathius*.

'Twas

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain ;
 Back to the bark I speed along the main.
 When lo ! an odour from the feast exhales,
 Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales ;
 A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood, 435
 And thus obtesting Heav'n I mourn'd aloud.

O Sire of men and Gods, immortal *Jove* !
 Oh all ye blissful pow'rs that reign above !
 Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose ?
 O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes ! 440
 A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
 Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms !

Mean-time *Lampetie* mounts th' aerial way,
 And kindles into rage the God of day :

Vengeance ye pow'rs, (he cries) and thou whose hand 445
 Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand !
 Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
 When thro' the ports of heav'n I pour the day,
 Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray. }
 Vengeance, ye Gods ! or I the skies forego, 450
 And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.

To

V. 451. *And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.*] This is a very bold fiction, for how can the Sun be imagined to illuminate the regions of the dead ; that is, to shine within the earth, for there the realm of *Pluto* is placed by *Homer* ? I am persuaded the meaning is only that he would no more rise, but leave the earth and heavens in perpetual darkness. *Erebus* is placed in the west, where the Sun sets, and consequently when he disappears he may be said to be sunk into the realms of darkness or *Erebus*.

Perhaps

To whom the thund'ring Pow'r: O source of day!
 Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
 Still may thy beams thro' heav'n's bright portals rise,
 The joy of earth, and glory of the skies; 455
 Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
 To dash the offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair *Calypso*, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.

Mean-

Perhaps the whole fiction might be founded really upon the observation of some unusual darkness of the Sun, either from a total eclipse or other causes, which happened at a time when some remarkable crime was committed, and gave the Poets liberty to feign that the Sun withdrew his light from the view of it. Thus at the death of *Cæsar* the globe of the Sun was obscured, or gave but a weak light, (says *Plutarch*) a whole year; and *Plin. lib. 2. 80. sunt prodigiosi & longiores solis defectus, totius pænè anni pallore continuo.* This *Virgil* directly applies to the horror the Sun conceived at the death of *Cæsar*, *Georg. 1.*

*Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Roman,
 Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine textit,
 Impiaque æternam timuerunt secula noctem.*

And if *Virgil* might say that the Sun withdrew his beams at the impiety of the *Romans*, why may not *Homer* say the same, concerning the crime of the companions of *Ulysses*? *Dacier* imagines that *Homer* had heard of the Sun's standing still at the voice of *Joshua*; for if (says she) he could stand still in the upper region, why may not he do the same in the contrary Hemisphere, that is, in the language of *Homer*, bear his lamps to shades below? But this seems to be spoken without any foundation, there being no occasion to have recourse to that miraculous event for a solution.

V. 458. To fair *Calypso* from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.]

These lines are inserted (as *Eustatbius* observes) solely to reconcile the story to credibility; For how was it possible for *Ulysses* to arrive at the

Mean time from man to man my tongue exclaims, 460
 My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
 In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
 Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the ground
 Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound 465
 Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.

Six

the knowledge of what was done in heaven, without a discovery made by some of the Deities? The persons by whom these discourses of the Gods are discovered are happily chosen; *Mercury* was the messenger of heaven, and it is this God who descends to *Calypso* in the fifth of the *Odyssey*: so that there was a correspondence between *Calypso* and *Mercury*; and therefore he is a proper person to make this discovery to that Goddess, and she, out of affection to *Ulysses*.

V. 464. *Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the ground
 Crept the raw hides ———]*

This passage (says *Eustatius*) gave an occasion of laughter to men disposed to be merry, *Λάβας γελιασμένον δίδωκε τοῖς παίζουσιν ἰδιόλογοι*. He adds, that the terrors of a guilty conscience drove the companions of *Ulysses* into these imaginations: Guilt is able to create a phantom in a moment, so that these appearances were nothing but the illusions of a disturb'd imagination. He cites a passage from the *Calliope* of *Herodotus* to vindicate *Homer*: *Artayctes* a *Persian* General had plunder'd a temple in which was the tomb of *Protesilaus*, where great riches were deposited; afterwards he was besieged in *Sestus*, and taken prisoner: One day, one of his guards was boiling salted fishes (*τάρπηχοι*) and they leap'd, and moved as if they had been alive, and newly taken out of the water: Divers persons crouded about the place, and wonder'd at the miracle; when *Artayctes* said, *Friends, you are not at all concern'd in this miracle: Protesilaus, tho' dead, admonishes me by this sign, that the Gods have given him power to revenge the injury I offer'd to his monument in Eleus*. But this is justifying one fable by another; and this looks also like the effects of a guilty conscience.

This is not among the passages condemn'd by *Longinus*; and indeed it was no way blameable, if we consider the times when it was spoken

Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
 In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
 The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
 Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods: 470
 With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
 Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
 Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
 And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
 When lo! a murky cloud the thund'rer forms 475
 Full o'er our heads, and blackens heav'n with storms.

spoken, and the persons to whom it is related: I mean *Phæacians*, who were delighted with such wonders. What was said injudiciously by a great Writer, may very properly be apply'd to these people, *Credo, quia impossibile est*. But we need not have recourse to their credulity for a vindication of this story: *Homer* has given us an account of all the abstruse arts, such as Necromancy, Witchcraft, and natural portents; here he relates a prodigy, the belief of which universally prevail'd among the Antients: Let any one read *Livy*, and he will find innumerable instances of prodigies, equally incredible as this, which were related by the wise, and believ'd at least by the vulgar. Thus we read of speaking Oxen, the sweating of the statues of the Gods, in the best *Roman* Histories. If such wonders might have a place in History, they may certainly be allow'd room in Poetry, whose Province is fable: it signifies nothing whether a story be true or false, provided it be established by common belief, or common fame; this is a sufficient foundation for Poetry. *Virgil*, *Georg. I.* 475.

— *Pecudesque locutæ*
Infandum! sistunt amnes, &c.

The days of wonder are now over, and therefore a Poet would be blameable to make use of such impossibilities in these ages: They are now almost universally disbeliev'd, and therefore would not be approv'd as bold fictions, but exploded as wild extravagancies.

Night

Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out flies
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.

The

V. 477. ———— *And now out flies*

The gloomy West, &c.]

Longinus, while he condemns the *Odyssey* as wanting fire, thro' the decay of *Homer's* fancy, excepts the descriptions of the Tempests, which he allows to be painted with the boldest and strongest strokes of Poetry. Let any person read that passage in the 5th Book, and he will be convinc'd of the fire of *Homer's* fancy.

Ὡς ἱππὼν σίναγεν νηϊλᾶς ἰτάραξι δὲ πόντον,
Χερσὶ τρίαινας ἔλων, πᾶσας δ' ὀρόθυον αἶλλας
Παλίοιων ἀνέμων, σὺν δὲ νηϊέσσι χάλυψι
Γαῖαν ὁμῶ καὶ πόντον. ὀρώρει δ' ἄρανός τε νύξ.

The two last lines are here repeated; and *Scaliger*, a second *Zoilus* of *Homer*, allows them to be *omnia pulcra, plena, gravia*, p. 469. There is a storm in the very words, and the horrors of it are visible in the verses.

Virgil was master of too much judgment, not to embellish his *Æneid* with this description.

*Incubere mari, totumque a sedibus imis
Unâ Eurûsque Notûsque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, & vastos volvunt ad littora fluctus,
Eripiunt subito nubes cælumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.*

These are almost literally translated from the abovementioned verses of *Homer*, and these following.

Σὺν δ' Εὐρος τε Νέτος τ' ἱππῖσι, Ζεφυρός τε δυσαῆς
Καὶ Βορέης αἰθρηγενίτης, μέγα κῦμα κυλίνδων.

Scaliger calls the verses of *Homer*, *divina oratio*, but prefers those of *Virgil*. *Totumque a sedibus imis*, is stronger than ἰτάραξι πόντον, &c. and Αἰθρηγενίτης is an ill chosen Epithet, to be used to describe

The mountain billows roar ! the furious blast
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast : 480
The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck ; then all at once descends :
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm falls headlong in the main.

Then

scribe a storm, for it carries an image of serenity. But that is to be understood of the general nature of that wind : As a river may be said to be gentle, tho' capable to be swell'd into a flood. But I leave the preference to the Reader's judgment.

V. 483. *The Pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,*] There is a great similitude between this passage and some verses in *Virgil*, in which, as *Scaliger* judges, and perhaps with reason, the preference is to be given to the *Roman* Poet. *Tenuissimâ*, says that Critic, & *levissimâ* utitur *narratione Homerus*.

Πλῆξε κυβερνήτῳ κεφαλὴν, σὺν δ' ὀσεία ἄραξε
Πάν' ἄμυδις κεφαλῆς, ὃ δ' ἄρνευτῆρι ἰοικῶς
Κάππῃσι

And again

——— πῖτον δ' ἐκ νηὸς ἱταῖρον
'Οἱ δὲ κορώνησιν, ἱκίλοι περὶ νῆα μέλαιναν
Κύμασιν ἐμφορέοντο.

——— *Ingens a vertice Pontus*
In puppim ferit ; excutitur, pronusque magister
Voluitur in caput.

——— *At illam ter fluctus ibidem*
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat aequore vortem,
Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

There is certainly better versification in these lines of *Virgil*, than in those of *Homer* : There is better colouring, and they set the thing they describe full before our eyes. *Virgil* has omitted the two short similitudes of the Diver, and the Sea-mews, despairing perhaps to

Then *Jove* in anger bids his thunders roll, 485

And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole ;

Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,

Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames :

Full on the bark it fell ; now high, now low,

Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow ; 490

At once into the main the crew it shook :

Sulphureous odours rose, and smould'ring smoke.

Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise, }
 Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries ; }
 And strive to gain the bark ; but *Jove* denies. 495 }

Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main

Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in twain ;

Again impetuous drove the furious blast,

Snap't the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.

Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind 500 }

And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd, }

'Thro' tumbling billows, and a war of wind. }

Now sunk the West, and now a southern breeze

More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas ;

For on the rocks it bore where *Scylla* raves, 505

And dire *Charybdis* rolls her thund'ring waves.

make them shine in the *Roman* language. There is a third simile in *Homer* of the Bat or Bird of night *Núktēris*, which is introduc'd to represent *Ulysses* clinging round the Fig-tree. 'Tis true the whole three are taken from low subjects, but they very well paint the thing they were intended to illustrate.

All night I drove; and at the dawn of day
 Fast by the rocks beheld the desp'rate way:
 Just when the sea within her gulphs subsides,
 And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides, 510
 Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
 The lofty fig tree seiz'd, and clung around.
 So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
 And pendant round it clasps his leathern wings.
 High in the air the tree its boughs display'd, 515
 And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade,
 All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
 Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
 What time the Judge forsakes the noisy bar
 To take repast, and stills the wordy war; 520

Charybdis

V. 519. *What time the Judge forsakes the noisy bar
 To take repast ———]*

This passage has been egregiously misunderstood by *Monf. Perrault*. *Ulysses* being carried (says that Author) on his mast towards *Charybdis*, leaps from it, and clings like a Bat round a Fig-tree, waiting till the return of the mast from the gulphs of it; and adds, that when he saw it, he was as glad as a Judge when he rises from his seat to go to dinner, after having try'd several causes. But *Boileau* fully vindicates *Homer* in his reflections on *Longinus*: Before the use of dials or clocks the Antients distinguish'd the day by some remarkable offices or stated employments: as from the dining of the labourer.

—— *What time in some sequester'd vale
 The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal.*

Iliad XI. ver. 119. See the Annotation; so here from the rising of the Judges, and both denote the Mid-day, or Noontide hour. Thus

Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
 The mast refunded on her refluxent waves.
 Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
 Sudden I drop'd amidst the flashing main;
 Once more undaunted on the ruin rode, 525
 And oar'd with lab'ring arms along the flood.
 Unseen I pass'd by *Scylla's* dire abodes:
 So *Jove* decreed, (dread Sire of men and Gods)
 Then nine long days I plow'd the calmer seas,
 Heav'd by the surge and wafted by the breeze. 530

it is used by *Hippocrates*, who speaking of a person wounded with a Javelin in the Liver, says he dy'd *πρὶν ἀγορὴν λυθῆναι*, a little before the breaking up of the assembly, or before the Judge rises from his tribunal: or as some understand it, a little before the finishing of the market: There is a parallel expression in *Xenophon*, καὶ ἤδη τε ἀμφὶ ἀγορὰν πλῆθυσαν. This rising of the Judge *Perrault* mistakes for a comparison, to express the joy which *Ulysses* conceiv'd at the sight of the return of his mast; than which nothing can be more distant from *Homer's* sentiment.

From this description we may precisely learn the Time that passed while *Ulysses* clung round the Fig-tree.

——— At the dawn of Day
Fast by the Rocks I plow'd the desp'rate way.

So that at Morning he leap'd from his float, and about Noon recover'd it: Now *Eusebius* affirms, that in the space of twenty-four hours there are three Tides, and dividing that time into three parts, *Ulysses* will appear to have remain'd upon the Rock eight hours. The exact time when the Judge rose from his tribunal is not apparent: *Boileau* supposes it to be about three a Clock in the Afternoon, *Dacier* about two; but the time was certain among the Ancients, and is only dubious to us, as we are ignorant of the hour of the day when the Judge enter'd his Tribunal, and when he left it.

Weary

Weary and wet th' Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.

There

V. 532. *When the tenth sun descended to the main.*] This account is very extraordinary. *Ulysses* continued upon the Mast ten days, and consequently ten days without any nourishment. *Longinus* brings this passage as an instance of the decay of *Homer's* Genius, and his launching out into extravagant Fables. I wonder *Eustatius* should be silent about this Objection; but *Dacier* endeavours to vindicate *Homer*, from a similar place in the *Acts of the Apostles*, Cap. 27. ver. 33. where *Saint Paul* says to the Sailors, *This is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried, and continued fasting, having taken nothing.* Now if the Sailors in the *Acts* could fast fourteen days, why might not *Ulysses* fast ten? But this place by no means comes up to the point. The words are *τρισσάρονκαιδιδάτην σήμερον ἡμέραν προσδοκῶντες*, that is, expecting the fourteenth day, (which is to-day) you continue without eating; so the meaning is, they had taken no food all that day; the danger was so great that they had no leisure to think upon hunger. This is the literal construction of the Words, and implies that out of expectation of the fourteenth Day, (which they look'd upon as a critical time when their danger would be at the highest) they had forgot to take their usual repast; and not, that they had fasted fourteen Days. But if any Person thinks that the fasting is to be apply'd to the whole fourteen days, it must be in that latitude wherein Interpreters expound *Hesiod*.

— ὅδ' ἔτι σῖτον

* *Ἥσσιον* —

which signifies not that they eat no Meat at all, but that they had not leisure thro' their danger to observe the usual and stated hours of repast: They eat in their arms, with their hands foul'd with blood. But I take the former sense to be the better. Besides, it is impossible to make this place of any service to *Homer*; for if these men continued so long fasting, it was a miraculous fast; and how can this be apply'd to *Ulysses*, who is not imagined to owe his power of fasting to any supernatural assistance? But it is almost a demonstration that the sailors in the *Acts* eat during the tempest: Why should they abstain? It was not for want of food; for at *St. Paul's* injunction they take some sustenance: Now it is absurd to imagine a miracle to be performed, when common and easy means were at hand to make such a supernatural act unnecessary. If they had been without food, then indeed a miracle might have been supposed to

There in *Calypso's* ever-fragrant bow'rs
Refresh'd I lay, and Joy beguil'd the hours.

My following fates to thee, oh King, are known, 535
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: In misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

supply it. If they had died thro' fasting, when meat was at hand, they would have been guilty of starving themselves. If therefore we suppose a miracle, we must suppose it to be wrought, to prevent men from being guilty of wilful self-murder, which is an absurdity.

Besides, the word *ἄσitos* is used to denote a person who takes no food for the space of one day only, as *μονόσitos* signifies a person who eats but one meal in the compass of one day; this therefore is an evidence, that the sailors in the *Ætæa* had not been without sustenance fourteen days.

In short, I am not in the number of those who think *Homer* has no faults; and unless we imagine *Ulysses* to have fasted ten days by the assistance of the Gods, this passage must be allowed to be extravagant: 'Tis true, *Homer* says, the Gods guided him to the *Ogygian* shores; but he says not a word to soften the incredibility of the fasting of *Ulysses*, thro' an assistance of the Gods. I am therefore inclin'd to subscribe to the opinion of *Longinus*, that this relation is faulty; but say with *Horace*,

——— *Non ego paucis*
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura,



THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.





The ARGUMENT.

The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Ulysses takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean-time Ulysses awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; 'till the Goddess appearing to him in the form of a Shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feign'd story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old Beggar.



THE





*Ulysses embark'd for Ithaca is left asleep upon
the Coast. Minerva appears to him in the Shape
of a Young Shepherd & gives him advice.*



THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

HE ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conf'rence then the King resumes.

Whatever

V. 3. ——— *The shady rooms*]

The Epithet in the original is *αἰώριος*, or *gloomy*: It is here used with a peculiar propriety, to keep in the Reader's mind the exact time when *Ulysses* made his narration to the *Phæacians*, namely, in the evening, of the thirty-third day: we may likewise gather from this distinction of times, the exact stay of *Ulysses* among the *Phæa-*

Whatever toils the great *Ulysses* past,
 Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
 No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
 Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.
 But hear me, Princes! whom these walls inclose,
 For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
 With wines unmixt, (an honour due to Age,
 To cheer the grave, and warm the Poet's rage)
 Tho' labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
 Lie heap'd already for our god-like guest;
 Without new treasures let him not remove,
 Large, and expressive of the publick love:
 Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,
 A gen'ral tribute, which the State shall owe.

ians; he was thrown upon their shores on the thirty-first day in the evening, and lands about day break on the thirty-fifth day in his own country; so that he staid three days and three nights only with *Alicinous*, one night being spent in his voyage to *Ithaca* from *Phœacia*.

V. 10. *For whom my chaunter sings, and goblet flows
 With Wine unmixt, &c.]*

Homer calls the wine *γαστήριον*, or wine drank at the entertainment of Elders, *γαστήριον*, or men of distinction, says *Eustathius*; by the bard, he means *Demodocus*.

The same Critic further remarks, that *Homer* judiciously shortens every circumstance before he comes to the dismissal of *Ulysses*: Thus he omits the description of the sacrifice, and the subject of the song of *Demodocus*; these are circumstances that at best would be but useless ornaments, and ill agree with the impatience of *Ulysses* to begin his voyage toward his country. These therefore the Poet briefly dispatches.

BOOK XIII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 179

This sentence pleas'd: Then all their steps address
To sep'rate mansions, and retir'd to rest. 20

Now did the rosy-finger'd Morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
The King himself the vases rang'd with care: 25
Then bad his followers to the feast repair.

A victim Ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great *Alcinous* falls, and stains the sand.
To *Jove* th' Eternal, (pow'r above all pow'rs!
Who wings the winds, and darkens heav'n with show'rs) 30
The flames ascend: 'Till evening they prolong
The rites, more sacred made by heav'nly song:
For in the midst, with publick honours grac'd,
Thy lyre divine, *Demodocus*! was plac'd.
All, but *Ulysses*, hear'd with fix'd delight: 35
He sat, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep imag'd in his soul.

As weary plowman spent with stubborn toil,
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil, 40
Sees

V. 39. *As weary plowman, &c.*] The simile which *Homer* chuses is drawn from low life, but very happily sets off the impatience of *Ulysses*: It is familiar, but expressive. *Horace* was not of the judgment of those who thought it mean, for he uses it in his *Epistles*.

—*dieſque*

Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
 When home with feeble knees, he bends his way
 To late repast, (the day's hard labour done :)
 So to *Ulysses* welcome set the Sun.

Then instant, to *Alcinous* and the rest,
 (The *Scherian* states) he turn'd, and thus address'd.

45

O thou, the first in merit and command !
 And you the Peers and Princes of the land !
 May ev'ry joy be yours ! nor this the least,
 When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
 Safe to my home to send your happy guest.
 Compleat are now the bounties you have giv'n,
 Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heav'n !

50 }

———*diesque*

*Longa videtur opus debentibus : ut piger annus
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum ;
 Sic mihi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
 Consiliumque morantur, &c.*

It was very necessary to dwell upon this impatience of *Ulysses* to return : it would have been absurd to have represented him cool, or even moderately warm upon this occasion ; he had refused immortality through the love of his country ; it is now in his power to return to it ; he ought therefore consistently with his former character to be drawn with the utmost earnestness of soul, and every moment must appear tedious that keeps him from it ; it shews therefore the judgment of *Homer* to describe him in this manner, and not to pass it over cursorily, but force it upon the notice of the Reader, by insisting upon it somewhat largely, and illustrating it by a proper similitude, to fix it more strongly upon our memory.

V. 53. *Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heav'n !* This is a pious and instructive sentence, and teaches, that though riches were heap'd upon us with the greatest abundance and superfluity ; yet unless Heaven adds its benediction, they will prove but at best a burthen and calamity.

So

BOOK XIII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 181

So may I find, when all my wand'rings cease,
My comfort blameless, and my friends in peace. 55

On you be ev'ry bliss, and ev'ry day
In home-felt joys delighted roll away;
Your selves, your wives, your long descending race,
May ev'ry God enrich with ev'ry grace!
Sure fixt on Virtue may your nation stand, 60
And publick evil never touch the land!

His words well weigh'd, the gen'ral voice approv'd
Benign, and instant his dismissal mov'd.

The Monarch to *Pontonus* gave the sign,
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine: 65
Great *Jove* the Father, first (he cry'd) implore,
Then send the stranger to his native shore.

The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his seat to each Immortal pours, 70
Whom glory circles in th' *Olympian* bow'rs.

Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
The bowl presenting to *Arete's* hands;
Then

V. 73. *The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;*
Then thus ———]

It may be asked why *Ulysses* addresses his words to the Queen rather than the King: The reason is, because she was his patroness, and had first received him with hospitality, as appears from the 7th book of the *Odyssey*.

Ulysses makes a libation to the Gods, and presents the bowl to the Queen: This was the pious practice of Antiquity upon all solemn occasions:

Then thus: O Queen farewell! be still possess
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest! 75

'Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of ev'ry mortal excellence!)

Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the King!

Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore 80
To the fair port: A herald march'd before,
Sent by *Alcinous*: Of *Arete*'s train

Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay, 85

And bread and wine the third. The chearful mates
Safe in the hollow deck dispose the cates:

Beneath the seats, soft painted robes they spread,
With linen cover'd, for the Heroe's bed.

He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently prest 90
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.

Now plac'd in order, the *Phæacian* train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills, and less'ning shores. 95

occasions: *Ulysses* here does it, because he is to undertake a voyage, and it implies a prayer for the prosperity of it. The reason why he presents the bowl to the Queen is, that she may first drink out of it, for so *προπίνειν* properly and originally signifies, τὸ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς *ἰδόναι τὴν πίνω*, says *Eusebius*. *Propino* is used differently by the *Romans*.

While

While on the deck the Chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers thro' the dusty space,

Toss

V. 98. *As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Toss their big heads, &c.]*

The Poet introduces two similitudes to represent the sailing of the Phæacian vessel: The former describes the motion of it, as it bounds and rises over the waves, like horses tossing their heads in a race; and also the steadiness of it, in that it sails with as much firmness over the billows, as horses tread upon the ground. The latter comparison is solely to shew the swiftness of the vessel.

The word in the original is τετραίοποι; an instance, that four horses were sometimes join'd to the chariot. *Virgil* has borrow'd this comparison, *Æn.* 5.

*Non tam præcípites bijugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus,
Nec sic immissis aurigæ undantia lora
Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.*

It must be allow'd that nothing was ever more happily executed than this description, and the copy far exceeds the original. *Macrobius*, *Saturnal. lib.* 5. gives this as his opinion, and his reasons for it. The Greek Poet (says that Author) paints only the swiftness of the horses when scourged by the driver; *Virgil* adds, the rushing of the chariot, the fields as it were devour'd by the rapidity of the horses; we see the throwing up of the reins, in *undantia lora*; and the attitude of the driver, leaning forward in the act of lashing of the horses, in the words, *Pronique in verbera pendent*. 'Tis true, nothing could be added more elegantly than the ὄψος αἰρόμενοι, in *Homer*; it paints at once the swiftness of the race, and the rising posture of the horses in the act of running; but *Virgil* is more copious, and has omitted no circumstance, and set the whole race fully before our eyes; we may add, that the versification is as beautiful as the description compleat; every ear must be sensible of it.

I will only further observe the judgment of *Homer* in speaking of every person in his particular character. When a vain glorious Phæacian

Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain ; 100
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.

Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black Ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread sails the winged gally flies ;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies ; 105

Divine *Ulysses* was her sacred load,
A Man, in wisdom equal to a God !
Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore ;
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast, 110
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning Star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and promis'd day ;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair *Ithaca's* emerging hills arise. 115

Phæacian describ'd the sailing of his own vessels, they were swift as thought, and endued with reason ; when *Homer* speaks in his own person to his readers, they are said only to be as swift as hawks or horses : *Homer* speaks like a Poet, with some degree of amplification, but not with so much hyperbole as *Alcinous*. No people speak so fondly as sailors of their own Ships to this day, and particularly are still apt to talk of them as of living creatures.

V. 112. *But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n ———]*

From this passage we may gather, that *Ithaca* is distant from *Corcyra* or *Phæacia* no farther than a vessel sails in the compass of one night ; and this agrees with the real distance between those Islands ; an instance that *Homer* was well acquainted with Geography : This is the morning of the thirty-fifth day.

Far

Far from the town a spacious port appears,
 Sacred to *Phorcys*' power, whose name it bears :
 Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
 The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain ;
 Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
 And ships secure without their haulsers ride.
 High at the head a branching Olive grows,
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
 Beneath, a gloomy Grotto's cool recess
 Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas ;

120

125

Where

V. 116. ——— *A spacious port appears,*
Sacred to Phorcys ———]

Phorcys was the son of *Pontus* and *Terra*, according to *Hesiod*'s genealogy of the Gods ; this Haven is said to be sacred to that Deity, because he had a temple near it, from whence it receiv'd its appellation.

The whole voyage of *Ulysses* to his country, and indeed the whole *Odyssey*, has been turn'd into allegory ; which I will lay before the Reader as an instance of a trifling industry and strong imagination. *Ulysses* is in search of true felicity, the *Libaea* and *Penelope* of *Homer* : He runs thro' many difficulties and dangers ; this shews that happiness is not to be attain'd without labour and afflictions. He has several companions, who perish by their vices, and he alone escapes by the assistance of the *Pheacians*, and is transported in his sleep to his country ; that is, the *Pheacians*, whose name implies blackness, *Παῖες*, are the mourners at his death, and attend him to his grave : The ship is his grave, which is afterwards turned into a rock ; which represents his monumental marble ; his sleep means death, thro' which alone man arrives at eternal felicity. *Spondamus*.

V. 124. ——— *A gloomy Grotto's cool recess]* *Porphyry* has wrote a volume to explain this cave of the Nymphs, with more piety perhaps than judgment ; and another person has perverted it into the most obscenity, and both allegorically. *Porphyry* (observes *Eustathius*) is of opinion, that the cave [means the world ; it is called gloomy, but agreeable, because it was made out of darkness, and afterwards set in this agreeable order by the hand of the Deity. It is consecrated

Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
 And massy beams in native marble shone;
 On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
 Within the cave, the clustering bees attend
 Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
 Two marble doors unfold on either side;
 Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend,
 But mortals enter at the northern end.

130

135

Thither

consecrated to the Nymphs; that is, it is destin'd to the habitation of spiritual substances united to the body: The bowls and urns of living stone, are the body which are form'd out of the earth; the bees that make their honey in the cave are the souls of men, which perform all their operations in the body, and animate it; the beams on which the Nymphs roll their webs, are the bones over which the admirable embroidery of nerves, veins, and arteries are spread; the fountains which water the cave are the seas, rivers and lakes that water the world; and the two gates, are the two poles; thro' the northern the souls descend from Heaven to animate the body, thro' the southern they ascend to Heaven, after they are separated from the body by death. But I confess I should rather chuse to understand the description poetically, believing that *Homer* never dream'd of these matters, tho' the age in which he flourish'd was addicted to Allegory. How often do Painters draw from the imagination only, merely to please the eye? And why might not *Homer* write after it, especially in this place where he manifestly indulges his fancy, while he brings his *Hero* to the first dawning of happiness? He has long dwelt upon a series of horrors, and his imagination being tired with the melancholy story, it is not impossible but his spirit might be enliven'd with the Subject while he wrote, and this might lead him to indulge his fancy in a wonderful, and perhaps fabulous description. In short, I should much rather chuse to believe that the memory of the things to which he alludes in the description of the cave is lost, than credit such a labour'd and distant Allegory.

V. 134. *Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend.* Virgil has imitated the description of this haven, *Æn. lib. 1.*

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)

Ulysses

*Est in secessu longo locus, insula portum
Efficit, objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, &c.*

Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An Island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A Grot is form'd beneath with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the beats;
Down from the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls,
No baulkers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear.

Dryden,

Scaliger infinitely prefers the Roman Poet: *Homer*, says he, speaks *humilia humiliter*, *Virgilius grandiora magnifice*; but what I would chiefly observe is, not what *Virgil* has imitated, but what he has omitted; namely, all that seems odd or less intelligible; I mean the works of the bees in a cave so damp and moist; and the two gates thro' which the Gods and men enter.

I shall offer a conjecture to explain these two lines:

*Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend,
But mortals enter at the noribern end.*

It has been already observ'd, that the *Æthiopians* held an annual sacrifice of twelve days to the Gods; all that time they carried their images in procession, and placed them at their festivals, and for this reason the Gods were said to feast with the *Æthiopians*; that is, they were present with them by their statues: Thus also *Themis* was said to form or dissolve assemblies, because they carried her image to the assemblies when they were conven'd, and when they were broken up they

Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.

His

they carried it away. Now we have already remark'd, that this port was sacred to *Phorcys*, because he had a temple by it: It may not then be impossible, but that this Temple having two doors, they might carry the statues of the Gods in their processions through the southern gate, which might be consecrated to this use only, and the populace be forbid to enter by it: For that reason the Deities were said to enter, namely, by their images. As the other gate being allotted to common use, was said to be the passage for mortals.

V. 138. *Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.]*

There is nothing in the whole *Odyssey* that more shocks our reason than the exposing *Ulysses* asleep on the shores by the *Phæacians*: "The passage (says *Aristotle* in his *Poetics*) where *Ulysses* is landed in *Ithaca*, is so full of absurdities, that they would be intolerable in a bad Poet; but *Homer* has conceal'd them under an infinity of admirable beauties, with which he has adorn'd all that part of the *Odyssey*; these he has crowded together, as so many charms to hinder our perceiving the defects of the story:" *Aristotle* must be allow'd to speak with great Judgment; for what probability is there that a man so prudent as *Ulysses*, who was alone in a vessel at the discretion of strangers, should sleep so soundly, as to be taken out of it, carried with all his baggage on shore, and the *Phæacians* should set sail, and he never awake? This is still more absurd, if we remember that *Ulysses* has his soul so strongly bent upon his country; Is it then possible, that he could be thus sunk into a lethargy, in the moment when he arrives at it? "However (says *Monf. Dacier* in his reflections upon *Aristotle's Poetics*) *Homer* was not ashamed of that Absurdity, but not being able to omit it, he used it to give Probability to the succeeding story: It was necessary for *Ulysses* to land alone, in order to his concealment; if he had been discover'd, the suitors would immediately have destroy'd him, if not as the real *Ulysses*, yet under the pretext of his being an impostor; they would then have seiz'd his dominions, and married *Penelope*: Now if he had been wak'd, the *Phæacians* would have been obliged to have attended him, which he could not have denied with decency, nor accepted with safety: *Homer* therefore had no other way left to unravel his fable happily: But he knew what was absurd in this method, and uses means to hide it; he lavishes out all his wit and address, and lays together such an abundance

of

His treasures next, *Alcinous'* gifts, they laid

140

In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,

“ of admirable Poetry, that the mind of the Reader is so enchanted,
 “ that he perceives not the defect; he is like *Ulysses* lull'd asleep,
 “ and knows no more than that *Hero*, how he comes there. That
 “ great Poet first describes the ceremony of *Ulysses* taking leave of
 “ *Alcinous* and his Queen *Arete*; then he sets off the swiftness of
 “ the vessel by two beautiful comparisons; he describes the Haven
 “ with great exactness, and adds to it the description of the cave of
 “ the Nymphs; this last astonishes the Reader, and he is so intent
 “ upon it, that he has not attention to consider the absurdity in the
 “ manner of *Ulysses's* landing: In this moment when he perceives
 “ the mind of the Reader as it were intoxicated with these beau-
 “ ties, he steals *Ulysses* on shore, and dismisses the *Phæacians*; all
 “ this takes up but eight verses. And then lest the Reader should
 “ reflect upon it, he immediately introduces the Deities, and gives
 “ us a Dialogue between *Jupiter* and *Neptune*. This keeps up still
 “ our wonder, and our Reason has not time to deliberate; and
 “ when the dialogue is ended, a second wonder succeeds, the bark is
 “ transform'd into a rock: This is done in the sight of the *Phæa-*
 “ *cians*, by which method the Poet carries us a while from the con-
 “ sideration of *Ulysses*, by removing the scene to a distant Island;
 “ there he detains us till we may be 'suppos'd to have forgot the past
 “ absurdities, by relating the astonishment of *Alcinous* at the sight of
 “ the prodigy, and his offering up to *Neptune*, to appease his anger,
 “ a sacrifice of twelve bulls. Then he returns to *Ulysses* who now
 “ wakes, and not knowing the place where he was, (because *Min-*
 “ *erva* made all things appear in a disguised view) he complains of
 “ his misfortunes, and accuses the *Phæacians* of infidelity; at length
 “ *Minerva* comes to him in the shape of a young shepherd, &c.
 “ Thus this absurdity, which appears in the fable when examin'd
 “ alone, is hidden by the beauties that surround it; this passage is
 “ more adorn'd with fiction, and more wrought up with a variety
 “ of poetical ornaments than most other places of the *Odyssey*. From
 “ hence *Aristotle* makes an excellent observation. All efforts ima-
 “ ginable (says that Author) ought to be made to form the fable
 “ rightly from the beginning; but if it so happen that some places
 “ must necessarily appear absurd, they must be admitted, especially
 “ if they contribute to render the rest more probable; but the Poet
 “ ought to reserve all the ornaments of diction for these weak parts:
 “ The places that have either shining sentiments or manners have
 “ no occasion for them, a dazzling expression rather damages them,
 “ and serves only to eclipse their beauty.

Secure

Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.

Nor

V. 142. ——— *Then launch'd the bark again.*] This voluntary and unexpected return of the *Pheacians*, and their landing *Ulysses* in his sleep, seems as unaccountable on the part of the *Pheacians*, as of *Ulysses*; for what can be more absurd than to see them exposing a King and his effects upon the shores without his knowledge, and flying away secretly as from an enemy? Having therefore in the preceding note shew'd what the Criticks say in condemnation of *Homer*, it is but justice to lay together what they say in his defence.

That the *Pheacians* should fly away in secret is no wonder: *Ulysses* had through the whole course of the eleventh book, (particularly by the mouth of the Prophet *Tiresias*) told the *Pheacians* that the suitors plotted his destruction; and therefore the mariners might very reasonably be apprehensive that the suitors would use any persons as enemies, who should contribute to restore *Ulysses* to his country. It was therefore necessary that they should sail away without any stay upon the *Ithacan* shores. This is the reason why they made this voyage by night; namely to avoid discovery; and it was as necessary to return immediately, that is, just at the appearance of day, before people were abroad, that they might escape observation.

Eustatius remarks, that the *Pheacians* were an unwarlike nation, or as it is expressed by a *Pheacian*,

Οὐ γὰρ Φαιήκισσι μίλει βίος, ἔδε Φαρίτση.

and therefore they were afraid to teach any persons the way to their own country, by discovering the course of navigation to it; for this reason they begin their voyage to *Ithaca* by night, land *Ulysses* without waking him, and return at the appearance of day-light, that they might not shew what course was to be steer'd to come to the *Pheacian* shores.

Plutarch in his treatise of reading the Poets, tells us, that there is a tradition among the *Tuscans*, that *Ulysses* was naturally drowsy, and a person that could not easily be convers'd with, by reason of that *sleepy* disposition. But perhaps this might be only artful in a man of so great wisdom, and so great disguise or dissimulation; he was slow to give answers, when he had no mind to give any at all: Tho' indeed it must be confess'd, that this tradition is countenanc'd by his behaviour in the *Odyssey*, or rather may be only a story form'd from it: His greatest calamities rise from his *sleeping*: when he was ready to land upon his own country by the favour of *Aeolus*, he falls

asleep

Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread Supreme

The vengeance vow'd for eyeless *Polypheme*. 145

Before

asleep, and his companions let loose a wind that bears him from it: He is *asleep* while they kill the oxen of *Apollo*; and here he *sleeps* while he is landed upon his own country. It might perhaps be this conduct in *Homer*, that gave *Horace* the hint to say,

— *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

implying, that when *Homer* was at a loss to bring any difficult matter to an issue, he immediately laid his Hero *asleep*, and this salved all the difficulty; as in the above mentioned instances.

Plutarch is of opinion that this *sleep* of *Ulysses* was feigned; and that he made use of the pretence of a *natural infirmity*, to conceal the streights he was in at that time in his thoughts; being ashamed to dismiss the *Phæacians* without entertainment and gifts of hospitality, and afraid of being discovered by the suitors, if he entertained such a multitude: Therefore to avoid both these difficulties, he feigns a *Sleep* while they land him, till they sail away.

Eustatbius agrees with *Plutarch* in the main, and adds another reason why the *Phæacians* land *Ulysses* sleeping; namely, because they were ashamed to wake him, lest he should think they did it out of avarice, and expectation of a reward for bringing him to his own country.

I will only add, that there might be a natural reason for the *Sleep* of *Ulysses*; we are to remember that this is a voyage in the night, the season of repose: and his spirits having been long agitated and fatigued by his calamities, might upon his peace of mind at the return to his country, settle into a deep calmness and tranquillity, and so sink him into a deep *Sleep*; *Homer* himself seems to give this as a reason of it in the following lines:

*Much danger long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.*

It must be allowed that the last line admirably paves the way for the following account; and the Poet undoubtedly inserted it, to prevent our surprize at the manner of his being set on shore, by calling his *Sleep*

— *a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.*

How

Before the throne of mighty *Jove* he stood;
And sought the secret counsels of the God.

Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods! be mine
The rights and honours of a pow'r divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh severe disgrace)

150

By soft *Phæacians*, my degenerate race!
Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;

Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee?

155

Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!

Lo where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brags, rich garments, and refulgent ore:

And bears triumphant to his native Isle

160

A prize more worth than *Ilion's* noble spoil.

To whom the Father of th' immortal pow'rs,
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with show'r's.
Can mighty *Neptune* thus of man complain!

Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main!

165

How far a wise man is obliged to resist the calls of nature, I leave to the discussion of Philosophers; those of sleep are no more to be resisted, than those of thirst or hunger. But yet I confess *Ulysses* yielded unseasonably, and the strong passion and love for his Country that so fully possessed his soul, should have given him a few hours of vigilance, when he was ready to see it after an absence of almost twenty years.

Rever'd

Rever'd and awful ev'n in heav'n's abodes,
 Antient and great! a God above the Gods!
 If that low race offend thy pow'r divine,
 (Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?

Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise. 170

He said: the Shaker of the earth replies.

This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
 A mark of vengeance on the sable deep:

To

V. 172. *This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
 A mark of vengeance ———
 And roots her down, an everlasting rock]*

I refer the Reader to the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, for a further account of this transformation. *Scaliger* condemns it, *Ulyssis navis in saxum mutatur a Neptuno, ut immortalem faciat, quem odio habere debuit*. But will it not be an answer to say, that it is an immortal monument of the vengeance and power of *Neptune*, and that whenever the story of the Vessel was mentioned, the punishment likewise must be remembred in honour of that Deity? Some are of opinion, that it is a physical Allegory, and that *Homer* delivers the opinion of the Antients concerning the Transmutation of one species into another, as wood into stone, by Water, that is, by *Neptune* the God of it; according to those lines of *Ovid*.

*Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit
 Viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.*

But perhaps this is only one of those marvellous fictions written after the taste of antiquity, which delighted in wonders, and which the nature of Epic Poetry allows. "The Marvellous (says *Aristotle* in his *Poetics*) ought to take place in Tragedy, but much more in the Epic, in which it proceeds even to the extravagant; for the Marvellous is always agreeable, and a Proof of it is, that those who relate any thing, generally add something to the Truth of it, that it may better please those who hear it. *Homer* (continues he) is the man who has given the best instructions to other Poets how to tell Lies agreeably." *Horace* is of the same opinion.

To warn the thoughtless self confiding train,
 No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
 Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,
 If such thy will.—We will it, *Jove* replies.
 Ev'n when with transport black'ning all the strand,
 The swarming people hail their ship to land,
 Fix her for ever, a memorial stone :
 Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone ;
 The trembling clouds shall see the sudden shade
 Of whelming mountains overhang their head !

175

180

*Atque ita montitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.*

However we must not think that *Aristotle* advises Poets to put things evidently false and impossible into their Poems, or gives them licence to run out into wildness ; he only means (as *Monsieur Dacier* observes) that the Wonderful should exceed the Probable, but not destroy it ; and this will be effected if the Poet has the Address to prepare the Reader, and to lead him by a probable train of things that depend on miracle, to the miracle itself, and reconcile him to it by degrees, so that his Reason does not perceive, at least is not shocked at the Illusion ; thus for instance, *Homer* puts this Transformation into the hands of a Deity ? he prepares us for it in the eighth book, he gives us the reason of the transformation ; namely the anger of *Neptune* ; and at last he brings in *Jupiter* assenting to it. This is the method *Homer* takes to reconcile it to Probability. *Virgil* undoubtedly thought it a beauty, for after *Homer's* example, he gives us a transformation of the ships of *Aeneas* into Sea-nymphs.

I have already remarked from *Bossu*, that such miracles as these ought not to be too frequent in an Epic Poem ; all the machines that require Divine probability ought to be so detached from the action of the Poem, that they may be retrenched from it, without destroying the action : Those that are essential to the action, ought to be founded upon human probability. Thus if we take away this transformation, there is no chasm ; and it in no way affects the integrity of the action.

With

Book XIII. HOMER'S ODYSSEY. 195

With that, the God whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Fierce to *Phæacia* crost the vast profound. 185

Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,

The winged Pinnacle shot along the sea.

The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,

And roots her down an everlasting rock.

Aghast the *Scherians* stand in deep surprize; 190

All press to speak, all question with their eyes.

What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!

And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!

Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:

Till great *Aleinous* rising own'd the sign. 195

Behold the long destin'd day! (he cries)

Oh certain faith of antient prophecies!

These ears have heard my royal fire disclose

A dreadful story, big with future woes;

How mov'd with wrath that careless we convey 200

Promiscuous ev'ry guest to ev'ry bay,

Stern *Neptune* rag'd; and how by his command

Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand;

(A monument of wrath) and mound on mound

Shou'd hide our walls, or overwhelm beneath the ground. 205

The fates have follow'd as declar'd the Seer.

Be humbled, nations! and your Monarch hear.

No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more

With ev'ry stranger pass from shore to shore;

On angry *Neptune* now for mercy call : 210

To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.

So may the God reverse his purpos'd will,

Nor o'er our City hang the dreadful hill.

The Monarch spoke : they trembled and obey'd,

Forth on the sands the victim oxen led : 215

The gather'd tribes before the Altars stand,

And Chiefs and Rulers a majestic band.

The King of Ocean all the tribes implore ;

The blazing altars redden all the shore.

Meanwhile *Ulysses* in his country lay, 220

Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey

The solitary shore, and rolling sea.

V. 212. *So may the God reverse his purpos'd will.*] This agrees with what *Homer* writes in a former part of the *Odyssey*.

—επειτοὶ καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοὶ,

That the Gods themselves may be prevailed upon to change their anger by prayer : a sentiment agreeable to true religion. *Homer* does not tell us that the last denunciation of covering the town with a mountain, was fulfilled : It is probable that it was averted by the piety of *Alcinous*. But (as *Eusebius* observes) it was artful in the Poet to leave this Point doubtful, to avoid detection in deviating from true History ; for should posterity enquire where this land of the *Phæacians* lay, it would be found to be *Corfu* of the *Venetians*, and not covered with any mountain ; but should this city have happened to have been utterly abolished by time, and so lost to posterity, it would have agreed with the relation of *Homer*, who leaves room to suppose it destroyed by *Neptune*. But how could *Neptune* be said to cover it with a mountain ? had not an inundation been more suitable to the God of the Ocean ? *Neptune* is called *ἰνσοίγαιος*, and *ἰνσοίχθας*, or the *Earth-shaker* ; earthquakes were supposed to be occasioned by the Ocean, or waters concealed in the caverns of the ground ; and consequently *Neptune* may tumble a mountain upon this city of the *Phæacians*.

Yet

Yet had his mind thro' tedious absence lost
The dear remembrance of his native coast,
Besides *Minerva*, to secure her care, 225
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air :

For

V. 225. *Besides Minerva, to secure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air.*

The meaning of this whole passage is probably no more than that *Ulysses* by his long absence had forgot the face of his own country ; the woods by almost twenty years growth had a different appearance ; and the public roods were altered by so great a length of time. How then should *Ulysses* come to the knowledge of the place ? He goes to a shepherd, and by telling him a plausible story draws it from him. This artifice is the *Minerva* that gives him information. By the *veil of thicken'd air* is meant, that *Ulysses*, to accomplish his re-establishment, took upon him a disguise, and concealed himself from the *Ithacans* ; and this too being the dictate of Wisdom, *Homer* ascribes it to *Pallas*.

The words of the original are,

— Ὀφρά μιν αὐτὸν
ἄγνωστον τεύξεσθαι —

which are usually apply'd by interpreters to *Ulysses*, and mean that that the Goddess disguised him with this veil, that no one might know him. *Dacier* is of opinion that ἄγνωστος ought to be used actively ; that is, the Goddess acted thus to make him *unknown* where he was, not *unknown* to the people ; for that this was the effect of the veil appears from the removal of it ; for immediately upon the dispersion,

The King with Joy confess'd his place of birth.

That the word ἄγνωστος will bear an active signification, she proves from the scholiast upon *OEdipus* of *Sophocles*. But perhaps the context will not permit this interpretation, though we should allow that the word ἄγνωστος will bear it. The passage runs thus : *Pallas* cast round a veil of air, that she might make him unknown, that she might instruct him, and that his Wife and friends might not know him

For so the Gods ordain'd to keep unseen
 His royal person from his friends and Queen ;
 'Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
 An ample vengeance to their injar'd Lord.

230

Now all the land another prospect bore,
 Another port appear'd, another shore,
 And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,
 And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.
 Pensive and slow, with sudden grief oppress'd
 The King arose, and beat his careful breast,
 Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
 And sought, around, his native realm in vain :
 Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
 And as he spoke, the tears began to flow.

235

240

Ye Gods ! (he cry'd) upon what barren coast
 In what new region is *Ulysses* tost ?
 Possess'd by wild Barbarians, fierce in arms ?
 Or Men, whose bosom tender Pity warms ?

him ; for thus *Homer* interprets ἀγῶστον in the very next line, μὴ γνοῖν ἀλοχος. It is therefore probable that this veil had a double effect, both to render *Ulysses* unknown to the country, and the country to *Ulysses*. I am persuaded that this is the true meaning of ἀγῶστος, from the usage of it in this very book of the *Odyssey*.

Ἄλλ' ἀγὲρ σ' ἀγῶστον τεύξω πάντεσσι βροτοῖσι.

Here it can possibly signify nothing, but *I will render thee unknown to all mankind* ; it is therefore probable, that in both places it bears the same signification.

Where

BOOK XIII. HOMER'S ODYSSEY. 199

Where shall this treasure now in safety lie? 245

And whither, whither its sad owner fly?

Ah why did I *Alcinous*' grace implore?

Ah why forsake *Phæacia*'s happy shore?

Some juster Prince perhaps had entertain'd,

And safe restor'd me to my native land. 250

Is this the promis'd, long expected coast,

And this the faith *Phæacia*'s rulers boast?

Oh righteous Gods? of all the great, how few

Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!

But he, the Pow'r to whose all seeing eyes 255

The deeds of men appear without disguise,

'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:

For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.

To count these presents, and from thence to prove

Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to *Jove*. 260

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,

The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:

ALL

V. 262. *The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er.*] The conduct of *Ulysses* in numb'ring his effects, has been censured by some Critics as avaritious: But we find him vindicated by *Plutarch* in his treatise of reading the Poets: "If (says that Author) *Ulysses* finding himself in a solitary place, and ignorant of the country, and having no security even for his own person, is nevertheless chiefly solicitous, for his effects, lest any part might have been stol'n; his covetousness is really to be pitied and detested. But this is not the case: He counts his goods merely to prove the fidelity of the *Phæacians*, and to gather from it, whether they had landed him upon his own country; for it was not probable that they would expose him in a strange region, and leave his
K 4 " goods

All these he found, but still in error lost
 Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
 Sighs for his country, and laments again 265
 To the deaf rocks, and hoarse resounding main.
 When lo! the guardian Goddess of the wise,
 Celestial *Pallas*, stood before his eyes;
 In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
 Who seem'd descended from some princely line, 270
 A graceful robe her slender body drest,
 Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,
 Her decent hand a shining Javelin bore,
 And painted Sandals on her feet she wore.
 To whom the King. Whoe'er of human race 275
 Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place!
 With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,
 To thee my treasures and myself commend.
 O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
 What air I breathe, what country I survey? 280
 The fruitful continent's extreamest bound,
 Or some fair isle which *Neptune's* arms surround?
 From what fair clime (said she) remote from fame,
 Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name?

" goods untouched, and by consequence reap no advantage from
 " their dishonesty: This therefore was a proper test, from which
 " to discover, if he was in his own country, and he deserved com-
 " mendation for his wisdom in that action.

Thou

Thou seest an Island, not to those unknown 285
 Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,
 Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign
 Behold him sinking in the western main.
 The rugged soil allows no level space
 For flying chariots or the rapid race; 290
 Yet not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
 Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:
 The loaded trees their various fruits produce;
 And clust'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice:

Woods

V. 293. *The loaded trees their various fruits produce.*] Nothing is more notorious than that an Epic writer ought to give importance and grandeur to his action as much as possible in every circumstance; here the Poet takes an opportunity to set the country of *Ulysses* in the most advantageous light, and shews that it was a prize worth the contest, and all the labour which *Ulysses* bestows to regain it. *Statius* is very faulty in this particular, he declaims against the designs he ascribes to his Heroes, he debases his own subject, and shews that the great labour he puts upon them was ill employ'd for so wretched and pitiful a kingdom as that of *Thebes*. *Thebaid. lib. 1.*

—— *Bellum est de paupere regno.*

But *Ulysses* was not King of *Ithaca* alone, but of *Zacynthus*, and *Cephalenia*, and the neighbouring Islands. This appears from the second book of the *Iliad*, where he leads his subjects to the walls of *Troy*.

*With those whom Cephalenia's Isle inclos'd,
 Or till'd their fields along the coast oppos'd,
 Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
 Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
 Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
 Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.*

Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove 295
 The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove :
 Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
 And rising springs eternal verdure yield.
 Ev'n to those shores is *Ithaca* renown'd,
 Where *Troy's* majestic ruins strow the ground. 300

It is true that *Ithaca* contains little more than fifty miles in circuit, now call'd *Val de compare* ; *Cephalenia* is larger, and is one hundred and sixty miles in circumference : *Zacynthus*, now *Zant*, is in circuit about sixty miles, unspeakably fruitful, says *Sandys*, producing the best oil in the world and excellent strong wines ; but the chief riches of the Island consist in *Corinths*, which the inhabitants of *Zant* have in such quantities that they know not what to do with them ; for besides private gains, amounting to fifteen hundred thousand *Zechins*, they yearly pay forty-eight thousand dollars for customs and other duties. It is impossible so little a portion of earth should be more beneficial.

This observation is necessary to shew the value of *Ulysses's* dominions, and that the subject of the *Odyssey* is not trivial and unimportant ; it is likewise of use to convince us, that the domestic cares and concerns of *Telemachus* proceeded not from meanness, but from the manners of the age ; when pomp and luxury had not yet found countenance from Princes ; and that when we see *Eumæus*, who has the charge of *Ulysses's* hogs, we are not to suppose him a person of low rank and fortunes, but an officer of State, and trust : The riches of those ages consisting in flocks and herds, in swine and oxen.

V. 299. *Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd.*] Nothing can more raise our esteem of the judgment of *Homer*, than such strokes of art. Here he introduces *Minerva* to let *Ulysses* into the knowledge of his country : How does she do this ? She Geographically describes it to him ; so that he must almost know it by the description : but still she suppresses the name, and this keeps him in a pleasing suspense ; he attends to every syllable to hear her name *Ithaca*, which she still defers, to continue his doubts and hopes, and at last in the very close of her speech she indirectly mentions it. This discovery in my judgment is carried on with great address, and cannot fail of awakening the curiosity of the Reader ; and I wonder how it could escape the observation of all the Commentators upon the *Odyssey*.

At this, the chief with transport was possest,
His panting heart exulted in his breast;
Yet well dissembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold, 305
His ready tale th' inventive hero told.

Oft have I heard in Crete, this Island's name;
For 'twas from Crete my native soil I came,
Self banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind. 310
From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew:
(With

V. 311. From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew.]

Eustatius observes, that this relation is not consonant to antient Histories, but invented to make the disguis'd *Ulysses* more acceptable to the suitors, should he be brought before them: For this person whom they could not know to be *Ulysses*, could not fail of finding favour with them, having slain the son of *Idomeneus* the friend of *Ulysses*: And though it be not recorded by the Antients, yet it may be conjectur'd, that *Orsilochus* was thus slain, tho' not by *Ulysses*. If the death of *Orsilochus* was a story that made a noise in the world about that time, it was very artful in *Ulysses* to make use of it, to gain credit with this seeming *Ithacan*; for he relating the Fact truly, might justly be believ'd to speak truly when he nam'd himself the Author of it, and consequently avoid all suspicion of being *Ulysses*. It is observable that *Ulysses* is very circumstantial in his story, he relates the time, the place, the manner, and the reason of his killing *Orsilochus*: this is done to give the story a greater air of truth; for it seems almost impossible that so many circumstances could be invented in a moment, and so well laid together as not to discover their own falsity. What he says concerning the *Phæacians* leaving his effects entire without any damage is not spoken (as *Eustatius* observes) in vain: he extolls the fidelity of the *Phæacians*, as an example:

(With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,

Due to the toils of many a bloody day)

Unseen I 'scap'd? and favour'd by the night

315

In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,

For

example to be imitated by this seeming *Ithacensian*, and makes it an argument that he should practise the same integrity, in not offering violence or fraud to his effects or person.

'Tis true, the manner of the death of *Orsilocbus* is liable to some objection, as it was executed clandestinely, and not heroically, as might be expected from the valour of *Ulysses*: but if it was truth that *Orsilocbus* was killed in that manner, *Ulysses* could not falsify the story: But in reality he is no way concern'd in it; for he speaks in the character of a *Cretan*, not in the person of *Ulysses*.

V. 316. In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,] The whole story of the voyages of *Ulysses* is related differently by *Diety Cretensis*, in his History of the war of *Troy*: I will transcribe it, if not as a truth, yet as a curiosity.

" About this time *Ulysses* arriv'd at *Crete* with two vessels hir'd of
 " the *Phœnicians*: For *Telamon*, enrag'd for the death of his Son
 " *Ajax*, had seiz'd upon all that belong'd to *Ulysses* and his com-
 " panions, and he himself was with difficulty set at liberty. While
 " he was in *Crete*, *Idomeneus* ask'd him how he fell into such great
 " calamities; to whom he recounted all his adventures. He told
 " him that after his departure from *Troy* he made an incursion upon
 " *Ismarus* of the *Ciconians*, and there got great booty; then touch-
 " ing upon the coast of the *Lotophagi*, he met with ill success, and
 " sail'd away to *Sicily*; there *Cyclops* and *Laestrygon* two brothers
 " used him barbarously; and at length he lost most of his compa-
 " nions through the cruelty of *Polybeme* and *Antipbates*, the sons
 " of *Cyclops* and *Laestrygon*; but being afterwards receiv'd into fa-
 " vour by *Polybeme*, his companions attempted to carry off *Arete*
 " the King's daughter, who was fall'n in love with *Elpenor*, one of
 " his associates; but the affair being discover'd, and *Ulysses* dismiss'd,
 " he sail'd away by the *Eolian* Islands, and came to *Circe* and *Cal-
 " lypsø*, who were both Queens of two Isles; there his companions
 " wasted some time in dalliance and pleasures: Thence he sail'd to
 " a people that were fam'd for magical incantations, to learn his
 " future fortunes. He escap'd the rocks of the *Sirens*, *Scylla* and
 " *Charybdis*, tho' he there lost many of his companions; then he
 " fell into the hands of *Phœnician* rovers, who spar'd him; and
 " afterwards coming to *Crete*, he was dismiss'd by *Idomeneus* with

" two

For *Pyle* or *Elis* bound : but tempests tost
And raging billows drove us on your coast.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land. 320

But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore, 325.
A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the god-like man :

"two vessels, and arriv'd at the coast of *Alcinous*, who being prevail'd upon by the glory of his name entertain'd him courteously :
"From him he learn'd that *Penelope* was address'd by thirty Princes ;
"upon this, with much intreaty, he persuaded *Alcinous* to undertake a voyage to re-establish him in his territories ; they set sail together, and concealing themselves with *Telemachus* 'till all things were concerted, they led their friends to the Palace, and slew the suitors oppress'd with sleep and drowziness."

The difference between the Poet and the Historian lies chiefly in what is here said of the death of *Orsilocbus* ; *Diety*s tells us, that *Ulysses* was entertain'd like a friend by *Idomeneus*, and *Homer* writes that he slew his Son ; now *Idomeneus* cannot be suppos'd to have favoured the murderer of his son : But this is no objection, if we consider that *Ulysses* speaks not as *Ulysses*, but in a personated character, and therefore *Orsilocbus* must be judg'd to have fallen by the hand of the person whose character *Ulysses* assumes ; that is, by a *Cretan*, and not *Ulysses*.

*Diety*s is suppos'd to have serv'd under this *Idomeneus*, and to have wrote an History of the Trojan war in *Phœnician* characters ; and *Tzetzes* tells us, that *Homer* form'd his Poem upon his plan ; but the History now extant publish'd by Mrs. *L'Feuvre* is a counterfeit : So that what I have here translated, is insert'd not as an authority, but as the opinion of an unknown writer ; and I lay no other weight upon it,

Then

Then chang'd her form ; and now, divinely bright,
 Jove's heav'nly daughter flood confes'd to fight. 330
 Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

O still the same *Ulysses* ! she rejoin'd,
 In useful craft successfully refin'd !
 Artful in speech, in action, and in mind ! 335
 Suffic'd it not, that thy long labours past
 Secure thou seest thy native shore at last ?
 But this to me ? who, like thy self, excell
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.

To

V. 338. ——— *Who, like thy self, excell
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.*]

It has been objected against *Homer*, that he gives a degree of dissimulation to his *Hero*, unworthy of a brave man, and an ingenuous disposition: Here we have a full vindication of *Ulysses*, from the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom; he uses only a prudent dissimulation; he is ἀλχιμβός, which we may almost literally render, *master of a great presence of mind*: that is, upon every emergency he finds an immediate resource to extricate himself from it. If his dissimulation had been vicious, it would have been an absurdity to have introduced *Minerva* praising and recommending it; on the contrary, all disguise which consists with innocence and prudence, is so far from being mean, that it really is a praise to a person who uses it. I speak not of common life, or as if men should always act under a mask, and in disguise; that indeed betrays design and insincerity: I only recommend it as an instance how men should behave in the article of danger, when it is as reputable to elude an enemy as to defeat one.

———— *dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit.*

This is the character of *Ulysses*, who uses only such artifice as is suggested by Wisdom, such as turns to his benefit in all extremities, such as *Minerva* may boast to practise without a rival among the
 Gods,

BOOK XIII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 207

To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine, 340

No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.

Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,

Thro' ten years wand'ring, and thro' ten years war;

Who taught thee arts, *Alcinous* to persuade,

To raise his wonder, and engage his aid : 345

And now appear, thy treasures to protect,

Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,

And tell what more thou must from fate expect. }

Domestic woes far heavier to be born !

The pride of fools, and slaves insulting scorn. 350

But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state ;

Yield to the force of unresisted fate,

And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,

The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.

Goddeſs of Wiſdom ! *Ithacus* replies, 355 }

He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,

So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe ! }

When the bold *Argives* led their warring pow'rs,

Againſt proud *Ilium's* well defended tow'rs ;

Ulyſſes was thy care, ceſteſtial maid ! 360

Grac'd with thy fight and favour'd with thy aid.

But when the *Trojan* piles in aſhes lay,

And bound for *Greece* we plow'd the wat'ry way ;

Gods, as much as *Ulyſſes* among mankind. In ſhort, this diſſimula-
tion in war may be call'd ſtratagem and conduct, in other exigencies
addreſs and dexterity ; nor is *Ulyſſes* criminal, but artful.

Our fleet dispers'd and driv'n from coast to coast,
 Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost : 365
 'Till I beheld thy radiant form- once more,
 And heard thy counsels on *Phæacia's* shore.
 But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
 Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?
 For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea 370
 Divide this coast from distant *Ithaca* ;
 The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
 To sooth my hopes, and mitigate my woes.
 Thus he. The blue ey'd Goddess thus replies.
 How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise ! 375
 Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring show,
 And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.
 The more shall *Pallas* aid thy just desires,
 And guard the wisdom which her self inspires.
 Others, long absent from their native place, 380
 Strait seek their home, and fly with eager pace
 To their wives arms, and children's dear embrace.

V. 369. *Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?*] It may appear somewhat extraordinary that *Ulysses* should not believe *Minerva*, who had already assur'd him that he was landed in his own country: But two answers may be given to this objection, and his doubts may be ascrib'd to his having lost the knowledge of it thro' his long absence; for that is the veil which is cast before his eyes; or to the nature of man in general, who when he desires any thing vehemently scarce believes himself in the possession of it, even while he possesses it. Nothing is more frequent than such expressions upon the Theater, and in the transport of an unexpected happiness, we are apt to think it a delusion; from hence the fears of *Ulysses* arise, and they are to be imputed to his vehement love of his country, not to his unbelief.

Not

Not thus *Ulysses*: he decrees to prove
His subjects faith, and Queen's suspected love;
Who mourn'd her Lord twice ten revolving Years, 385
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.

But *Pallas* knew (thy friends and navy lost,)
Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coast:
Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,
And mighty *Neptune's* unrelenting rage? 390

Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore.
Behold the port of *Phorcys*! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess 395

Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas:
Whose now-neglected altars, in thy reign,
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.
Behold! where *Neritus* the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides. 400

So spake the Goddess, and the prospect clear'd,
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.
The King with joy confess'd his place of birth,
And on his knees salutes his mother earth:
Then with his suppliant hands upheld in air, 405
Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his pray'r.

All hail! Ye virgin daughters of the main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!

To

To you once more your own *Ulysses* bows ;
 Attend his transports, and receive his vows ! 410
 If *Jove* prolong my days, and *Pallas* crown
 The growing virtues of my youthful son,
 To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
 And grateful off'rings on your altars laid.

Then thus *Minerva*. From that anxious breast 415
 Dismiss those cares, and leave to heav'n the rest.
 Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
 Deep in the close recesses of the cave :
 Then future means consult ——— she spoke, and trod
 The shady grot, that brightned with the God. 420
 The closest caverns of the grot she sought ;
 The gold, the brass, the robes, *Ulysses* brought ;
 These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd ;
 The entrance with a rock the Goddess clos'd.

Now seated in the Olive's sacred shade 425
 Confer the Hero and the Martial Maid.
 The Goddess of the azure eyes began :
 Son of *Laertes* ! much experienc'd man !
 The suitor-train thy early't care demand,
 Of that luxurious race to rid the land : 430
 Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
 And proud addressers to the matchless Queen.
 But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
 And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away :

BOOK XIII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 211

Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives 435

Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

To this *Ulysses*. Oh celestial maid !

Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid :

Else had I seen my native walls in vain,

Like great *Atrides* just restor'd and slain. 440

Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,

And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.

Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,

As when we wrapt *Troy's* heav'n-built walls in fire.

Tho' leagu'd against me hundred Heroes stand, 445

Hundreds shall fall, if *Pallas* aid my hand.

She answer'd: In the dreadful day of fight

Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.

If thou but equal to thy self be found,

What gasping numbers then shall press the ground ! 450

V. 445. *Tho' leagu'd against me hundreds, &c.*] Nothing is more judicious than this conduct in *Homer*; the whole number of suitors are to be slain by a few hands, which might shock our reason if it were related suddenly, without any preparation to shew us the probability of it: This is the intent of *Homer* in this and various other places of the *Odyssey*: he softens the relation, and reconciles us to it by such insertions, before he describes that great event. The Antients (says *Eustathius*) would not here allow *Ulysses* to speak hyperbolically; he is that Hero whom we have already seen in the *Iliad* resist whole bands of *Trojans*, when the *Greeks* were repuls'd, where he slew numbers of enemies, and sustain'd their assaults till he was disengaged by *Ajax*. Besides, there is an excellent moral in what *Ulysses* speaks; it contains this certain truth, (adds *Dacier*) that a man assisted by Heaven, has not only nothing to fear, but is assur'd to triumph over all the united powers of mankind.

What

What human victims stain the feast-ful floor !
 How wide the pavements float with guilty gore !
 It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
 And secret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.
 For this, my hand shall wither every grace, 455
 And ev'ry elegance of form and face,
 O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
 Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
 Disfigure ev'ry limb with coarse attire,
 And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire ; 460
 Add all the wants and the decays of life,
 Estrange thee from thy own, thy son, thy wife ;
 From the loath'd object every sight shall turn,
 And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.
 Go first the master of thy herds to find, 465
 True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind :

For

V. 452. *How wide the pavements float with guilty gore !*] The words in the Greek are ἄσπιτον Ἰθάκας, which Eustathius imagines to signify the land of Ithaca ; for the hall even of a Palace is too narrow to be stil'd immense or ἄσπιτον. But this contradicts the matter of fact, as appears from the place where the suitors were slain, which was not in the fields of Ithaca, but in the Palace of Ulysses : ἄσπιτον really signifies large or spacious ; and a Palace that could entertain at one time so great a number of suitors might be call'd vast or ἄσπιτος, which Hesychius interprets by λίαν πάλυς, μέγας. Dacier.

V. 465. *Go first the master of thy herds to find.*] There are many reasons why this injunction was necessary : The Hero of a Poem ought never to be out of sight, never out of action : neither is Ulysses idle in this recess, he goes thither to acquaint himself with the

For thee he fights; and to the royal heir

And chaste *Penelope* extends his care.

At the *Coracian* rock he now resides,

Where *Arethusa's* fable water glides;

470

The fable water and the copious mast

Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!

With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,

And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.

Me into other realms my cares convey,

475

To *Sparta*, still with female beauty gay:

For know, to *Sparta*, thy lov'd offspring came,

To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.

At this the father, with a father's care.

Must he too suffer: he, oh Goddess! bear

480

Of wand'rings and of woes a wretched share?

Thro' the wild ocean plow the dang'rous way,

And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?

Why would'st not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind!

Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?

485

the condition of his affairs, both public and domestic: he there lays the plan for the destruction of the suitors, enquires after their numbers, and the state of *Penelope* and *Telemachus*. Besides, he here resides in full security and privacy, 'till he has prepar'd all things for the execution of the great event of the whole *Odyssey*.

V. 469. *Coracian rock*] This rock was so call'd from a young man whose name was *Corax*, who in pursuit of an Hare fell from it and broke his neck: *Arethusa* his mother hearing of the accident hang'd her self by the fountain, which afterwards took its name from her, and was call'd *Arethusa*. *Eustathius*.

To

To whom *Minerva*. Be thy soul at rest;
 And know, whatever heav'n ordains, is best.
 To Fame I sent him, to acquire renown:
 To other regions is his virtue known.
 Secure he sits, near great *Atrides* plac'd; 490
 With friendships strengthen'd, and with honours grac'd.
 But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;
 Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:
 In vain! far sooner all the murth'rous brood
 This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood. 495

She spake, then touch'd him with her pow'rful wand:
 The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
 A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
 A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
 Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd 500
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
 In rags dishonest flutters with the air:

A flag's

V. 502. *His robe, which spots indelible besmear, &c.*] I doubt not but *Homer* draws after the life. We have the whole equipage and accoutrements of a beggar, yet so drawn by *Homer*, as even to retain a nobleness and dignity; let any person read the description, and he will be convinc'd of it; what can be more lofty and sonorous than this verse?

Ῥαγάδια, ἑνπύοντα κακῶ μεμορυνμένα καπνῶ.

It is no humility to say that a translator must fall short of the original in such passages; the *Greek* language has words noble and sounding to express all subjects, which are wanting in our tongue; 505

A stag's torn hide is lapt around his reins ;
 A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains ; 505
 And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
 Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
 So look'd the Chief, so mov'd ! To mortal eyes
 Object uncouth ! a man of miseries !
 While *Pallas*, cleaving the wide fields of air, 510
 To *Sparta* flies, *Telemachus* her care.

all that is to be expected is to keep the diction from appearing mean or ridiculous. They are greatly mistaken who impute this disguise of *Ulysses* in the form of a beggar, as a fault to *Homer* ; there is nothing either absurd or mean in it ; for the way to make a King undiscoverable, is to dress him as unlike himself as possible. *David* counterfeited madness, as *Ulysses* poverty, and neither of them ought to lye under any imputation ; it is easy to vindicate *Homer*, from the disguise of the greatest persons and Generals in History, upon the like emergencies ; but there is no occasion for it.

V. 510. *While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,
 To Sparta flies,*—————

Homer is now preparing to turn the relation from *Ulysses* to *Telemachus*, whom we left at *Sparta* with *Menelaus* in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*. He has been long out of sight, and we have heard of none of his actions ; *Telemachus* is not the Hero of the Poem : he is only an under Agent, and consequently the Poet was at liberty to omit any or all of his adventures, unless such as have a necessary connexion with the story of the *Odyssey*, and contribute to the re-establishment of *Ulysses* ; by this method likewise *Homer* gives variety to his Poetry, and breaks or gathers up the thread of it, as it tends to diversify the whole : We may consider an Epic Poem as a spacious garden, where there are to be different walks and views, lest the eye should be tired with too great a regularity and uniformity : The chief avenue ought to be the most ample and noble, but there should be by-walks to retire into sometimes for our ease and refreshment. The Poet thus gives us several openings to draw us forward with pleasure ; and though the great event of the Poem be chiefly in view, yet he sometimes leads us aside into other short passages which end in it

it again, and bring us with pleasure to the conclusion of it. Thus, for instance, *Homer* begins with the story of *Telemachus* and the Suitors; then he leaves them a-while, and more largely lays before us the adventures of *Ulysses*, the Hero of his Poem; when he has satisfy'd the curiosity of the Reader by a full narration of what belongs to him, he returns to *Telemachus* and the Suitors: at length he unites the two stories, and proceeds directly to the end of the *Odyssey*. Thus, all the collateral and indirect passages fall into one center, and main point of view. The eye is continually entertain'd with some new object, and we pass on from incident to incident, not only without fatigue, but with pleasure and admiration.



II.

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THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



HE

VOL. III.

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The



THE ARGUMENT.

The Conversation with Eumæus.

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the House of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old Servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other Conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.



THE

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HE



*Ulysses arrives at Eumeus's Shepherd's House
where he's Assaulted by the Dogs.*



THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

BUT he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd
Thro' mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests over-hung.

Eumæus

We see in this book the character of a faithful, wise, benevolent old man in *Eumæus*; one happily innocent, unambitious, and wholly employed in rural affairs. The whole interview between *Ulysses* and *Eumæus* has fallen into ridicule: *Eumæus* has been judged to be of the same rank and condition with our modern swineherds. But herds and flocks were then kept and attended by the sons of Kings; thus *Paris* watched the flocks of *Peïum* in the groves of *Ida*, and the same is said of many of the Heroes in the *Iliad*; these offices were places

Eumæus at his Sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.

5

Ulysses

of dignity, and filled by persons of birth; and such was *Eumæus*, descended from a Prince, named *Ctefius*: Thus the Master of the *Horse* is a post of Honour in modern ages.

It is in Poetry, as in Painting; where the artist does not confine himself to draw only Gods or Heroes, Palaces and Princes; but he frequently employs his pencil in representing Landscapes, rural scenes, groves, cottages, and shepherds tending their flocks.

There is a passage in Monsieur *Boileau*'s reflections upon *Longinus*, which fully vindicates all the places of *Homer* that have been censur'd as low and too familiar. "There is nothing (observes that Author) that more disgraces a composition than the use of vulgar words: A mean thought expressed in noble terms, is generally more taking than a noble thought debased by mean terms: The reason is, every person cannot judge of the justness and strength of a thought, but there are very few, especially in living languages, who are not shocked at mean words: and yet almost all writers fall into this fault. *Longinus* accuses *Herodotus*, the most polite of all the Greek Historians, of this defect; and *Livy*, *Sallust* and *Virgil* have fall'n under the same imputation. Is it not then very surprizing that no reproach upon this account has fallen upon *Homer*? especially, though he has composed two large Poems, and though no Author has descended more frequently into the detail of little particularities; yet he never uses terms which are not noble, or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that as *Dionysius Halicarnassus* observes, they become noble and harmonious. We may learn from hence the ignorance of those modern Criticks, who judge of the Greek without the knowledge of it; and having never read *Homer* but in low and inelegant translations, impute the Meanness of the Translator to the Poet. Besides, the words of different languages are not exactly correspondent, and it often happens, that an expression which is noble in the Greek cannot be rendered in a version but by words that are either mean in the sound or usage. Thus *asus*, and *asinus* in Latin, are mean to the last degree; though *ὄνος* in the Greek be used in the most magnificent descriptions, and has nothing mean in it; in like manner the terms *Hogherd* and *Cowkeeper*, are not to be used in our Poetry; but there are no finer words in the Greek language than *βουκόλος* and *οἰκωτής*: And *Virgil*, who entitles his *Eclogues* *Bucolics* in the Roman tongue, would have been ashamed to call them in our language the *Dialogues of Cowkeepers*."

Homer

Ulysses found him busied at he fate

Before the threshold of his rustic gate;

Around

Homer himself convinces us of the truth of this Observation; nay, one would imagine that he intended industriously to force it upon our notice; for he frequently calls *Eumæus* Ὀρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, or *Prince of men*; and his common epithet is θεῖος or δῖος ὑφορβός. *Homer* would not have applied these appellations to him, if he had not been a person of dignity; it being the same title that he bestows upon his greatest Heroes *Ulysses* or *Achilles*.

V. i. But be, deep-musing, o'er the mountain stray'd.] I shall transcribe the observation of *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* upon the first verses in this book: The same method, remarks that Author, makes both prose and verse beautiful; which consists in these three things, the judicious coaptation and ranging of the words, the position of the members and parts of the verse, and the various measure of the periods. Whoever would write elegantly, must have regard to the different turn and juncture of every period, there must be proper distances and pauses; every verse must be a compleat sentence, but broken and interrupted, and the parts made unequal, some longer, some shorter to give a variety of cadence to it. Neither the turn of the parts of the verse, nor the length, ought to be alike. This is absolutely necessary: For the Epic or Heroic verse is of a fixed determinate length, and we cannot, as in the Lyric, make one longer, and another shorter; therefore to avoid an identity of cadence, and a perpetual return of the same periods, it is requisite to contract, lengthen, and interrupt the pause and structure of the members of the verses, to create an harmonious inequality, and out of a fixed number of syllables to raise a perpetual diversity. For instance,

Ἄντ' ὃ ἐκ λιμένος προσέειπ' ἄταρ πῶρ.

Here one line makes one sentence; the next is shorter,

Χῶρον αὖ ὑλήντα ———

The next is still shorter,

——— δι' ἄκριας ———

The next sentence composes two Hemistichs,

——— Ἴη δὲ Ἀθήνη

Πίφραδε δῖον ὑφορβόν ———

Around the mansion in a circle shone

A rural Portico of rugged stone;

10

(In

and is entirely unlike any of the preceding periods.

——— Ὅ δὲ βίβροισι μάλα
ἔηδον αἰχάν ὅς κτήσατο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς.

Here again the sentence is not finish'd with the former verse, but breaks into the fourth line; and lest we should be out of breath, with the length of the sentence, the period and the verse conclude together at the end of it.

Then *Homer* begins a new sentence, and makes it pause differently from any of the former.

Τὸν δ' αὖρ ἐν προδρόμῳ αὖρ' ἤμεινον ———

Then he adds,

——— Ἐρθε δὲ αὖλῃ
'Υψηλὴ δίδρακτο ———

This is perfectly unequal to the foregoing period, and the pause of the sentence is carry'd forward into the second verse; and what then follows is neither distinguish'd by the pauses nor parts periodically, but almost at every word there is a stop.

——— Περικίπῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ,
Καλῶτε, μεγαλύντε.

No doubt but *Homer* was a perfect master of numbers; a man can no more be a Poet than a Musician, without a good ear, as we usually express it. 'Tis true, that versification is but the Mechanism of Poetry, but it sets off good sense to the best advantage, 'tis a colouring that enlivens the portrait, and makes even a beauty more agreeable.

I will conclude this note, with observing what *Mr. Dryden* says of these two lines from *Cowper's Hill*,

*Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without overflowing full.*

“ There

(In absence of his Lord, with honest toil
 His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile)
 The wall was stone from neighb'ring quarries born,
 Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
 And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke 15
 Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak ;
 Frequent and thick. Within the space were rear'd
 Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.
 Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd ;
 The males without (a smaller race) remain'd ; 20
 Doom'd to supply the Suitors wastful feast,
 A stock by daily luxury decreas'd ;
 Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
 Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
 Here sat *Eumæus*, and his cares apply'd 25
 To form strong buskins of well-season'd hyde.

Of

" There are few (says he) who make verses, that have observ'd the
 " sweetness of these lines, and fewer who can find the reason of
 " it." But I believe no one will be at a loss to solve the difficulty
 who considers this observation of *Dionysius*: and I doubt not but the
 chief sweetness arises from the judicious and harmonious pauses of
 the several periods of the verses ; not to mention the happy choice of
 the words, in which there is scarce one rough consonant, many li-
 quids, and those liquids soften'd with a multitude of vowels.

V. 25. *Here sat Eumæus, and his cares apply'd, &c.*] I doubt not
 but this employment of *Eumæus* has been another cause of the mean
 character that has been form'd of his condition: But this mistake
 arises from our judging of the dignity of men from the employments
 they follow'd three thousand years past, by the notions we have of
 those employments at present ; and because they are now only the
 occupation of the vulgar, we imagine that they were so formerly :
 Kings and Princes in the earlier ages of the world labour'd in arts
 and

Of four assistants who his labour share,
Three now were absent on the rural care ;

The

and occupations, and were above nothing that tended to promote the conveniencies of life ; they perform'd that with their own hands, which we now perform by those of our servants : If this were not so, the cookery of *Achilles* in the *Iliad* would equally disparage that *Hero*, as this employment would disgrace *Eumæus* in the *Odyssey* : Arts were then in their infancy, and were honourable to the practisers : Thus *Ulysses* builds a vessel with his own hands, as skilfully as a Shipwright.

Besides, even at this day Arts are in high esteem in the oriental world, and are practis'd by the greatest personages. Every man in *Turky* is of some trade ; Sultan *Achmet* was a maker of Ivory Rings, which the *Turks* wear upon their thumbs when they shoot their arrows, and in this occupation he work'd several hours daily ; and another of their Emperors was deposed, because he refused to work in his occupation.

It must be confessed that our Translations have contributed to give those who are unacquainted with the *Greek*, a mean Idea of *Eumæus*. This place is thus render'd by two of his Translators.

*Himself there sate ord'ring a pair of brogues,
Of a py'd bullock's skin——*

*Himself was leather to his foot applying,
Made of a good cow-hide well coloured.*

Whereas *Homer* is as lofty and harmonious, as these are flat and inelegant.

Ἄντ'ος δ' ἀμφὶ πόδισσιν ἰοῖς ἀράρισκε πέδιλα
Τάμων δέρμα βοῶν, εὐχρoές.

'Tis true, a Translator in such places as these has an hard task ; a language like the *Greek*, which is always flowing, musical, and sonorous, is very difficult to be imitated in other tongues, especially where the corresponding words are not equally significant and graceful. In short, the Reader is to consider this whole description as a true picture of antient life ; and then he will not fail of the pleasure of knowing how the great men of antient times passed their lives, and how those Heroes, who perform'd such noble parts on the publick stage

The fourth drove victims to the suitor train :

But he, of antient faith, a simple swain, 30

Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,

And wearied heav'n with wishes for his Lord.

Soon as *Ulysses* near th' enclosure drew,

With open mouths the furious mastives flew :

Down sat the Sage ; and cautious to withstand, 35

Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.

stage of life, acted in private when withdrawn from notice and observation. Those ages retain'd an universal simplicity of manners : *Telemachus* and *Eumæus* have both dogs for their attendants ; nay, and in later times, before luxury prevail'd among the *Romans*, we read of a Dictator brought from the plough, to lead the bravest soldiers in the world to conquer it.

V. 35. Down sat the Sage ; and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.]

Homer has been censur'd for representing his Hero unworthily : Is it probable that he who had met whole armies in battle, should now throw away his staff out of fear of a dog ? that he should abandon his defence by casting himself on the ground, and leave himself to his mercy ? But *Eustathius* fully vindicates *Ulysses*. It is a natural defence to avert the fury of a dog, to cast away our weapons, to show that we intend him no violence. *Pliny* has the like observation in the eighth book of his Natural History : *Impetus canum & scævitia mitigatur ab homine bumi confidente.*

All that *Homer* says of the dogs, is imitated by *Theocritus*, *Idyll.* 25. v. 68.

Θεσπέσιον δ' ὑλάοντες ἐπέδραμον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος
Τῆς μὲν ὄγε λάισσιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὅσπον αἰείρων
Φεύγμεν ἅψ' ὀπίσω διδίσσμετο, &c.

What *Homer* speaks of *Ulysses*, *Theocritus* applies to *Hercules* ; a demonstration that he thought it to be a picture of Nature, and therefore inserted it in that Heroic *Idyllium*.

Sudden, the master runs; aloud he calls;
 And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
 With show'rs of stones he drives them far away;
 The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay.

40

Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain
 Began with accent gracious and humane)

What

V. 37. *Sudden, the master runs, &c.*] This is thought to be an adventure that really happen'd to the Poet himself; it is related in the life of *Homer* ascrib'd to *Herodotus*. *Thestorides* having persuaded *Homer* to permit him to transcribe his verses, he immediately remov'd to *Cbios*, and proclaim'd himself the Author: *Homer* being inform'd of it, set sail for *Cbios*, and landing near it, he was in danger of being torn in pieces by the dogs of *Glaucus*, who protected him, and receiv'd him hospitably: The Poet in return labour'd to reward his kindness, by relating to him the most curious of his adventures that had happen'd in the course of his voyages. When therefore (adds *Dacier*) we see *Ulysses* entertain'd by *Eumæus*, we have the satisfaction of imagining we see *Homer* himself in discourse with his courteous friend *Glaucus*.

V. 41. ——— *Thus the faithful swain, &c.*] The words in the Greek are *ἰὸς ὑποβοῆς*, literally render'd, *the divine swineherd*, which are Burlesque in modern languages, and would have been no less in Greek, if the person of *Eumæus* had not been honourable, and his office a station of dignity: For the sole reason why such a translation would now be ridiculous, is because such employments are now fall'n into contempt. Let any person ask this question, Would *Homer* have apply'd the epithet *divine* to a modern swineherd? If he would not, it is an evidence that *Eumæus* was a man of consequence, and his post a place of honour; otherwise *Homer* would have been guilty of burlesquing his own Poetry.

Dacier very well remarks, that the words *Eumæus* here speaks, and indeed his whole conversation, shew him to be a person of a good education, and of noble and pious sentiments; he discovers a natural and flowing Eloquence, and appears to be a man of great humanity and wisdom.

There is a peculiarity in *Homer's* manner of apostrophizing *Eumæus*, and speaking of him in the second person; it is generally apply'd by that Poet only to men of account and distinction, and by it the Poet, as it were, addresses them with respect; thus in the *Iliad* he introduces *Menelaus*,

Ovid

What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy rev'rend age had met a shameful fate?
Enough of woes already have I known; 45
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.
While here, (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;
Perhaps supported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapless Lord! 50
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the share 55
Of woes and wand'rings thou wert born to bear?

He said, and seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest,
A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed. 60
Joy touch'd the Hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind:

Οὐδ' αἶψα, Μινίλαϊ, θεοὶ ἰλάσονται.

———Τὸνδ' προσίφη Πεισορόκῃ,

This enlivens the diction, and awakens the attention of the Reader. *Eustatius* observes that *Eumæus* is the only person of whom *Homer* thus speaks in the whole *Odyssey*: No doubt (continues that Author) he does it out of love of this benevolent old servant of *Ulysses*; and to honour and distinguish his fidelity.

And

And oh, ye Gods! with all your blessings grace
(He thus broke forth) this Friend of Human race!

The swain reply'd. It never was our guise 65
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise.

For *Jove* unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis *Jove* that sends the stranger and the poor.

Little alas! is all the good I can,

A man oppress'd, dependant, yet a man: 70

Accept such treatment as a swain affords,

Slave to the insolence of youthful Lords!

Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd

That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!

To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd, 75

And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:

But

V. 66. *To slight the poor, or aught humane despise.*

For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,

'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.]

This passage contains an admirable lecture of Morality and Humanity. The person who best understood the beauty of it, and best explain'd the precepts it comprehends, was *Epictetus*, from whom Monsieur *Dacier* furnishes us with this explication from *Arrian*: "Keep (says that Author) continually in thy memory, "what *Eumæus* "speaks in *Homer* to the disguis'd *Ulysses*." O friend, it is unlawful to despise the stranger; speak thus to thy brother, father, and neighbour: It is my duty to use you with benevolence, tho' your circumstances were meaner than they are; for you come from God. Here we see *Epictetus* borrowing his Morality from *Homer*; and Philosophy embellish'd with the ornaments of Poetry. Indeed there is scarce any writer of name among all the Antients that has not been obliged to *Homer*, whether Moralists, Poets, Philosophers, or Legislators.

V. 75. *To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,*

And more, had Fate allow'd ———]

This passage has been greatly mistaken by almost all who have translated *Homer*: the words at first view seem to imply that *Ulysses* had given

But Fate condemned him to a foreign shore ;
 Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
 Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd :
 Ah perish *Helen* ! perish all her kind ! 80
 For whose curs'd cause, in *Agamemnon*'s name,
 He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.

His vest succinct then girding round his waste,
 Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,
 Strait to the lodgments of his herd he run, 85
 Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun ;
 Of two, his cutlace launch'd the spouting blood ;
 These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,

given *Eumæus* a wife, a house, and an inheritance ; but this is not the meaning. The words are thus to be render'd, "*Ulysses* (says "*Eumæus*) greatly loved me, and gave me a possession, and such " things as an indulgent Master gives a faithful servant ; namely a " wife, inheritance, and an house : " These gifts are to be apply'd to "*Ἀναξ* *ἔνθυμος*, and not to *Ulysses*, and the sentence means that it is the custom of good Kings in that manner to reward their faithful servants. It is very evident from *Homer*, that *Ulysses* had not yet given a Wife to *Eumæus*, for he promises him and *Philæus* all these rewards, lib. 21. of the *Odyssey*.

Ἀξομαι ἀμφοτέροις ἀλόχους, καὶ κτήματ' ὅπασσω,
 Οἰκία τ' ἱγυὺς ἱμῖο τιτυγμῖνα, καὶ μοι ἔπιτα
 Τηλεμάχῃ ἱτάρω τε, κασιγνήτῳ τε ἴσισδον.

It appears therefore that *Eumæus* was not married, and therefore this whole period is to be apply'd to the word *Ἀναξ*, and not to *Ulysses*. *Eustathius*.

I will only add that in the above-mentioned verses *Ulysses* promises that *Eumæus* shall be the companion and brother of *Telemachus* ; an instance, that he was not a vulgar person whom *Ulysses* thus honours, by making him ally'd to the Royal Family.

All hasty on the hissing coals he threw ;
 And smoaking back the tasteful viands drew, 90
 Broachers and all ; then on the board display'd
 The ready meal before *Ulysses* lay'd,
 (With flour imbrown'd) next mingled wine yet new,
 And luscious as the Bees nectareous dew :
 Then sat companion of the friendly feast, 95
 With open look, and thus bespoke his guest.

Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
 Such food as falls to simple servants share ;
 The best our Lords consume ; those thoughtless Peers,
 Rich without bounty, guilty without fears ! 100
 Yet sure the Gods their impious acts detest,
 And honour justice and the righteous breast.
 Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
 The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
 To whom offending men are made a prey 105
 When *Jove* in vengeance gives a land away ;
 Ev'n these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
 Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast ;
 Some voice of God close whisp'ring from within,
 " Wretch ! this is villany, and this is sin." 110

V. 93. (With flour imbrown'd) We find here a custom of Amiquity: This flour was made of parch'd corn ; when the Antients sed upon any thing that had not been offer'd in sacrifice, they sprinkled it with flour, which was used instead of the hallow'd barley, with which they consecrated their victims. I doubt not, (since some honours were paid to the Gods in all feasts) but that this sprinkling of flour by *Eumæus* was an act of religion. *Dacier*.

But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
 That tells, the great *Ulysses* is no more.
 Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
 Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
 Constant as *Jove* the night and day bestows, 115
 Bleeds a whole *hetacomb*, a vintage flows.
 None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
 O'er the fair Islands of the neighb'ring main.
 Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
 The wide-extended continents obey: 120
 First on the main land, of *Ulysses*' breed
 Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on Ocean's margin feed;

As

V. 122. *Twelve herds, twelve flocks, &c.*] I have already remark'd that *Ulysses* was a wealthy King, and this place is an instance of it. He is master of twelve herds of Oxen, which probably amounted to fourteen thousand four hundred head; for if we count the herds by the same way of computation as the droves of swine, they will make that number, each drove consisting of twelve hundred: for tho' *Homer* mentions but three hundred and sixty boars, yet he tells us, the reason why they were inferior to the females was because of the luxury of the Suitors. If this be allow'd, then he had likewise the same number of sheep, and as many hogs: for *Eumæus* had the charge only of one herd, eleven more were under the care of other officers: *Ulysses* likewise had thirteen thousand two hundred goats. This will appear to be a true calculation from the words of *Homer*, who tells us that twenty of the greatest Heroes of the age were not so wealthy as *Ulysses*.

The old Poets and Historians to express a person of great riches gave him the epithet of *πολυμήδων*, *ποθωαριών*, or *πολύρηνος*; that is, "a person that had a great number of sheep or cattle, or a person of great wealth;" This is likewise evident from the holy Scriptures: *David* had his officers, like *Ulysses*, to attend his flocks and herds: Thus 1 *Chron.* xxvii. *Jehonathan* was set over his treasures in the field, cities and villages; *Shimei* over his vineyards; *Zabdi* over his wines; *Baal-banan* over his olive trees, and *Joash* over his oil: He had herdsmen that had charge over his cattle, sheep, camels

232 HOMER'S ODYSSEY. BOOK XIV.

As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd ;
 As many lodgments for the tusky herd ;
 Those foreign keepers guard : and here are seen 125
 Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green ;
 To native pastors is their charge assign'd,
 And mine the care to feed the bristly kind :
 Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
 All to the suitors wastful board preferr'd. 130

Thus he, benevolent ; his unknown guest
 With hunger keen devours the fav'ry feast ;
 While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast. }
 Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide ; 135
 The King with smiling looks his joy exprest,
 And thus the kind inviting host address.

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
 So rich, so potent, whom you stile your Lord ?
 Late with such affluence and possessions blest, 140
 And now in honour's glorious bed at rest.

camels and asses. It was by cattle that the antient Kings enrich'd themselves from the earliest ages : Thus no less a person than *Pharaoh*, a powerful King of *Ægypt*, gave *Joseph* leave to appoint his brethren to be Rulers over his cattle ; and we read in all the *Greek* Poets, that the wealth of Kings originally consisted in herds and flocks. They lose much of the Pleasure of *Homer* who read him only as a Poet : he gives us an exact Image of antient life, their manners, customs, laws, and Politics ; and it must double our satisfaction, when we consider that in reading *Homer* we are reading the most antient Author in the world, except the great Lawgiver *Moses*.

Whoever

Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (so the Gods, and so the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land. 145

Small is the faith, the Prince and Queen ascribe
(Reply'd *Eumæus*) to the wand'ring tribe.
For needy strangers still to flatt'ry fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lye.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here, 150
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image rise,
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.

Such thou may'st be: But he whose name you crave
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave, 155
Or food for fish, or dogs, his reliques lie,
Or torn by birds are scatter'd thro' the sky.

So perish'd he: and left (for ever lost)
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
So mild a master never shall I find: 160

Less dear the parents whom I left behind,
Less soft my mother, less my father kind. }

Not with such transport wou'd my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native shore,
As lov'd *Ulysses* once more to embrace, 165
Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.

That

That name, for ever dread, yet ever dear,
 Ev'n in his absence I pronounce with fear;
 In my respect he bears a Prince's part,
 But lives a very Brother in my heart. 170

Thus spoke the faithful Swain, and thus rejoin'd
 The Master of his grief, the man of patient mind.
Ulysses, friend! shall view his old abodes,
 (Distrustful as thou art) nor doubt the Gods,
 Nor speak I rashly but with faith averr'd, 175
 And what I speak attesting heav'n has heard.
 If so, a cloak and vesture be my need;
 'Till his return, no title shall I plead,
 Tho' certain be my news, and great my need. }
 Whom Want itself can force untruths to tell, 180
 My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

Thou first be witness, hospitable *Jove*!
 And ev'ry God inspiring social love!
 And witness ev'ry household pow'r that waits
 Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates! 185
 Ere

V. 167. *That name for ever dread, &c.*] *Eustathius* excellently explains the sentiment of *Eumæus*, which is full of tenderness and humanity. I will not call *Ulysses*, cries *Eumæus*, by the name of *Ulysses*, for from strangers he receives that appellation; I will not call him my Master, for as such he never was towards me; I will then call him Brother, for he always used me with the tenderness of a brother. *Ἠδείο*; properly signifies an elder brother.

What I would further observe is the wonderful art of *Homer* in exalting the character of his Hero: He is the bravest and the best of men, good in every circumstance of life: Valiant in war, patient in adversity, a kind father, husband, and master, as well as a mild and merciful

Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
His antient realms *Ulysses* shall survey,

merciful King: By this conduct the Poet deeply engages our affections in the good or ill fortune of the Hero: He makes himself master of our passions, and we rejoice or grieve at his success or calamity through the whole *Odyssey*.

V. 186. *Ere the next moon increase or this decay.*] These verses have been thought to be used enigamatically by *Ulysses*.

Τῷ δ' αὐτῷ λυκάεργος ἰδυσαίται ἐνιαὶ Ὀδυσσεύς,
Τῷ μὲν φθιόντος μηνός, τῷ δ' ἰσαμένιο.

In the former verse *Eustathius* tells us there is a various reading, and judges that it ought to be written τῷ δ' αὐτῷ, and not τῷ δ' αὐτῷ; and it must be allow'd that the repetition of τῷ gives a greater emphasis to the words, and agrees better with the vehemence of the speaker in making his asseveration.

The latter verse in the obvious sense seems to mean that *Ulysses* would return in the space of a month, and so *Eumæus* understood it; but in reality it means in the compass of a day. *Solan* was the first who discover'd the latent sense of it, as *Plutarch* informs us; "*Solan*, says that Author, observing the inequality of the months, and that the Moon neither agreed with the rising or setting of the Sun, but that often in the same day she over-took and went before it, nam'd that same day *ἡμέρα αἰών*, the old and new Moon; and allotted that part of the day that preceded the Conjunction, to the old Moon, and the other part of it to the new; from hence we may judge that he was the first that comprehended the sense of this verse of *Homer*."

Τῷ μὲν φθιόντος μηνός, τῷ δ' ἰσαμένιο.

"Accordingly he nam'd the following day, the day of the new Moon. *Ulysses* then means that he will return on the last day of the month, for on that day the Moon is both old and new; that is, she finishes one month, and begins another." This is taken from the life of *Solan*; but whether the obvious sense in which *Eumæus* is suppos'd to understand it, or the latent meaning of *Solan* be preferable, is submitted to the Reader's judgment; I confess I see no occasion to have recourse to that mysterious explication: What *Ulysses* intended was to certify *Eumæus*, that *Ulysses* would assuredly return very speedily; and the verse will have this effect, if it be understood literally

In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return.

Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more 190

Shall lov'd *Ulysses* hail this happy shore,

(Reply'd *Eumæus* :) To the present hour

Now turn thy thought, and joys within our pow'r.

From sad Reflection let my soul repose;

The name of him awakes a thousand woes. 195

But guard him Gods! and to these arms restore!

Not his true comfort can desire him more;

Not old *Laertes*, broken with despair;

Not young *Telemachus*, his blooming heir.

Alas, *Telemachus*! my sorrows flow 200

Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!

Like some fair plant set by a heav'nly hand,

He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land;

In all the youth his father's image shin'd,

Bright in his person, brighter in his mind. 205

What man, or God, deceiv'd his better sense,

Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?

To distant *Pylos* hapless is he gone,

To seek his father's fate, and find his own!

literally and plainly; besides, *Ulysses* is to continue in an absolute disguise, why then should he endanger a discovery, by using an ambiguous sentence, which might possibly be understood? but if it was so dark that it was utterly unintelligible to *Eumæus*, then it is used in vain, and a needless ambiguity.

BOOK XIV. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 237

For traytors wait his way, with dire-design 210

To end at once the great *Arceſian* line.

But let us leave him to their wills above ;

The fates of men are in the hand of *Jove*.

And now, my venerable gueſt ! declare

Your name, your parents, and your native air ? 215

Sincere from whence begun your courſe relate,

And to what ſhip I owe the friendly freight ?

Thus he : and thus (with prompt invention bold)

The cautious Chief his ready ſtory told.

On dark reſerve what better can prevail, 220

Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,

Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place

Confer, and wines and eates the table grace ;

But moſt, the kind inviter's chearful face ?

Thus might we ſit, with ſocial goblets crown'd, 225

'Till the whole circle of the year goes around ;

Not the whole circle of the year wou'd cloſe

My long narration of a life of woes.

But ſuch was Heav'n's high will ! Know then I came

From ſacred *Crete*, and from a Sire of Fame : 230

Caſtor

V. 229. *Know then I came from ſacred Crete.*] This whole narration is a notable inſtance of that artful diſſimulation ſo remarkable in the character of *Ulyſſes*, and an evidence that *Homer* excellently ſuſtains it through the whole Poem ; for *Ulyſſes* appears to be πολύτροπος, as he is repreſented in the firſt line, throughout the *Odyssey*. This narrative has been both praiſed and cenſured by the Critics, eſpecially by *Rapin* ; I will lay his obſervations before the Reader.

“ *Homer*

Castor Hylacides (that name he bore)
 Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;
 Blest in his riches, in his children more.

}
 Sprung

"Homer is guilty of verbosity, and of a tedious prolix manner of speaking: he is the greatest talker of all Antiquity: The very Greeks, though chargeable with an excess this way above all Nations, have reprehended *Homer* for his intemperance of words; he is ever upon his Rehearsals, and not only of the same words, but of the same things, and consequently is in a perpetual circle of repetitions. 'Tis true he always speaks naturally, but then he always speaks too much: His adventures in *Egypt*, which he relates to *Eumæus*, are truly idle impertinent stories, purely for amusement: there is no thread in his discourse, nor does it seem to tend to any propos'd end; but exceeds all bounds: that vast fluency of speech, and those mighty overflowings of fancy, make him shoot beyond the mark. Hence his draughts are too accurate, and leave nothing to be perform'd by the imagination of the Reader, a fault which (as *Cicero* observes) *Appelles* found in the antient Painters." This objection is intended only against the fullness of *Homer's* expression, not against the subject of the Narration; for *Rapin* in another place speaking of the beauties of *Homer*, gives this very Story as an instance of his excellency: these are his words:

"I shall say nothing of all the Relations which *Ulysses* makes to *Eumæus* upon his return to his Country, and his wonderful management to bring about his Re-establishment; that whole story is dress'd in colours so decent, and at the same time so noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the Narration.

If what *Rapin* remarks in the latter period be true, *Homer* will easily obtain a pardon for the fault of prolixity, imputed to him in the aforementioned objection. For who would be willing to retrench one of the most decent and noble narrations of Antiquity, merely for the length of it? But it may, perhaps, be true that this story is not impertinent, but well suited to carry on the design of *Ulysses*, and consequently tends to a propos'd End: for in this consists the strength of *Rapin's* objection.

Nothing is more evident than that the whole success of *Ulysses* depends upon his disguise; a discovery would be fatal to him, and at once give a single unassisted person into the power of his enemies: How then is this Disguise to be carried on? especially when *Ulysses* in person is required to give an account of his own story? Must it not be by assuming the name of another person, and giving a plausible relation of his life, fortunes, and calamities, that brought him to a strange

Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
 I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race; 235
 But when that Fate which all must undergo
 From earth remov'd him to the shades below,
 The large domain his greedy sons divide,
 And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
 Little alas! was left my wretched share; 240
 Except a house, a covert from the air:

strange country, where he has no acquaintance or friend? This obliges him to be circumstantial, nothing giving a greater air of probability than descending to particularities, and this necessitates his prolixity. The whole relation is comprehended in the compass of an hundred and seventy lines: and an Episode of no greater length may not perhaps deserve to be called *verbose*, if compared with the length of the *Odyssey*: Nay, there may be a reason given why it ought to be of a considerable length: There is a pause in the action, while *Minerva* passes from *Ithaca* to *Telemachus* in *Lacedaemon*: This interval is to be filled up with some incident relating to *Ulysses*, until *Telemachus* is prepared to return; for his assistance is necessary to re-establish the affairs of *Ulysses*. This then is a time of leisure, and the Poet fills it up with the narrations of *Ulysses* till the return of *Telemachus*, and consequently there is room for a long relation. Besides (remarks *Eustathius*) *Homer* interests all men of all ages in the story, by giving us pieces of true history, antient customs, and exact descriptions of persons and places, instructive and delightful to all the world, and these incidents are adorned with all the embellishments of Eloquence and Poetry.

V. 234. *Sprung of a handmaid* ———] *Ulysses* says he was the son of a Concubine: this was not a matter of disgrace among the Antients, Concubinage being allowed by the laws.

The sons cast lots for their patrimony, an evidence that this was the practise of the antient *Greeks*. Hence an inheritance had the name *κληρονομία*, that is from the Lots; Parents put it to the decision of the Lot, to avoid the Envy and Imputation of Partiality in the distribution of their estates. It has been judged that the Poet writes according to the *Athenian* laws, at least this custom prevailed in the days of *Solon*; for he forbid parents who had several legitimate Sons to make a will, but ordained that all the legitimate Sons should have an equal share of their Father's effects. *Eustathius*.

But

But what by niggard Fortune was deny'd
 A willing widow's copious wealth supply'd.
 My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
 That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind, 245
 (The sex is ever to a soldier kind.)
 Now wasting years my former strength confound
 And added woes have bow'd me to the ground ;
 Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
 And mark the ruins of no vulgar man. 250
 Me *Pallas* gave to lead the martial storm,
 And the fair ranks of battle to deform :
 Me, *Mars* inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
 And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
 Let ghastly Death in all his forms appear, 255
 I saw him not ; it was not mine to fear.
 Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel ;
 The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
 But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
 The rural labour or domestick care. 260
 To

V. 259. ———— *My soul disdain'd to bear,*
The rural labour ————]

Plutarch in his comparison of *Aristides* and *Cato* cites these verses,

——— *ἔργον δὲ μοι εὐφίλοι ἴσκειν.*

Οὐδ' οἰκωφιλίη, &c.

and tells us, that they who neglect their private and domestic concerns, usually draw their subsistence from violence and rapine. This
is

To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
 And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
 Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind ;
 Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd)
 The various thoughts and talents of mankind. 265 }
 Before the *Grecians* touch'd the *Trojan* plain,
 Nine times Commander or by land or main,
 In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
 Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war :
 Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame, 270
 To *Crete* return'd, an honourable name.
 But when great *Jove* that direful war decreed,
 Which rous'd all *Greece* and made the mighty bleed ;
 Our states myself and *Idomen* employ
 To lead their fleets, and carry death to *Troy*. 275
 Nine years we warr'd ; the tenth saw *Ilion* fall ;
 Homewar'd we sail'd, but Heav'n dispers'd us all.
 One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay ;
 So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
 Nine ships I mann'd equipp'd with ready stores, 280
 Intent to voyage to th' *Aegyptian* shores ;

is certainly a truth : Men are apt to supply their wants, occasioned by idleness, by plunder and injustice : but it is as certain that no reflection is intended to be cast upon this way of living by *Ulysses*, for in his age Piracy was not only allowable but glorious, and sudden inroads and incursions were practis'd by the greatest Heroes. *Homer* therefore only intends to shew that the disposition of *Ulysses* inclined him to pursue the more dangerous, but more glorious, way of living by War, than the more lucrative, but more secure method of life, by Agriculture and husbandry.

BOOK XIV. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 243

He heard, he fav'd, he plac'd me at his side;
My state he pity'd, and my tears he dry'd, 310
Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.

Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
And fearing *Jove*, whom mercy's works delight.

In *Egypt* thus with peace and plenty blest, 315

I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest,
On sev'n bright years successive blessings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my Fate.

A false *Phœnician* of insidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind, 320

With semblance fair invites me to his home;

I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)

Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,

'Till the swift sun his annual circle made.

To *Lybia* then he meditates the way; 325

With guileful art a stranger to betray,

And sell to bondage in a foreign land:

Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.

Thro' the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,

Aloof from *Crete*, before the northern gales; 330

But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,

And far from ken of any other coast,

When all was wild expanse of sea and air;

Then doom'd high *Jove* due vengeance to prepare.

He hung a night of horrors o'er their head, 335

(The shaded Ocean blacken'd as it spread)

He launch'd the fiery bolt ; from pole to pole

Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll ;

In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,

And all in clouds of smoth'ring sulphur lost. 340

As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,

The fable crows with intercepted flight

Drop endlong ; scarr'd, and black with sulph'rous hue,

So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.

Such end the wicked found ! But *Jove's* intent 345

Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent.

Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)

With winds and waves I held unequal strife ;

For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,

The tenth soft wafts me to *Thesprotia's* shore. 350

The Monarch's son a shipwrackt wretch reliev'd,

The Sire with hospitable rites receiv'd,

And in his palace like a brother plac'd,

With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.

While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame 355

How late *Ulysses* to the country came,

How lov'd, how honour'd in this court he stay'd,

And here his whole collected treasure lay'd ;

I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store

Of steel elab'rate, and refulgent ore, 360

And

And brafs high-heap'd amidft the regal dome ;
 Immense fupplies for ages yet to come !
 Mean time he voyag'd to explore the will
 Of Jove on high Dodona's holy hill,

What

V. 363. ——— He voyag'd to explore the will
 Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy bill.]

These Oaks of Dodona were held to be oraculous, and to be endued with speech, by the Antients ; and Pigeons were fupposed to be the Prefteffes of the Deity. Herodotus in *Euterpe* gives a full account of what belongs to this Oracle, who tells us, that he was informed by the Priestesses of Dodona, that two black Pigeons flew away from Thebes in Egypt, and one of them perching upon a Tree in Dodona, admonished the Inhabitants with a human voice to erect an Oracle in that place to Jupiter. But Herodotus solves this Fable after the following manner. " There were two Priestesses carried away from Egypt, and one of them was sold by the Phœnicians in Greece, where she in her servitude consecrated an Altar to Jupiter under an oak ; the Dodonæans gave her the name of a Pigeon, because she was a Barbarian, and her speech at first no more understood than the chattering of a Bird or Pigeon ; but as soon as she had learned the Greek tongue, it was presently reported that the Pigeon spoke with an human Voice. She had the Epithet Black, because she was an Egyptian."

Eustathius informs us, that Dodona was antiently a City of Thesprotia, and in process of time the limits of it being changed, it became of the country of the Molossians, that is, it lay between Thessaly and Epirus : Near this city was a mountain named Tmarus or Timourus ; on this mountain there stood a Temple, and within the precincts of it were these oraculous Oaks of Jupiter : This was the most antient Temple of Greece, according to Herodotus, founded by the Pelasgians, and at first served by Priests called Selli ; and the Goddess Dione being joined with Jupiter in the worship, the service was performed by three aged Priestesses, called in the Molossian tongue *πῆλσαι*, as old men were called *πῆλαιοι* (perhaps from the corrupted word *πάλαροι* or Antients) and the same word *πῆλσαι* signifying also Pigeons, gave occasion to the fable of the Temple of Dodona having Doves for Priestesses. But if, as Herodotus affirms, the Phœnicians sold this Priestess of Jupiter originally to the Greeks, it is probable they were called Doves, after the Phœnician language, in which the same word with a small alteration signifies both a Dove and a Priestess. See Note on *Odyssey* 12.

What means might best his safe return avail, 365
 To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?
 Full oft has *Phidon*, whilst he pour'd the wine,
 Attesting solemn all the pow'rs divine,
 That soon *Ulysses* would return, declar'd,
 The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd. 370
 But first the King dismiss'd me from his shores,
 For fair *Dulichium* crown'd with fruitful stores;
 To good *Acastus*' friendly care consign'd:
 But other counsels pleas'd the sailors mind:
 New frauds were plotted by the faithless train, 375
 And misery demands me once again.

Eustatbius gives us another solution of this difficulty, and tells us that as there were *χορακομάττις*, or *Augurs*, who drew predictions from the flight and gestures of Crows; so there were others who predicted from observations made upon Doves; and from hence these Doves were called the Prophetesses of *Dodona*, that being the way by which the decrees of the Gods were discovered by the Augurs.

I have remarked that the Temple of *Dodona* stood upon the mountain *Timourus*, hence the word *τίμωραι* came to signify those Oracles, and thus *τίμωρος* is used by *Lycophron*. Now *Homer* in another place writes,

"Εἰ γὰρ μὲν αἰθέρασι Διὸς μεγάλοιο θέμισται.

Strabo therefore instead of *θέμισται* reads *τίμωραι*; for, observes that Author, the Oracles, not the Laws of *Jupiter*, are preserved at *Dodona*. *Eustatbius*.

But whence arose the Fable of these oaks being vocal? I doubt not but this was an illusion of those who gave out the oracles to the people: They concealed themselves within the cavities or hollow of the oaks, and from thence delivered their Oracles; and imposing by this method upon the superstition and credulity of those ages, persuaded the world that the Gods gave a voice and utterance to the Oaks.

I refer the Reader for a larger account of these *Dodonæan* Oracles to the annotations upon book 16. verse 285. of the *Iliad*.

Soon

Soon as remote from shore they plow the wave,
 With ready hands they rush to seize their slave ;
 Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapt me round,
 (Stript of my own) and to the vessel bound. 380
 At eve, at *Ithaca's* delightful land
 The ship arriv'd : Forth-issuing on the sand,
 They fought repast ; while to th' unhappy kind,
 The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.
 Soft I descended, to the sea apply'd 385
 My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
 Soon past beyond their sight, I left the flood,
 And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
 Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd ;
 But deem'd enquiry vain, and to their ship return'd. 390
 Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
 They led me to a good man and a wife ;

To

V. 391. *Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
 They led me to a good man and a wife.]*

This is a very artful compliment which *Ulysses* pays to *Eumæus* ;
The Gods guided me to the habitation of a person of wisdom, and names
 not *Eumæus*, leaving it to him to apply it.

I doubt not but the Reader agrees with *Ulysses* as to the character
 of *Eumæus* ; there is an air of piety to the Gods in all he speaks, and
 benevolence to mankind ; he is faithful to his King, upright in his
 trust, and hospitable to the stranger.

Dacier is of opinion that ἀνδρὸς ἐπισαμένους takes in virtue as
 well as Wisdom ; and indeed *Homer* frequently joins νόημονες ἢ δὲ
 δίκαιοι, and ἀδάημονες ἢ δὲ δίκαιοι ; that is Wisdom and Virtue,
 Folly and Impiety throughout the *Odyssey*. For never, never wicked
 man was wise. Virtue in a great measure depends upon education :

To live beneath thy hospitable care,
And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.

Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind! 395
(Thus good *Eumæus* with a sigh rejoin'd)
For real suff'rings since I grieve sincere,
Check not with fallacies the springing tear;
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
For him, whom heav'n has destin'd to destroy. 400
Oh! had he perisht on some well-fought day,
Or in his friends embraces dy'd away!

It is a Science, and may be learned like other Sciences; in reality there is no Knowledge that deserves the name, without Virtue; if Virtue be wanting, Science becomes artifice: as *Plato* demonstrates from *Homer*; who, though he is an enemy to this Poet, has enrich'd his writings with his sentiments.

V. 394. *And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.*] It may not perhaps be unsatisfactory to see how *Ulysses* keeps in sight of truth through this whole fabulous story.

He gives a true account of his being at the war of *Troy*; he stays seven years in *Ægypt*, so long he continued with *Calypso*; the King of *Ægypt*, whose name *Eustathius* tells us was *Sethon*, according to the Antients, entertains him hospitably like that Goddess; a *Phœnician* detains him a whole year; the same has been observed of *Circe*; the vessel of this *Phœnician* is lost by a storm, and all the crew perishes except *Ulysses*; the same is true of the companions of *Ulysses*: He is thrown upon the Land of the *Tbesprotians* by that tempest, and received courteously by *Pbido*n the King of that country; this represents his being cast upon the *Phœacian* shore by the storm, and the hospitable *Pbido*n means *Alcinous*, King of the *Phœacians*: the manner likewise of his being introduced to *Pbido*n, agrees with his introduction to *Alcinous*; the daughter introduces him to *Alcinous*, and the son to *Pbido*n. Thus we see there is a *concordia discors* through the whole narration, the Poet only changing the names of persons and places. *Ulysses* lay under an absolute necessity thus to falsify his true History, and represent himself as a stranger to the whole Island of *Ithaca*, otherwise it would have been natural for *Eumæus* to offer to guide him to his friends, upon which a discovery must inevitably have followed, which would have proved fatal to that Hero.

That

That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles, to record his praise:

His praise, eternal on the faithful stone, 405

Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.

Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,

Sunk is the Hero, and his glory lost!

While pensive in this solitary den,

Far from gay cities, and the ways of men, 410

I linger life; nor to the court repair,

But when the constant Queen commands my care;

Or

V. 407. *Now snatch'd by Harpies*——] This place seems to evince that the expression of being torn by the Harpies, means that the dead person is deprived of the rites of Sepulture; and not, as *Dacier* understands it, that he is disappeared, or that it is unknown what is become of him: for the whole lamentation of *Eumæus* turns upon this point, namely, that *Ulysses* is dead, and deprived of the funeral Ceremonies.

V. 411. ——— *Nor to the court repair;*
But when the Queen——]

It may appear at first view as if *Eumæus* thought his absence from the court an aggravation to his calamities, but this is not his meaning: He speaks thus to prevent *Ulysses* from asking him to introduce him immediately to *Penelope*; and this is the reason why he enlarges upon the story of the *Ætolian*, who had deceived him by raising his expectations of the immediate return of *Ulysses*.

It is remarkable that almost all these fictions are made by *Cretans*, or have some relation to the Island of the *Cretans*: Thus *Ulysses* feigns himself to be of *Crete*, and this *Ætolian* lays the Scene of his falsehood in the same Island: which, as *Eustatius* observes, may possibly be a latent Satyr upon that people, who were become a reproach and proverb for their remarkable lying. This agrees exactly with the character given them by *St. Paul* from *Epimenides*.

Κρήτες αὖ ψεύσαι.

M 5

And

Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
 Some guest arrives, with rumours of her Lord;
 And these indulge their want, and those their woe, 415
 And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
 By many such have I been warn'd; but chief
 By one *Ætolian* robb'd of all belief,
 Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
 For murder banish'd from his native home, 420
 He swore, *Ulysses* on the coast of *Crete*
 Staid but a season to refit his fleet;
 A few revolving months shou'd waft him o'er,
 Fraught with bold warriors and a boundless store.

And *κεντρίζων* signifies to lie.

St. *Chrysostom* fills up the broken verse thus,

——καὶ γὰρ τάφον, ὃ ἀνα, σιῶ
 Κεῖντες ἐτεκλήνατο, σὺ δ' ὅ θάνης ἴσσι γὰρ αἰεὶ.

But this is added from *Callimachus* in his Hymn to *Jupiter*, thus translated by Mr. Prior,

The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft
 He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous
 Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
 To die, but liv'st the same to day and ever.

That the latter part of these verses belongs not to *Epimenides*, is evident, for St. *Paul* quotes the verse thus:

Κεῖντες αἰὲ ψεύσται, κατὰ θυσία.

The two last words are not in *Callimachus*, and consequently the rest is only a conjectural and erroneous addition.

O thou!

BOOK XIV. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 251

O thou ! whom age has taught to understand, 425
And Heav'n has guided with a fav'ring hand !

On God or mortal to obtrude a lie

Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.

Not for such ends my house and heart are free,

But dear respect to *Jove*, and charity. 430

And why, oh swain of unbelieving mind !

(Thus quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)

Doubt you my oath ? yet more my faith to try,

A solemn compact let us ratify,

And witness ev'ry pow'r that rules the sky ! 435 }

If here *Ulysses* from his labours rest,

Be then my prize a tunic and a vest ;

And, where my hopes invite me, strait transport

In safety to *Dulichium's* friendly court.

But if he greets not thy desiring eye, 440 }

Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high ;

The due reward of fraud and perjury.

Doubtless, oh guest ! great laud and praise were mine
(Reply'd the swain for spotless faith divine)

If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd, 445

I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood.

How would the Gods my righteous toils succeed,

And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed ?

No more——th' approaching hours of silent night

First claim refection, then to rest invite ; 450

Beneath

Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste.

Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral styes, 455
With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.
'Then to the slaves——Now from the herd the best
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:
With him, let us the genial banquet share,
For great and many are the griefs we bear; 460
While those who from our labours heap their board,
Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their Lord.

Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he took
A weighty ax, and cleft the solid oak;

V. 455. *Compell'd, reluctant, to their several styes,
With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.]*

There is scarce a more sonorous verse in the whole *Odyssey*.

Κλαγγὴ δ' ἄσπετος ὤρετο συῶν ἀνελίζομένων.

The word Swine is what debases our Idea; which is evident if we substitute *Shepherd* in the room of *Hogherd*, and apply to it the most pompous Epithet given by *Homer* to *Eumæus*: For instance, to say *δῖος*, or the Illustrious Hogherd, is mean enough: but the image is more tolerable when we say, the Illustrious Shepherd; the office of a Shepherd (especially as it is familiariz'd and dignify'd in Poetry by the frequent use of it) being in repute. The *Greeks* have magnificent words to express the most common objects; we want words of equal dignity, and have the disadvantage of being oblig'd to endeavour to raise a Subject that is now in the utmost contempt, so as to guard it from meanness and ignominy.

This

This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed 465

Of five years age, before the pile was led :

The swain, whom acts of piety delight,

Observant of the Gods, begins the rite ;

First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,

And suppliant stands, invoking ev'ry pow'r 470

To speed *Ulysses* to his native shore.

A knotty stake then aiming at his head,

Down drop'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.

V. 469. *First shears the forehead of the bristly boar.*] I have already observ'd that every meal among the Antients was a kind of sacrifice of thanksgiving to the Gods; and the table as it were an Altar.

This Sacrifice being different from any other in *Homer*, I will fully describe the particulars of it from *Eusebius*. It is a Rural Sacrifice; we have before seen Sacrifices in Camps, in Courts, and in Cities, in the *Iliad*; but this is the only one of this nature in all *Homer*.

They cut off the hair of the Victim, in commemoration of the original way of cloathing, which was made of hair, and the skins of beasts.

Eumæus strows flour upon it; in remembrance that before Incense was in use, this was the antient manner of offering to the Gods, or as *Dacier* observes, of consecrating the Victim, instead of the Barley mix'd with Salt, which had the name of Immolation.

Eumæus cut a piece from every part of the Victim; by this he made it an *Holocaust*, or an intire Sacrifice.

Eumæus divides the rest at Supper; which was always the office of the most honourable person; and thus we see *Achilles* and other Heroes employ'd throughout the *Iliad*. He portions it into seven parts; one he allots to *Mercury* and the Nymphs, and the rest he reserves for himself, *Ulysses*, and his four servants. He gives the Chine to *Ulysses*, which was ever reputed an honour and distinction; thus *Ajax* after a victory over *Hector* is rewarded in the same manner.

Νότοισι δ' Αἴαντα διπνύισσι γέρας.

Ἄρπιδος.

The

The scorching flames climb round on ev'ry side :
 Then the sing'd members they with skill divide ; 475
 On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
 Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they threw :
 Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew :
 These while on several tables they dispose, 480
 As priest himself, the blameless rustic rose ;
 Expert the destin'd victim to dis-part
 In sev'n just portions, pure of hand and heart.
 One sacred to the *Nymphs* apart they lay ;
 Another to the winged son of *May* : 485
 The

V. 484. One sacred to the Nymphs ———

Another to the winged son of *May*.]

It may be ask'd why *Eumæus* allots part of the Victim to *Mercury* and the Nymphs, since there is nothing of the like nature to be found in the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey* ? This is done in compliance to the place and person of *Eumæus*, whose employment lies in the Country, and who has the care of the Herds of *Ulysses* ; he therefore offers to the Nymphs, as they are the Presidents of the Fountains, Rivers, Groves, and furnish sustenance and food for Cattle : And *Mercury* was held by the Antients to be the Patron of Shepherds : thus *Simonides*,

Θύω Νύμφαις καὶ Μαιάδε τόξω

Οὔτοι γὰρ ἀνδρῶν αἶμα ἔχουσι ποιμαίνων.

Eustathius adds (from whom this is taken) that *Mercury* was a lucrative God, and therefore *Eumæus* sacrifices to him for increase of his herds : or because he was δόλιος ἔρμης, and like *Ulysses*, Master of all the arts of Cunning and Dissimulation, and then *Eumæus* may be understood to offer to him for the safety of *Ulysses*, that he might furnish him with artifice to bring him in security to his country ; and we see this agrees with his prayer.

What

The rural tribe in common share the rest,
 The King the chine, the honour of the feast,
 Who sat delighted at his servant's board ;
 The faithful servant joy'd his unknown Lord.

Oh be thou dear (*Ulysses* cry'd) to *Jove*, 490
 As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love !

Be then thy thanks, (the bounteous swain reply'd)
 Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
 From God's own hand descend our joys and woes ;
 These he decrees, and he but suffers those : 495
 All pow'r is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
 The Will it self, Omnipotent, fulfills.

This said, the first fruits to the Gods he gave ;
 Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave :
 In great *Ulysses'* hand he plac'd the bowl, 500
 He sat, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.

The bread from canisters *Mesaulius* gave,
 (*Eumæus'* proper treasure bought this slave,
 And led from *Taphos*, to attend his board,
 A servant added to his absent Lord) 505
 His

What *Dacier* adds is yet more to the purpose: *Eumæus* joins *Mercury* with the Nymphs because he was Patron of Flocks, and the Antients generally plac'd the figure of a Ram at the base of his Images ; sometimes he is represented carrying a Ram upon his Arms, sometimes upon his Shoulders: In short, it suffices that he was esteem'd a rural Deity, to make the Sacrifice proper to be offer'd to him by a person whose occupation lay in the Country.

V. 504. *And led from Taphos*——] This custom of purchasing Slaves prevail'd over all the world, as appears not only from many places

His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.

And

places of *Homer*, but of the Holy Scriptures, in which mention is made of Slaves bought with Money. The *Tappians* lived in a small Island adjacent to *Irbaca*; *Mentes* was King of it, as appears from the first of the *Odyssey*: They were generally Pirates, and are supposed to have had their name from their way of living, which in the *Phœnician* tongue (as *Bocbart* observes) signifies Rapine; *Hatapp*, and by contraction *Tapp*, bearing that signification.

Frequent use has been made of *Phœnician* interpretations thro' the course of these Notes, and perhaps it may be judg'd necessary to say something why they may be suppos'd to give names to Countries and Persons, more than any other Nation.

They are reported to be the inventors of Letters, *Lucan*, lib. 3.

*Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.*

and were the greatest Navigators in the World, *Dionysius* says they were the first,

Οἱ πρῶτοι νήεσσιν ἐπιμήσαντο θαλάσσης
Πρῶτοι δ' ἐμπορίας ἀλιθύνειν ἐμήσαντο.

The first who used Navigation, the first who traffick'd by the Ocean. If we put these two qualities together, it is no wonder that a great number of places were call'd by *Phœnician* Names; for they being the first Navigators, must necessarily discover a multitude of Islands, Countries and Cities, to which they would be oblig'd to give names when they describ'd them: And nothing is so probable as that they gave those names according to the observations they made upon the Nature of the several Countries, or employment of the inhabitants. In the present instance, the *Tappians* being remarkable Pirates, (as appears from *Homer*,

——— Τάφιοι λήϊστορες ἄνδρες,
——— λήϊς ἦσαν ἐπισπομένη Ταφίοισιν.)

the *Phœnicians*, who first discover'd this Island, call'd it *Tapp*, the Island of Pirates. Places receive appellations according to the language of the Discoverer, and generally from observations made upon the

And now the rage of hunger was repress,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.

Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er 510
The face of things; the winds began to roar;

The

the People. It will add a weight to this supposition, if we remember that *Homer* was well acquainted with the traditions and customs of the *Phœnicians*, for he speaks frequently of that People through the course of the *Odyssey*.

V. 510. *Now came the Night, ———*
———— *the winds began to roar; &c.*

Eustatbius observes that *Homer* introduces the following story by a very artful connexion, and makes it as it were grow out of the subject: the coldness of the present season brings to his mind a time like it, when he lay before *Troy*.

It is remarkable that almost all Poets have taken an opportunity to give long descriptions of the night; *Virgil*, *Statius*, *Apollonius*, *Tasso* and *Dryden* have enlarg'd upon this Subject: *Homer* seems industriously to have avoided it: perhaps he judg'd such descriptions to be no more than excrescencies, and at best but beautiful superfluities. A modern Hypercritick thinks Mr. *Dryden* to have excell'd all the Poets in this point.

*All things are busb'd as Nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head, &c.*

The last verse is translated from *Statius*,

Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

which I mention only to propose it to consideration, whether *cacumina* must in this place of necessity signify the Tops of Mountains; why may it not be apply'd, as it is frequently, to the Tops of the Trees? I question whether the nodding of a Mountain, or the appearance of its nodding, be a natural Image: whereas if we understand it of the Trees, the difficulty vanishes, and the meaning will be much more easy, that the very Trees seem to nod, as in sleep.

I beg the Reader's patience to mention another Verse of *Statius*, that has been undoubtedly mistaken.

Qualis

The driving storm the wat'ry west-wind pours,
 And Jove descends in deluges of show'rs.
 Studious of rest and warmth, *Ulysses* lies,
 Foreseeing from the first the storm wou'd rise; 515
 In meer necessity of coat and cloak,
 With artful preface to his host he spoke.

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;
 'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
 And wine can of their wits the wise beguile, 520
 Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
 The grave in merry measures frisk about,
 And many a long repented word bring out.

*Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris,
 Horrui in maculas.*

Which Cowley renders,

—— be swells with angry pride,
 And calls forth all his spots on every side.

In which sense also the Author of the *Spectator* quotes it from Cowley. But it is impossible to imagine that the hair of any creature can change into spots; and if any creature could change it by anger, would not the spots remain when the passion was over? The assertion is absolutely against nature, and matter of fact; and as absurd as to affirm that the hair of a Tiger blushes. This mistake arises from the double sense of the word *Macula*, which signifies also the *Meshe*s of a *Net*, as any common Dictionary will inform us. So Tully, *Reticulum minutis maculis*; Columella, *Rete grandi macula*; Ovid, *Distinctum maculis rete*. This way the sense is obvious: no wonder that a Tiger when enclosed in the toils should *horrere in maculis*, or erect his hair when he flies against the *Meshe*s, endeavouring to escape; and it agrees with the nature of that animal, to roughen his hair when he is angry. I beg the Reader's pardon for all this, but the mention of a Hypercritick was infecting, and led me into it unawares.

Since

Since to be talkative I now commence,
 Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense. 525
 Once I was strong (wou'd heav'n restore those days)
 And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaus led forth a band,
 And joyn'd me with them, ('twas their own command)
 A deathful ambush for the foe to lay, 530
 Beneath *Troy* walls by night we took our way :
 There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
 We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
 Full soon th' inclemency of Heav'n I feel,
 Nor had these shoulders cov'ring, but of steel. 535
 Sharp blew the North ; snow whitening all the fields
 Froze with the blast, and gath'ring glaz'd our shields.
 There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
 Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.
 Fool that I was ! I left behind my own ; 540
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone !

When

V. 540. *I left behind my cloak, &c.*] To understand this passage, we must remember that in those eastern regions, after very hot days an extreme cold night would sometimes succeed, even with frost and snow, contrary to the usual order of the season : If it had been winter, no doubt *Ulysses* would have arm'd himself against the nocturnal cold, and not have been reduc'd to such an extremity.

There is one incident in this story that seems extraordinary ; *Ulysses* and *Menelaus* are said to form an ambush under the very walls of *Troy*, and yet are describ'd to be sleeping while they thus form it : The words are εὔδον εὐκνηλοι. Εὔδον does not necessarily signify to

When now was wasted more than half the night,
 And the stars faded at approaching light;
 Sudden I jogg'd *Ulysses*, who was laid 545
 Fast by my side, and shiv'ring thus I said.

Here longer, in this field I cannot lie,
 The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
 And die asham'd (oh wisest of mankind)
 The only fool who left his cloak behind. 550

He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
 Sprung in his mind the momentary wit;
 (That wit, which or in council, or in fight,
 Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right) 555

Hush thee, he cry'd, (soft-whisp'ring in my ear)
 Speak not a word, lest any *Greek* may hear —

And then (supporting on his arm his head)
 Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he said)

Methinks too distant from the fleet we lye: 560
 Ev'n now a Vision stood before my eye,
 And sure the warning Vision was from high:

Let from among us some swift Courier rise,
 Haste to the Gen'ral, and demand supplies.

to be asleep, as is already prov'd from the conclusion of the first *Iliad*: But here it must have that import, for *Ulysses* tells his companions that he has had an extraordinary dream. Besides, even a tendency towards sleep should be avoided by soldiers in an ambuscade, especially by the leaders of it: The only answer that occurs to me, is that perhaps they had Centinels waking while they slept; but even this would be unfoldier-like in our ages.

Upstart

Upstart *Thoas* strait, *Andraemon's* son, 565
 Nimble he rose, and cast his garment down;
 Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
 That instant, in his cloak I wrapt me round:
 And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone
 The Morn, conspicuous on her golden throne. 570

Oh were my strength as then, as then my age!
 Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
 Yet tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
 The honours, and the offices of men:
 Some master, or some servant would allow
 A cloak and vest —— but I am nothing now! 575

Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive swain)
 Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
 Nor garment shalt thou want, nor ought beside,
 Meet, for the wand'ring suppliant to provide.
 But in the morning take thy cloaths again, 580
 For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain;
 No

V. 580. *But in the morning take thy cloaths again.*] This is not spoken in vain, it was necessary for *Ulysses* to appear in the form of a beggar to prevent discovery.

The word in the *Greek* is *δνοπαλίξις*, which it is impossible to translate without a circumlocution: It paints (observes *Eustatius*) exactly the dress of a beggar, and the difficulty he labours under in drawing his rags to cover one part of his body that is naked, and while he covers that, leaving the other part bare: *δνοπαλίξις* is *ταῖς παλάμαις δονήσεις* or *διησεις*, and expresses how a beggar is embarrassed in the act of covering his body, by reason of the rents in his cloaths.

V. 581. *For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain.*] It is not at first view evident why *Ulysses* requests a change of raiment from *Eumæus*,
 for

No change of garments to our hinds is known :
 But when return'd, the good *Ulysses'* son
 With better hand shall grace with fit attires
 His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires. 585
 The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
 And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed :

for a better dress would only have exposed him to the danger of a discovery. Besides, this would have been a direct opposition to the injunctions of the Goddess of Wisdom, who had not only disguis'd him in the habit of a beggar, but chang'd his features to a conformity with it. Why then should he make this petition? The answer is, to carry on his disguise the better before *Eumæus*; he has already told him that he was once a person of dignity, tho' now reduc'd to poverty by calamities: and consequently a person who had once known better fortunes would be uneasy under such mean circumstances, and desire to appear like himself; therefore he asks a better dress, that *Eumæus* may believe his former story.

What *Eumæus* speaks of not having many changes of garments, is not a sign of poverty, but of the simplicity of the manners of those ages. It is the character of the luxurious, vain *Phæacians*, to delight in changes of dress, and agrees not with this plain, sincere, industrious *Ithacan*, *Eumæus*.

I wonder this last part of the relation of *Ulysses* has escap'd the censure of the Critics: The circumstance of getting the Cloak of *Tboas* in the cold Night, though it shows the artifice of *Ulysses* essential to his Character, yet perhaps may be thought unworthy the Majesty of Epic Poetry, where every thing ought to be great and magnificent. It is of such a nature as to raise a smile, rather than admiration, and *Virgil* has utterly rejected such levities. Perhaps it may be thought that *Ulysses* adapts himself to *Eumæus*, and endeavours to engage his favour by that piece of pleasantry; yet this does not solve the objection, for *Eumæus* is not a person of a low Character: no one in the *Odyssey* speaks with better Sense, or better Morality. One would almost imagine that *Homer* was sensible of the weakness of this Story, he introduces it so artfully: He tells us in a short Preface, that Wine unbends the most serious and wise Person, and makes him laugh, dance, and speak without his usual caution: And then he proceeds to the fable of his ambush before *Troy*. But no introduction can reconcile it to those who think such Comic relations should not at all be introduc'd into Epic Poetry.

BOOK XIV. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 263

The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
 He spreads ; and adds a mantle thick and wide ;
 With store to heap above him, and below, 590
 And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
 There lay the King, and all the rest supine ;
 All, but the careful master of the swine :
 Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care :
 Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air ; 595
 His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder ty'd :
 His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supply'd :
 With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
 He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
 There to the tusky herd he bends his way, 600
 Where screen'd from *Boreas*, high o'er arch'd, they lay.

V. 594. *Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care.*] A French Critic has been very severe upon this conduct of *Eumæus*, *The Divine Hog-berd*, says he, *having given the Divine Ulysses his Supper, sends him to sleep with his Hogs, that had white Teeth.* When Critics find fault, they ought to take care that they impute nothing to an Author but what the Author really speaks, otherwise it is not Criticism, but Calumny and Ignorance. Monsieur *Perauld* is here guilty of both, for *Ulysses* sleeps in the house of *Eumæus*, and *Eumæus* retires to take care of his charge, not to sleep but to watch with them.

This and the preceding Book take up no more than the space of one day. *Ulysses* lands in the morning, which is spent in consultation with *Minerva* how to bring about his restoration : About noon he comes to *Eumæus*, for immediately after his arrival they dine : They pass the afternoon and evening in conference : So that thirty-five days are exactly compleated since the beginning of the *Odyssy*.

The End of the Third Volume.

100
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